

By Lady Miller

L E T T E R S

Trans- FROM *Italy*

I T A L Y,
of Bathcasson
DESCRIBING THE

Manners, Customs, Antiquities, Paintings,
&c. of that Country,

In the Years MDCCLXX and MDCCLXXI,

T O

A FRIEND residing in FRANCE.

By an ENGLISH WOMAN. *K*

I N T H R E E V O L U M E S .

V O L . I .

D U B L I N :

Printed for W. WATSON, D. CHAMBERLAINE,
J. POTTS, J. WILLIAMS, J. HOEY, W. COL-
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BEATTY, J. EXSHAW and C. TALBOT.

M.DCC.LXXVI.



P R E F A C E.

THE Author of these Letters made the tour of Italy with her husband in the years 1770 and 1771: her correspondent, a near and much esteemed relation, had required from her at parting, circumstantial details (by letter) of whatever she should meet with during the period of their separation, curious or interesting: in the view of comparing her communications with the best modern travels of French or English publication.

At the request of that relation they are now published, with little other caution or correction, than the discharging them (in some measure) from repetitions, and the suppression of certain matters of meer private concern, by no means objects of information or entertainment to the Public.

It were a misuse of time to offer proofs of their authenticity, which shew so clearly and unequivocally through every page of these volumes.

Will not the public candour presume, that farther embellishment of style, apposite quotations, abundant illustrations, &c. &c. might have been supplied by the same pen, which offers them the present artless, ingenuous narration, had such decorations seemed expedient, or a display of the author's reading been an object of publication?

Much of the matter now before us, was thrown on paper immediately after; and not a little of it whilst the recorded incidents were yet passing; the greater part of it was wrote in the midst of fatigue, in moments unfavourable to precision and unfriendly to reflection, save only to such reflections

P R E F A C E.

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tions as naturally rose out of the occurring events.

The Editor, who cannot plead indifference to these Letters and their author, finds himself impelled to anticipate the reader's approbation of that spirit of tenderness and benevolence, that animated warmth so honestly avowed, and so feelingly exerted in the defence of freedom and the interests of humanity, which abundantly display themselves in the pages now before us.

The Author's declining to give her name to so circumstantial a narrative, as renders it singularly improbable it should long remain concealed, seems to call for some apology; all the Editor has to say in regard to this peculiarity is, that the utmost that could be obtained from her, was an acquiescence in its anonymous publication.

A 3 A D V E R-

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 nymous publication.

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To the Reader.

SHOULD any of our readers object, that too much place is given in these volumes to what seems to interest the corresponding parties more nearly than the public; it may be relied on, that such parts have been retained solely from the motive of giving a more natural picture of the manners, &c. of the people represented, than the un-animated narrative of a meer spectator might have conveyed. Nor could the Editor, without difficulty, have separated from the several descriptions, that part and interest which the Author had in them. If the Editor should appear reprehensible for preserving such extensive criticisms in the article of painting; he can only say, that his author's strong propensity to that science induced her treating it more largely than may be agreeable to some of her readers; and that he was prevented from suppressing any part, from a possibility of its being relished by those amongst them of a different taste, who may be unprovided with better or more recent accounts.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

Of catalogues indeed, there is no deficiency ; they swarm in every town and every palace of Italy : but these publications are merely catalogues ; such criticisms as they offer being oftentimes fortuitous, frequently false, and for the greater number calculated by the proprietor to promote the sale of such pictures of indifferent merit, as he wishes to part with to advantage and profit.

Those in this country who commission persons residing in Italy (of which there are many) to procure them the best of such pictures as chance brings to market, may acknowledge some utility in critical disquisitions of this nature, if executed with a decent portion of truth and information ; as serving to direct their choice upon the immediate objects of preference ; and proving, when in correspondence with the reports of those employed by them, a confirmation of their estimates and recommendations.—Here they will also learn, that many pictures, supposed the property of their former owners, will appear to be in the possession of other masters and other countries. After all, if those who have not already travelled in, or who have no expectation of visiting Italy : if those who are unacquainted with, or uninterested in the merits

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rits of painting, will but turn over a few pages when they came to such descriptions, perhaps their trouble may be but inconsiderable, in proportion to the entertainment or information provided for a larger number of our readers.

From the lovers of natural history (perhaps) we shall need no indulgence for offering them in the Appendix, what appears to us an interesting account of a Bridge that seems to have had nature for its architect; and of some curious investigations of fossils and minerals, all in the neighbourhood of Verona, which seem to have passed unvisited and unnoticed by any writer of travels. The Italian manuscript from which it is printed, came into the Author's hands by an accident that cannot interest our readers.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

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LETTER I.

Sept. 20th, 1770.

I SUPPOSE you have already received my letter from Ornon. Nothing but the promise I had made you of writing from the very first place we should sleep at, could have prevailed upon me to have sent you such a somniferous letter—if the reading of it did not put you to sleep, the writing did me.—I fear this will not prove much more enlivening than its predecessor.—Why will you not have patience until I have reached Italy? for there I expect every day will produce fresh sources of amusement both for you and me.—But that, you have refused me, and you insist that I mark and paint every step I take in so clear a manner, that you may follow me closely in idea—but don't suffer the too tender friendship you honour me with, to produce anxious and uneasy thoughts that may misguide you, in augmenting every inconvenience, or trifling accident that may happen; for as you took care at the moment of our separation to bind me doubly by my friendship and honour, not through a mistaken kindness

kindness to attempt to deceive you in the smallest particular, so be assured I hold myself obliged to fulfil my engagement, *au pied de la lettre*.—Follow me then in ideal jaunt, like Puck's fairy friend,

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire:

My journey also must have a fiery end, Mount Vesuvius.—I tremble at the thought, —though perhaps I may be better reconciled to a burning mountain, when I shall fancy myself almost petrified to crystal, amidst the eternal snows and iced mountains, towards which we are making all possible expedition. Having quitted Ornon this morning, we arrived at noon at a small town called Pontarlier, where we changed horses and dined: it is a bleak, raw-looking, uninteresting place, the road is very tolerable between Ornon and Pontarlier,—but not at all to your taste: a precipice quite considerable enough to frighten you being constantly on one side, the mountain rising on the other; for a considerable part of the way one sees this road winding and turning about the sides of these high hills;—the day has been very fine, and the prospect highly romantic;—it is not so distant, but that
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the horizon is distinctly determined by a chain of mountains clothed up to their summits with pines ;—their situation is rendered particularly striking by the sudden protuberances of the ground on which they grow. —When the sun had risen so high as to the favourite moment of all landscape-painters, the 45th degree, or (to speak with the vulgar) about ten o'clock, the tops of the firs glistened with refulgent brightness, and the dark shadows cast by their spreading branches augmented in appearance the real projection of their conical sides.—By the majestic nodding of their heads, they seemed to insult with their superiority of elevation, the humble trees in the valley below, and capriciously to amuse themselves with suddenly casting monstrous and gigantic shadows, on the peaceful plains of green corn in the valley, interspersed with various hues, caused by the patches of peas and other pulse now in blossom.—Here and there meadows of hay cutting down and making, and a few poor villages scattered amongst mountains, diversified the scene. These cottages (though far more picturesque in prospect, than would be the comfortable farm houses of *Halfpenny*) are only composed of a few planks and trees fastened together. As we advanced, we began to close with the pines, which had bounded our view before, and which now, dividing themselves

themselves at our approach into beautiful vistas, opened into irregular lawns, watered by limpid springs gushing forth from amongst the pines, their streams separating into several rivulets, bordered by various flowers of the lily and flag kind—but all my pastoral speculations were interrupted by our arrival at Pontarlier, where, as I have already informed you, we dined.—I do not invite you to partake in imagination of our banquet, for they served us up a stinking chicken, which, after some entreaty, was exchanged for a few eggs, but little inferior in ripeness to the chicken. Just as we sat down to our frugal repast, enters a peasant, and says, *Voici Monsieur le Marechal*.—Mechanically I was about to rise, struck with the similarity of the style and title of my visitor to the well known sound at B—, when, behold a dirty blacksmith appears; it seems his Cyclopien aid had been wanting to our carriage, he demanded payment—On being asked how much would content him, he replied, *six Vaches*—Six Vaches, cried I with astonishment! The peasant who felt what caused my surprise, smiled, and said, he meant eighteen sols—which sum in this country goes under the appellation of six cows.—Our host charged us five livres for four eggs; how many cows does that make? As soon as our horses were ready, away we drove as fast as we could, each
horse

horse doing his best accordingt o his several abilities, for all six were of different size, make, colour, and disposition. Our road continued much in the same style as in the morning, till we arrived at the end of our day's journey at a place called Jougne.—

Figure to yourself a ruined castle, situated on the side of a mountain, embosomed in a forest of fir-trees; one of its towers only is habitable, and there are two tolerable rooms in it. By its date marked on one of the stones 1579, it appears to have been built in Henry the Third's reign, if I make no mistake.—This ruined castle belongs to the Duke of Rochefoucault, who is proprietor of thirty eight Signories contiguous, in this country.—The inhabitants of the village are civil and poor; they are dressed like those montagnards who come twice a year to B—— for the exposition of the *Sainte Suaire*.—Their *coiffure* is to the full as surprising. A long pewter skewer, with a knob at each end, sustains their *Chignon*, which is twisted about it,—so that when viewed in front, they have the air of the head of young heifers with budding horns.

Good night; we have just supped on trout, the natives of these mountain rills.—I cannot send you this letter from hence, for there is no post for letters here.

Sept. 21. At five o'clock in the morning we quitted Jougne, and travelled for a league

league and a half through forests of pines; after which the roads were bad, the ascents and descents very rapid and rough; now and then hollow narrow ways; and we were constantly accompanied by a thick fog.—We dined at a town called Sara. It seemed as if this town had marched out of its gates; for there were several gates, but very few houses within. Here we regaled ourselves on the shoulder of a ram, which smelt as strong as if it had been the shoulder of a fox. I believe we shall have excellent stomachs by the time we arrive at Geneva.—At length we have reached Morges, a Swiss town, where we lie, and which, I think, is nine posts from Jougne. But observe, that for the future I shall not trouble myself with calculating how many leagues or posts we make in a day, or how many there are from one wretched bourg to another: if you are curious to know, examine the post-book, or Richard, or Lalande, &c.—Our landscape has quite changed its face, for about four leagues past, to a fine close cultivated country, resembling parts of Berkshire; the fields divided by quickset hedges, clipped and dressed as in England. We saw Lausanne at a distance. Our road lay along the side of the Lake of Geneva: it appears as broad as the bay of Southampton. Do not imagine it is smooth; on the contrary, it is rough,

rough, and not clear.—On the opposite side appear the Mountains of Savoy, whose lofty heads reach far above the clouds; they only concealing part of their sides, like drapery wrapped round them. Morges is a pretty little town, with two well-built streets. The Swiss *païsannes* are much prettier than the French, but they have no air; their faces are fair and clean, but want that countenance the French style *piquante*: they seem modest, but a little stupid; for it is with difficulty they can be prevailed upon to answer the simplest questions.—Our inn is very clean, and like an English country ale-house. We fare very well; they charge us three livres a-head. To-morrow we hope to arrive at Geneva. We have been walking about the town in quest of something worth seeing. Our kind hostess conducted us to the house of *Mons. le Baillie*, by way of shewing us the finest edifice in the town;—a dreadful looking old mansion, painted all over black and red.

I rest satisfied that your friendship will make allowance for the inaccuracies of this letter, and the barrenness of the subject for the want of that amusement you had expected to find from the pen of your most affectionate, &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R II.

Sept. 23, 1770.

WE arrived here yesterday afternoon, in Savoy, about half a mile from Geneva. We had been informed on the road, that we should find a better inn on the other side of Geneva than any in the town. We determined to drive thro' without stopping. Another convenience arising from our not being in the town, is, that we are not subject to be detained here any longer than just to take a cursory view of this famous city, which, had we lodged in, we might have found some difficulties in quitting so suddenly the society of several of our countrymen, which, though it might prove a most agreeable interruption to our journey, yet, as the season is far advanced for passing Montcennis, we think it more prudent to lose as little time as possible on our way thither.

All yesterday's journey was through a most beautiful country (till we came to Little France, or the *Pais de Gex*; of which country, so much talked of by our news-writers, I shall by and by attempt a description.) From Norges to another good town called Nyon the road continues the whole way on the borders of the Lake; and

and on the other side the road, as far as the eye can reach, nothing appears but a rich soil, all under tillage, and planted with extensive orchards of apples, pears, cherry and walnut trees, growing at not more than fifteen yards distance from each other. Agriculture is certainly in a state of great perfection in this part of Switzerland. Here are considerable fields of buck wheat and lucern, as well as of various other kinds of artificial grasses.

The Swiss have a contrivance for spreading the alarm on the appearance of the enemy, which has a pretty and an odd effect to the view; which they do by beacons that are placed on the summits of their high mountains. Each consists of nothing more than a very tall withered pine, stuck into the ground with a bundle of straw and faggots tied across, and appears, when viewed at a distance, like the belfry of a ruined hermitage. On the suspicion of an approaching enemy, they set fire to one of these beacons, which-ever is the nearest; the blaze is immediately perceived, and all the beacons in the country are soon lighted. Thus the necessary alarm for making war-like preparation is spread from one canton to the other.

After an hour's drive on this side of Nyon, we entered the *Païs de Gex*: a rivulet only separates it from Switzerland: Scarcely

Scarcely had we passed its borders, when our ears were assaulted by the squealing street voices of the Frenchwomen. The peasants of both sexes bear in their physiognomy incontestible proofs of their origin, though they have been transplanted here many years; brown, meagre, ragged, half-starved wretches, prancing and grinning at one in their dirt, misery, and *sabots*; their houses scarcely covered in, windows stuffed with rags.—Laziness, superstition, and despotism, with their baneful claws, seem to have been the only cultivators of this country.—What a difference between this and the landscape on the other side the stream! their habitations clean and commodious; themselves stout, fresh-complexioned, healthy, and decently dressed (no *sabots*); their beasts of burden large, strong and well fed; their implements of agriculture ingeniously constructed, and never lying idle; their churches neat, simple, and well built, though quite plain. But how different must be the country where liberty, blended with every patriotic and social virtue, springs up spontaneously in every bosom, to that where religion serves only as a mask to hide the hypocrisy of the wily priest; who, instead of inculcating the laws of morality, and encouraging industry, whenever it serves his interests, drags forth from his

his faintly cupboard his holy puppet-shew; and unfurls the banners of his deceits * to his deluded flock; who, beating their breasts, their eyes turned up in extatic stupidity, whilst their ears are filled with the swelling yell of these holy men, fancy they believe that the heavens, propitious to their distortions, will bestow upon them immediate rain or sunshine, according to their wish?—But I should beg pardon for this digression, and return to the description of the *Païs de Gex*, which is about three quarters of a league in breadth, and three and a half in length, in shape like a tongue, stretching across the country down to the Lake.—The moment we entered it, we were attacked by a harpy, commonly called a *Commis* of a Bureau, who extorted more duties upon our baggage for three quarters of a league, than the tax for twenty-eight leagues had amounted to in Switzerland.—Our *Commis* was succeeded by a woman between seventy and eighty years old, who pursuing us, clattering her wooden shoes, demanded a trifling toll.

The first time I have seen *rouge* since I quitted France was on the shrivelled cheeks of this Beldame.—As we were very curious to see the port of Versoix (the new town)

* The standards on which are painted saints of both sexes, &c. and which are borne in processions.

town) we sent our courier to the *commandant* for permission for that purpose, which he very obligingly granted us, and sent the commanding officer of the troops to conduct us about. The commandant very politely excused himself from accompanying us, on account of his being ill, and confined to his room. His name is I——re: he inhabits a poor cottage, just at the entrance of the *bourg*. We alighted then from our carriage, and walked about what is to be the town of Verfoix, for there is not a house begun yet. The streets, squares, &c. are determined by tall stakes fixed in the ground, and have all pompous names. There are a few miserable hovels, or rather roofs of planks, which almost touch the ground, and appear at a distance like tents. In these wretched habitations on the cold and damp earth have the unhappy soldiers (destined to take up their quarters here) endured the last rude winter. Passing by one, I looked in, being curious to discover its contents. I believe it must have been the infirmary hovel; for I perceived several sick wretches stretched out upon *palliaſſes*, who seemed ready to expire, and whom it had been more merciful to have shot thro' the head, than to sacrifice thus by degrees to agues and dead palsies, for the glory of *Lewis the Beloved*.

Our

Our conductor, after relating to us the very great difficulties they had combated during the last winter, in particular that the heavy snows had prevented their receiving provisions from Savoy, and their Swiss neighbours had refused to sell them any, added, that the garrison of B. (from which they are a detachment) obliged them (the officers) to subscribe twelve livres a month for the comedy there. This is something so highly ridiculous, and at the same time so unjust, that it is scarce credible.

The Lake in this part is very rough, and frequently so dangerous in the winter, from the eddy winds caused by the surrounding mountains, that none of their little vessels could lie at anchor in safety, if unprotected by walls, which form a regular port (I believe I forgot to tell you, that there is a very good port at Morges, though there is none at Geneva), in shape a square of two hundred yards or thereabouts. Three sides of this square are formed by a wall four feet thick and twenty feet high, built out into the Lake upon piles, with an entrance left for vessels to come in.

Having viewed this town and port *in terrorem*, we took leave of our polite guide, wishing him a speedy order to return

turn to Old France *. M—— prophesies this town will never be built ; or, supposing it should, never inhabited †. His reasons are, that it is situated in the midst of implacable enemies, whose interests and inclinations it must ever be to distress this new establishment. Nor can trade be carried on without a fund ; and though that was afforded them, still the Genevans, by making the smallest accommodations for the vessels trading upon the Lake, would render utterly useless and unavailing all that the French can hereafter expend upon *Verfoix* and its port. What benefit can they expect to reap from throwing away a great sum of money, and harassing many more of their already too oppressed military subjects ?

As we drew near to Geneva, the country became very cheerful, by offering to our view a great number of small houses and pretty gardens belonging to the citizens, who retire to them in the summer as frequently as their business permits.—Our inn is very good as are our accommodations and provisions ; and the people civil. I think civility in innkeepers essential to the health of travellers ;

* The troops now here are a detachment of about 300 from the Queen's regiment, and 200 of the Royal artillery.

† This prophesy has been long since fulfilled, as the undertaking was totally abandoned immediately upon the *D. of Choiseul's* disgrace.

vellers ; for how much are one's nerves and spirits hurried, and one's blood heated, when, on arriving late perhaps at an inn in France, you are almost morally certain of receiving an insolent reply to any question, though the most reasonable, and necessary, that a traveller can ask ?

I think the trout produced by this Lake inferior to the common English trout. The victuals here are dressed in the fashion of Geneva, or rather in the English style, boiled and roasted, with puddings of various sorts, codling pies, &c. The Genevans and Swiss boast a resemblance in their manner of living to the tables of England. They are total strangers to the luxuries of our modern repasts.—As to what you have heard in regard to their eating cats, if there is any truth in that report, it is not at Geneva that it is practised, but in the more remote and uncivilized parts of Switzerland.

Here I am interrupted by a great noise, proceeding from the jollity of some young men of Geneva, who, Divine service being over, are come to pass their Sunday's evening in various amusements in the garden of the inn. Some play at nine pins, others at *vingt et une* ; others eat and drink in the arbores, and chaunt the old French psalm-tunes to profane words, *che sono un poco troppo allegro*.—I thought the Ge-

nevans had been a grave plodding people. I own I had formed that idea of them from these lines of Voltaire, which I had been lately reading :

Au pied d'un mont * que les temps ont pelé,
 Sur le rivage ou roulant sa belle onde
 Le Rhone échape à sa prison profonde
 Et court au loin par la sône appellè ;
 On voit briller la Cité Genvoise,
 Noble citè, riche, † fier, et sournoise ;
 On y calcule et jamais on n'y rit,
 L'art de barème est le seul qui fleurit * ;
 On hait le bal, on hait la comedie.
 Du grand Rameau l'on ignore les airs
 Pour tout plaisir Geneve psalmodie
 Du bon David les antique concerts,
 Croyant que Dieu se plait aux mauvais vers
 Des predicants la morne et dure espece
 Sur tous les fronts à gravè la tristesse, &c. §

We can form no judgment of the justice

* La Montagne de Salive, partie des Alpes.

† Les seuls citoyens de Geneve ont quatre millions cinq cent mille livre de rente sur la France en divers effets. Il n'y a point de ville en Europe qui dans son territoire ait autant de jolies maisons de campagne proportion gardée. Il y a cinquante fourneaux dans Geneve, ou l'on fond l'or et l'argent. On y pouvoit autrefois des argumens theologique.

‡ Auteur des Comptes Faits.

§ Ces vers sont digne de la musique on y chante les commandemens de Dieu sur l'air *reveille vous belle endormine.*

or injustice of these lines, knowing so little of the people they characterize.

As to the company below, the maid of the house eyes them with terror, calling them *libertins*, and *mauvais sujets*. She certainly means what we call Bucks, and of these, I think there must be a certain proportion to every town. At length *la Jeunesse Genevois* have taken their leave, for at a certain hour Geneva's gates are closed, and are impenetrable to any person whomsoever until the morning.

To my great disappointment, I am just now informed that the letters I expected to receive here from you are forwarded to Turin; travellers must learn patience.

A cold I have caught, adds to my chagrin, as it deprives me of going to Ferney*, whither M—— went this morning, and from whence he is just returned, highly satisfied with his reception, for Voltaire was in a good humour: D'Alembert and the Marquis d'Argens were just arrived by appointment to stay a few days, the former from Paris, the latter from Berlin. You may imagine the conversation was not languid when kept up by such men. I have been teasing M—— to relate to me every word they uttered: what he collects of the

* The seat of M. de Voltaire, about three English miles distant from Geneva.

conversation pleases me so much, that I wish him to commit it to paper for your amusement, and he has promised me he will do it the very first moment he can command. He says, Ferney is a charming place, that Voltaire lives magnificently.—His niece, who is a very well bred agreeable woman, manages his household affairs;—and that the gardens are well kept, and neat, which I wonder at, the master being a Frenchman.

We shall continue our journey the day after to-morrow. I am going to send this letter to the post.—Don't be surpris'd at not hearing from me till after our arrival at Turin; not that I shall neglect writing; but, it is possible I may not be lucky enough to find an opportunity of sending a letter from any part of Savoy. I have not forgot that you was desirous I should be very particular in my account of that country: whatsoever I meet with which appears to me to be remarkable, or extraordinary, or that has not been noticed by *Richard*, *Lalande*, or *Keyser*, &c. you may depend upon it, shall not escape me; though I should imagine those authors have not omitted any thing of consequence, nor have I the vanity to put my letters in competition with their travels.—They made this journey with a view to writing and publishing their observations for the benefit of travellers, and the

the information of the curious; but we who travel merely for our amusement, and I who write for yours only, if my letters should prove sufficiently entertaining to chase away *une partie de vos ennuies*, (for I know no expression in English for that universal complaint, although no nation is more tormented with the disorder than the English) shall think my end will be answered, and your approbation will be more grateful to me, than the applause of all the learned doctors of the *Sorbonne*. I remain, as ever, most affectionately yours, &c.

L E T T E R III.

September 25th, 1770.

WE quitted the neighbourhood of Geneva to-day at noon. Do not expect from me a description of this famous city and republic; I am neither qualified nor inclined to descant upon the merits of their form of government, laws, &c.—nor is the town at all to my taste; I mean its streets, architecture, &c. It is very dirty, and I should imagine trade flourishes prodigiously by the number of carts and drays with which the streets are crowded. Our host was not unreasonable, and we parted without any dispute. I write this from a little village called *Friangean*, situated in a bottom, surrounded by high mountains.

Our inn has a dangerous appearance, but that is all; for the poor people do every thing in their power to oblige us. They have dressed an elegant little supper, consisting of a fine young turkey, a tongue *a la daube*, two fallads, one of anchovy, the other of lettice; a *dessert* composed of cheese, biscuits, *Maspinerie*, almonds in shell, butter churned since our arrival, and very good wine both white and red. Is not this a sumptuous repast for such a savage place? and what do you think they charge us, including our courier? Only five livres, five sols, French. I dare say you thought Savoy afforded nothing but acorns and goat's whey.—From Geneva to this place, our road has not been absolutely bad,—though we have had some rough steps. The mountains according to their different aspects, produce vines in abundance, corn, buck-wheat, and various kinds of pulse.—The Arve winds along the valley, its waters are clear, and foaming in their course break over several large stones and rocks which have tumbled into it from the mountains on each side. Do not imagine that we post it here; there is no going fast in such roads; so we have hired an excellent Geneva carriage, with four stout sleek republican horses, and a careful coachman, who boasts with J. J. *Rousseau* of being a citizen of Geneva; he appears *en bon point*,

is rich, and communicative,—has talked to us much about Lord ———, who has been admitted, to his great satisfaction, a citizen of Geneva. Good night. To-morrow we set out early to gain Chamberry.

L E T T E R IV.

Chamberry, Sept. 26.

WE have passed several frightful bridges to-day; for by the winding of the road, caused by the mountains, one is obliged to pass the Arve continually. At Rumelie (a wretched old town) there is a dangerous bridge at present, and an ascent from it to the inn, by no means pleasant on account of its abrupt steepness. But it seems, they propose soon to build a very good bridge here. The inn belongs to the marquis De T——n, a *Seigneur* of Turin: as it had been the family *Chateau*, I ran through the apartments, which are paved, and now waste and wild; at length I came to a great saloon, which had no other ornament, or year furniture, than the family arms blazoned; not even one grim ancestor in armour to grace the naked walls: —But I suppose the family pictures are conveyed to Turin. As soon as we possibly could we took leave of Rumelie. I believe no place in the world, of its size, contains more beggars; but I suspect them to be the inhabi-

tants of the town, who demanded alms in the most importunate and clamorous manner.

From thence we came to Aix, where we employed about an hour in examining its springs and baths. The road is good from Rumelie to Aix, and from thence to Chamberry. Cultivation is not neglected; on the other side of Aix the mountains are labour-ed until their extreme acclivity mocks the peasant's toil. Their corn is still very green, their hay now making; having a bad prospect of grapes this year, they have neglected their vines, whose branches trail in disorder along the ground.—From Aix hither, there is no mountain to ascend or descend; fertile plains open themselves out on each side of the road to a great extent, whose boundaries are mountains covered with snow. Abundance of standard fruit trees, forming considerable orchards, and bending under their loads of fruit, the corn growing between them in many places, strike the mind with ideas of plenty, widely differing from those I had formed of Savoy. But it seems this landscape is to have its contrast.—At Aix we made every inquiry, our time would permit of, in regard to the medicinal qualities of the waters. Two of the springs burst out of a rock on the side of a steep mountain, which rock is arched over like a grotto. The upper bath, supplied

plied by one of these springs, has a strong sulphureous smell and taste. The spring flows out of a leaden pipe inserted in the rock, in a stream which measures about two inches and a half diameter: it is so excessively hot, that I could not suffer it to fall upon my hand for a quartet of a minute. M—— held his hand repeatedly under it, till at last it swelled, looked very red, and itched. Our guide told us, that a Geneva gentleman, who had but just left the town, and who was so paralytic at his arrival as to occasion his being helped out of his carriage by five men, in six weeks after he had used the baths and drank the waters, mounted into his coach without assistance, and is returned in perfect health to Geneva. Lepers bathe here, and, we are told, some have been cured. The second spring brings down with it a kind of stuff or paste in flakes, in colour and consistence not unlike white of egg a little hardened; which flames and burns when applied to a lighted candle. Curiosity led me to taste the water, of which having drank off a glass with several flakes in it; I was almost instantaneously seized with a sickness in the stomach. It is used in consumptions, and all disorders of the breast. I folded up in a paper some of the most condensed flakes, which stuck about the spring, and put them in my pocket book to dry; but, an hour or two after,

there was not the smallest vestige of them to be seen ; nothing remained but an exceeding bad smell. However, they had covered a knife and scissors, which were near them in my pocket book, with rust. The stones, which receive the spray of this spring, are covered with a green coat resembling vitriol ; and in the crevices, where the flakes are collected together, they have acquired a substance as firm as glaziers' putty. This is applied to corns as an infallible remedy: No doubt, it may be endued with many superior virtues ; but its medicinal qualities have never been properly investigated. On one side of the place, whence the second spring flows, is a hole in the rock, through which a person may creep. While we were trying to explore the course of this cavity, an old woman appeared with a lighted candle, in order to penetrate through this opening into a subterraneous passage, which she did with much ease. She had been sent by a physician to gather a quantity of the substance and incrustation mentioned above ; but having advanced about nine yards, the great heat and steam obliged her to make her retreat as fast as possible: Probably this passage leads to other baths within the mountain, of Roman construction ; for, no doubt, the Romans were acquainted with these waters and their virtues. No fish, nor
any

any reptile, as you may imagine, can exist in or near these springs.—The third fountain supplies a bath of about twenty two feet in diameter, of an irregular shape: it was built by *Madame Royale*. The water of this is green, and so transparent, as to discover the source bubbling up through the gravel at the bottom: it is not so hot as the two springs before mentioned.—About two hundred yards higher up is another fountain, milk-warm only, and has scarcely any taste; it is called the refreshing spring. Our guide assured us, it has the extraordinary quality of restoring in a few hours to their original freshness all sorts of herbs and vegetables, though dried and withered. We had no time to make any experiments ourselves, nor further inquiry into the qualities of these waters: it is to be wished that some good natural philosopher of England was to reside here for some time, and to analyse them properly. I am sure the world would profit by his discoveries.—There are no lodging-houses, nor any particular conveniencies for the sick.. The inn is not bad: those who come to Aix for their health are obliged to reside in it; its largest apartment is occupied at present by the Duke and *Duchess de Gramont*. The S——'s passed the last summer or part of it there.

We intend staying here to-morrow to rest ourselves. This town is built like many
of

of our old English country towns, but inferior to most of them. Though, as I said before, the best apartment in the inn is occupied, yet we are not ill lodged : the house is clean, and we are well served at three livres a head.

L E T T E R V.

Chamberry, Sept. 27, at Night.

WE have been walking about the town all the morning. Here are no antiquities to be seen, nor any thing curious. Abbé Richard, vol. i. p. 8. has said more in favour of the architecture of the Church, than we think it deserves. They shew with great veneration a little chapel, in which the *Sainte Suaire* was formerly deposited ; now removed to Turin. Upon the wall hangs a long list of relics, consisting of above sixty different articles ; such as St. John's reed, that was shaken by the wind in the desert ; two nails of the holy cross ; morsels of some of the apostles' garments. But, unfortunately for the *devots* at Chamberry, all these precious commodities have been removed to Turin, and the list only remains.—The old castle was impregnable in bow and arrow time, but is now commanded on every side. Two thousand people were lodged in this castle in 1736 or 1737, at the marriage of the present King

King of Sardinia with *Madame* of Lorrain.
 —The palace is in ruins. There are a few small picture in the church of the Jacobins, which are tolerably well executed. The public walk admired by Lalande does not answer his description. There are several fountains well supplied with excellent water. The houses make a beggarly appearance on the outside particularly, as the windows are of paper, and are frequently torn. As we were strolling about, we were accosted by a Jacobin monk, who informed us, that there are in this town fifteen religious houses, male and female *communautés*'s, besides one convent of Jesuits; who, though consisting of no more than fourteen or fifteen in number, have a yearly revenue of thirty thousand livres (*Piedmontese*). He added, that, to his knowledge, they had many concealed resources, but that they conducted themselves and their affairs with the utmost secrecy and circumspection, not chusing to converse or associate with any of the other religious orders. This man complained much of the rise and dearness of provisions. The measure of corn, which sold for four livres in 1767, cannot now be purchased under nine; and every other article of the necessities of life have gradually risen, to the double of their former prices—France used to supply Savoy with a considerable quantity

tity of corn; but as this traffick is now prohibited, they fear a scarcity will ensue. They have some resource in their buckwheat, which produces two crops later than every other sort of grain.

There are several families of *noblesse* established here; and during the carnival they have a *comédie* and masked balls. The ladies of Chamberry wear no *rouge*, excepting one old *Marquise*, who, I suppose, is a Frenchwoman.—Our host boasts much of a certain fish called *lavaret*, for which this river is famous; but he has not yet been able to procure us one of these delicacies.

I shall conclude this letter with an anecdote of a cobbler's family of this town.—

About a quarter of a league from the town, a fine *chateau*, just built, attracted our notice. The master of which goes by the name of *Jaques Mar* (for he has no title): he is the son of a cobbler. When he was a child he quitted his country, and travelled into Spain (in as humble a manner as many of his comrades who thrive on *Pont-Neuf*). Being arrived at Madrid, he had the good fortune to recommend himself as a *marmiton* in the Queen's kitchen. In process of time, he was promoted to be *Chef de Cuisine*; and at length, fortune pushing him on, he became *Entrepreneur de la Cuisine*; in which capacity he had a fixed monthly allowance to provide victu-
alling

alling for all the household. Mean time, a brother of *Jagues Mar's*, who had sought his fortunes in England, (having quitted Chamberry about the same time) died in London, where he had realized ten thousand livres a-year, and left all to his brother. Fame does not give so accurate an account of the rise and progress of this *Mar*, as of *Jagues*. All I could learn is, that he served a London merchant (during his youth) who *traded on the seas*, and that at length he became considerable, and trafficked also on his own bottom.—The *Entrepreneur*, Jacques Mar, planned and built the before-mentioned *chateau*, to which he is retired with a yearly income of about forty thousand livres*. He is not above forty-five years old. He is at present a widower, his wife being lately dead: who has left him two or three children. His cousin-german continues the family-stall, furnishing to the necessities of the soles and heels of his neighbours, with as much humility as if there was no *chateau* in the family.

Adieu. The post passes through here to-morrow morning, which will bring you this letter; uninteresting as it is, you will be glad to hear we have reached thus far, free from accident, and accompanied by fine weather.

I am,

* Near 2000 l. English money.

I am, as ever, most affectionately, yours,
 &c.

LETTER VI.

Sept. 29th, 1770.

HERE we are at Aiguebelle, and here are we to sleep. We quitted Chamberry this morning, and had purposed leaving that town yesterday, but were obliged to postpone our departure, not having been able to procure what is called, a good chaise and horses, to convey us to Turin, until this morning: when a *voiturin* presented himself with his horses and chaise for our approbation. It seems we were particularly lucky, for this *voiturin* is supposed to have one of the best chaises and the best horses at Chamberry;—but after those of England, or even of France, it is no easy matter to reconcile one's self to a machine, which seems constructed for the purpose of overturning. It is so extremely high and narrow, that it totters on plain ground; it has but two wheels; the shafts are tied over the back of the horse, the two extremities having been forced as near to each other as cords can brace them. The consequence of these shafts being raised up so high is, that the body of the chaise leans back; so judge of the easy situation of those who are thus conveyed. Nothing like

like a spring to mitigate one's sufferings ; but jolt upon jolt—now, by the unevenness of the road, losing the equilibrium on one side, till by a sudden rise one trembles for fear of being turned topsy turvy on the other. The horse the postilion rides, is tied on with ropes to the side of the chaise, the shafts occupying the whole breath. By the frequent breaking of these ropes, the chaise must as frequently stop to tie them up again. For this machine and three horses, including one for our *courier*, we are to pay six louis and an half ; and the *voiturin* is to convey our baggage and his chaise and horses over the mountain * ; (I certainly need not tell you, there is no putting more than a pair of horses to a carriage in these roads.)—From Chamberry to Montmelian the road is narrow, but not dangerous ; and the country fertile. The town and citadel of Montmelian (which latter is now in ruins) are situated upon a high and very steep mountain, on the sides of which the vine is cultivated which yields that wine so much esteemed, and so frequently mentioned by the Italian *voyage* writers †. The inn is not in the town, it

* Mount Cennis.

† It is remarkable, that these vines have scarce any earth to grow out of. I do not believe that 12 cart loads could be collected from 15 acres of mountain on the western side of Montmelian.

it is half a league on this side ; it was formerly a nobleman's *chateau*. But poor and humble must have been the times, when noblemen occupied such houses. An English farmer would not be thought unreasonable, were he loudly to complain of his landlord for having destined him such an habitation on his estate.

There is so steep an ascent from the inn, that we walked it up. Having gained the top, the country we had left behind appeared very charming ; the river *Isere* washing the feet of the mountains, which from the bottom to the town of Montmelian are entirely covered with vines. The town is crowned by the citadel, which is sufficiently in ruins to be a fine object of view. Higher again, and on all sides, rise up mountains, some quite bare and barren, others clothed with wood ; and great beds of snow in the clefts of rocks, form a strong contrast with the green pines. From Montmelian to Aiguebelle, after having passed the mountain above-mentioned, the road lies in a very narrow valley, which winds incessantly ; there is no room in many places, but for the road and the river, the mountains on each side approach so near to each other. The course of the river is frequently turned by the stones that have fallen into it, and the road is in many places rendered difficult by vast fragments
of

of rock that have rolled down from the adjacent mountains. Within a league or two of Aiguebelle the prospect opens, the country is well cultivated and peopled, and several villages appear on both sides, half hid in trees; the spires of their churches, covered all over with tin, glisten amidst the forests of firs. Several ruined towers, mostly of a square form, crowning the brows of the mountains, seemed placed there on purpose for the view.

Aiguebelle lies in a bottom closely surrounded by mountains, whose tops are covered with eternal snows, which the peasants firmly believe have never melted since the first snow that fell after the creation of the world. This is but a poor straggling sort of village. The water here is delicious; it is clear, light, and sparkles in the glass like Champaign. The inhabitants pretend, this village has acquired its name from the quality of the fine fountain that runs through it. The inn is tolerable; there are a few Sardinian cavalry quartered here. A female, who belonged to the troop, particularly attracted my attention; she was dressed in the regimental uniform; a man's coat of blue cloth, faced with scarlet, and silver buttons; the skirts very long; a petticoat, buttoned before and behind, of the same materials; a small hoop under it. On her head, a brown *peruke*. I think it
is

is called a *Ramilie*, with a *queue* reaching down almost to her heels. In person, extremely tall; her face long and pale, her nose aquiline, and to crown the whole, an exceeding fierce cocked laced hat. M— is gone to see the remains of the village of Randan, which was destroyed a few years since in a wonderful manner; the *Curé* of the parish is gone with him, if the account he brings me proves in any degree curious, I shall certainly retail it to you.

M — is returned, and I shrewdly suspect by his accounts, that neither *Richard* nor *Lalande* ever gave themselves the trouble to explore in person the devastation that a falling mountain caused, by its descent on the village of Randan: an event which happened on the 12th of June 1750. Continued heavy rains for several days, succeeded by a warm sun-shine, dissolving the vast heaps of snow which lay on the mountains contiguous to the village, caused such an inundation, as brought down on a sudden vast fragments of the soil and prodigious rocks, in such an abundance as entirely to cover up the village, which consisted of thirty-six houses, the *chateau*, gardens, and stables of the *Seigneur*, and the parish church; excepting about 16 feet of its steeple, which still appears above the surface. The windows of the belfry are above eleven feet from the ground; not even

even with it, as *Lalande* asserts*; nor is there any possibility of entering them without a ladder. The peasants have cleared about seven feet of the arch of the vault of this church; but it was too difficult an undertaking to continue. The space covered over is about 150 acres, including the village and adjoining fields. The ground is raised above its former level 36 feet in the highest part, sloping down to the river. Old trees are buried up to their heads, five or six feet of their topmost branches only appearing above the ground. Stupendous rocks lie dispersed on all sides; some measure from eleven to thirteen feet one way, by seven to eleven the other: this unequal superficies is covered over between the rocks with brush-wood, the fibres or seeds of which have come down in the fragments of the mountain. The torrent of melted snow, which forced its way down, formed two cataracts, overturning in its course houses, trees, and rocks: the channels they have left are 16 feet deep and 30 broad. As *Lalande* and *Richard* have said very little about the catastrophe which befel this village and its environs in one day, I thought it worth while to describe its present situation.

Having nothing more curious to add, I conclude, &c.

LETTER

* Vol. 1st, page 8.

L E T T E R VII.

Sept. 30, 1770, at Night.

HERE, at St. Michael, another deserted *chateau*, are we to pass the night; but the accommodations are so wretched, that they have banished sleep from my eyes: the hardness and dirt of the bed does not invite me to rest. One would think old Keyssler had been doating, when he says, "there is very good accommodation in a spacious inn at St. Michael," &c. Spacious it is indeed, but naked walls, and ill-paved floors; a few broken chairs, and straw beds; those without curtains being better in some respects, by being less *sordid*; a larder affording no other provision than stinking oil; sour, and almost black bread; and trout marinated after they stunk. But what charmed poor Keyssler, was certain moral sentences wrote over the doors; who inveighs with great ill humour against the fallies of fancy, commonly wrote by young people upon window panes. It had been a difficult matter to have found any here to have wrote upon.—Our hostess made us some reproaches for chusing to sup in our own room (although it was more for her interest, as we pay considerably dearer) intimating it would be better if we would eat at *table d'hôte*; for there was a great deal of company.

pany. You cannot imagine how much all our hosts have worried us to eat at their table; but I need not tell you, we had rather eat a crust of bread in the stable with the horses, than sit down with all sorts of people that chance may throw in our way: they may be "the best sort of people in the world." However, the last words of the hostess made me curious to know who the company might be: it consisted of a *Seigneur* of Milan, an *Abbè* of Florence, a singer from Venice, three Lyons traders, and a woman, wife to one of them.

Our road to-day has been worse than any we have yet experienced. From Aiguebelle to St. Jean de Maurienne is one continued ascent and descent. We have passed several dangerous bridges, composed of nothing but fir-trees thrown across; very uncertain and weak, the river running under with great rapidity. About three weeks since, one of these bridges failed, as the Lyons *diligence* was passing it. None of the passengers perished; but the baggage, to the amount of forty thousand livres, was lost, and all the horses drowned, before they could be disentangled from their harness. Some of the stone bridges I think very near as terrifying as those of wood; one in particular near St. Jean de Maurienne, which is more like a sharp ridge of a house than a bridge; and so narrow, the wall on each
side

side being being also extremely low, that were the horses to take fright, one must infallibly be overturned into the river.—I forgot to mention, that we dined at *la Chambre*, a most wretched place, and a very bad inn: it is about midway between Aiguebelle and St. Jean de Maurienne. This latter is a pretty, clean looking little town. Lalande makes mention of this place, as being the fortress by which Hannibal marched into Italy, according to some writers; but as authors, you know, often differ, others will have it (and this he says is the common opinion) that he crossed over the mountain St. Bernard. He (Lalande) gives a long quotation from the *Memoirs du Marechal de Vielleville*, describing a kind of masque given by the inhabitants of this town to Henry the Second of France, in 1548. See tom. i. p. 15.

Having already attempted to give you an idea of the bridge in Savoy, which, as you see, are not too much to be depended upon (though the present time of the year is esteemed the best and safest season for this journey) there is another kind of accident to which those who travel this road are subject, that of being crushed to death by ponderous rocks, many of which seem suspended by one corner only, and jutting out, hang over the road, threatening destruction every moment. The soil about them is a
loose

loose grey sand, and seems strongly incorporated with lead ore. Many of these rocks have already fallen down into the road, others into the river : those which by their fall had quite stopped up the road, have been blown up by the peasants, so as to leave sufficient room for a carriage to pass. Several of these fallen rocks are nearly *cubical*, and as large as small cottages. A rock, in particular, which appeared to be one entire stone, that had rolled to one side, in form and size resembled a small parish church. The great stones which have fallen into the river, by stopping its course, have caused most rapid cascades, whose white foam dashing from rock to rock, is beautifully contrasted with the greenness of the stream.—This road is particularly dangerous in the spring, when the rocks are subject to fall, from the weight of the snow that lies upon them.

Further on, and nearer to St. Michael, there is a variety in this mountainous prospect that is more than romantic. Some of the mountains are cleft and torn asunder, as if by earthquakes, a dreadful darkness concealing the inmost recesses of these caverns. Down the sides of others, prodigious cata-racts have, in their fall, rooted up great fir-trees, and thrown them across each other : some are actually growing with their heads downwards ; great fragments of rocks and

stony ground, out of which they grow, having been partly broken off, and twisted round out of their places by the rapid descent of these torrents of melted snow. Near St. Michael, there are mountains whose sides admit of cultivation, the earth being supported by little low walls, rising one above the other, till intercepted by the snow. Vines, and all sorts of grain, flourish luxuriantly on the sunny side. The earth is brought up in baskets fastened to the backs of women and children, the mountain being too steep for an ass or mule to ascend.—I could not perceive any petrifications or fossils along this road, though I kept a careful look-out; and as our carriage went slow, I think I should have discovered them, had there been any.

We passed by a castle situated upon the top of a very high rock: it is called *Miolans*, and serves as a state-prison. The King of Sardinia sends hither those who have committed any capital crimes of state. Many years ago there was a dreadful instrument of death made use of here for the prisoners condemned to die; it was called *la supplice des razors*. A cascade, which falls near the castle, turned a mill-wheel, which was set round with razors: the wretch who was to suffer, being fastened under this wheel, was soon cut into a thousand pieces.

Adieu.

Adieu. I do not know when an opportunity will offer to send you this and the foregoing letter; not having met with any post since we left Chamberry.

I am, yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Turin, Oct. 3d.

I Fear you have been uneasy at not hearing from us sooner. You will, together with this letter, receive those I wrote you from Aiguebelle and St. Michael, not having had it in my power to send them to you sooner.

In the first place, and not to keep you in suspense, I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that we passed the *Mont Cennis* on the finest day imaginable, and are safely arrived without having met with the least accident, and are well lodged in the house of the Countess d'Or—b—ns at Turin. Now you are perfectly satisfied that we have not broke our necks down the precipices of *Mont Cennis*, I shall proceed to tell you, that the rest of our road from St. Michael to Lanebourg by no means improved upon us. After having ascended a very steep mountain, called *St. Andre*, with a tremendous precipice on one side, we passed through the *Bois de Bramant*. This forest grows on the side of a very high

mountain; the road is practised through it, and is what the post-boys in Somersetshire call *fideling* and bad; and from the road to the river, the precipice is frightful, the height being so considerable that the river appears no broader than a narrow rivulet, and the precipice down to it is nearer a true perpendicular than any I have yet seen. We dined at a village called Modane; here we saw several sorts of game, with which the forest abounds: many of these birds are new to me. I was surprised to see partridges whose feathers become quite white in winter; their breasts and part of their wings are already white; and pheasants, whose feathers are black and flesh very brown. The *Cog de Bruyere*, *Gelinottes*, and many other birds not common in England, are in great abundance here; the peasants knock them down with sticks.

From Modane to Lanebourg the road is never level; part of it, up an exceeding high mountain, is so zig-zag, that it looks at a little distance, before one is quite close to it, like the lacings of an old-fashioned stomacher. The sharp turnings of this road convinced me, of the necessity of a two-wheeled carriage; for four wheels (unless with a crane-neck) must be very difficult to conduct along with safety.

Near Modane, a little on one side of the road, is a most beautiful fall of water, which

which descends perpendicularly from a prodigious height. We lay at Lanebourg. Its situation is very surprising, the mountains, cascades, and great rocks, are so assembled together, that the appearance of the village is as if by some vast concussion a number of entire cottages had been thrown amongst these mountains, and had in their fall rested some on the tops of rocks, others on the sides, so as just to find an equilibrium sufficient to keep them from tumbling into the torrents of water that roar on all sides. We had the honour to occupy the royal apartment in the inn; for his Sardinian Majesty has lain here two or three times, and whatsoever of royal, that go through Lanebourg, are always lodged in this room: though the walls are literally bare, and the curtains of the bed of very coarse woollen cloth, the windows paper, and the floor very ill paved; yet this room is not looked upon in a despicable light.

While we were eating a very bad supper, composed of liver and brains, (to what animal they had belonged, I do not pretend to decide) the Syndic of the Porters came in, to judge how many of the latter we should have occasion for. Four were assigned for me, and six for M—. The settled price is fifty Piedmontese sols each. You may imagine we gave them something over. One of the porters ad-

dressed us in English; he is well known to all our countrymen that travel this road. His name is Martin, he has been a servant; lived seven years with the Archbishop of — in Ireland, and has travelled through Italy with several English masters. Though he professes to love England, and seems very glad to see English people; yet he is retired to his native mountains, to pass the rest of his days, preferring these barren rocks, and almost perpetual snows, to any other country he has seen. Surely the old story of the *maladie du pays* has some foundation in truth, by the Savoyards and Swiss constantly returning to their own country. With his savings, he has purchased an estate of 36 *l.* a year; which provides him with not only the necessaries of life, but raises him above the rank of an ordinary Porter; even the Syndic looks upon him as a man of responsibility. I wish I could say as much of his honesty as of his good humour; he was very useful to us, and entertaining, in our journey over the mountain, but latterly convinced me, by shewing a very interested mind, that he had not improved in honesty by his travels into England. Some particulars we learnt in regard to the people of Lanebourg, I think, curious enough to mention, as there is no notice taken of them as distinguished from the

the other Savoyards in the books of travels.

Their village consists of about 220 houses; they are so happy as to be free from the oppression of a *Seigneur*, *Commandant*, or petty tyrant of any denomination. All the tax they are subject to, is the *Taille*, which amounts nearly to the seventh part of the produce of their land: this is paid to the King; they are at no other public expence, except the keeping their roads and bridges passable. They also make provision for their *Curé*, and repair their church. They never let their land, as by so doing they could not get more than two and a half *per cent.* for their purchase-money; whereas, by cultivating their ground themselves, they make it yield from ten to thirteen *per cent.* There are few Lanebourgians who possess less than twelve, and none more than forty pounds *per annum* *. Though they are obliged to keep the road over *Mont Cennis* in a passable state, particularly during the winter, yet the above-mentioned expence falls lightly on the inhabitants, as they gain yearly eighty guineas, which the lake on the plain of *Mont Cennis* is let for, and this money is solely appropriated to the uses of the community. They have but two priests

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* See Lalande, p. 22. Not well informed in regard to the Lanebourgians.

in the village, and no convent. Their priests not being Lanebourgians, are considered by them as foreigners. They have sense enough not to bring up any of their own children to the church. They are remarkably healthy and long-lived; no physician being permitted to live at Lanebourg, they trust to Nature and sobriety. The simplicity of their manners, and the purity of their lives is such, that it very rarely happens an illegitimate child is produced amongst them; but when such an accident does happen, immediate marriage, or perpetual exile, must ensue. By the vigilance of the *Curé* and the Syndics no culprit has ever escaped one or other of the above ordinances; and they generally prefer the former. Here then subsists a community, more free from superstition than the tenets of the religion they profess admit of. Content with the produce of their own labours, they are always cheerful, always happy; their wants are bounded to the mere necessary; their wishes never reach beyond their means:—thus do they defy the vice of avarice, and chase for ever from their pillow, the cares attendant on ambition. Upon inquiring into the frequent emigrations of Savoyards, it appeared, the Lanebourgians never sent out of their community more than three or four in the space of 18 months. There are
 now

now twelve at Lyons, whom they assert are rich and considerable, although they quitted Lanebourg in the capacity of shoe-cleaners and chimney-sweepers: they boast also of having given four chairmen to the King of France. *Louis the Beloved* certainly could not have chosen better.—

There are about an hundred porters, whose names are upon a list; the Syndics take care that they carry travellers in their turn, and are referred to, in case of any dispute that may arise amongst them. Provisions are very cheap here: in money of Piedmont, bread 1 sol and a half, beef, mutton, and veal, 3 sols the pound. Twenty-five years past, bread sold at half a sol, and meat at one sol the pound.

After having passed a sleepless night in the royal apartment, partly owing to a mountain torrent that descends close to the window, we set out at five o'clock the next morning in our chairs, the ascent not being ten paces from the door. These chairs are constructed in the most simple and portable manner. There are two small bars of wood for arms, and another bar behind, which rises but little higher than the arms, and which serves as a support to the back of the person in the chair; the seat is matted with bark of trees and ropes twitted together, which yields to the weight of those thus carried. You are so near the

ground, that there is not the least difficulty in stepping out of the chair at pleasure; there are no legs to these chairs, but in their room a board is tied on by ropes to the seat, which the feet being placed upon and the cords as much shortened as can conveniently be, the legs and feet are well supported, being sufficiently raised to clear them entirely of any shock from uneven or rocky ground. The chairs are fixt on poles, which appeared to me to be as long as those commonly used in London. The chairmen are aided by straps over their shoulders, in the same manner as they carry in England. These porters use no composition of wax and rosin to the soles of their shoes, as related by Keyfler, vol. i. p. 200, to keep them from slipping; nor other assistance for this purpose, than a few nails drove in here and there, at the heels, and a packthread passed from one to the other. The ascent is not at first very steep; it winds, and towards the top augments considerably in acclivity and roughness.

Many large stones render this road inconvenient, which however admits of being made passable for a carriage, and that at no great expence. A forest of pines stretches itself along one side of the mountain, which they say is abundantly stocked with game. I liked this manner of travelling

ling very much. You are conveyed along surprisingly fast on the plain; the porters run rather than walk; but M—— was soon tired of being carried, asserting the road was very passable for a person on foot, the length of the way being the greatest difficulty: he walked, I am sure, three parts of the road. By his walking so much, our porters had little more than half their trouble, as I used his in their turn; yet these poor people shewed the best hearts in the world, fearing lest he should be too much fatigued * * * * * but all they could say had no effect upon him. You know how humane he is, and the being carried by his own species is no part of his system * * * * * Our chaise being taken to pieces, it was carried on the mules backs. These animals make a droll appearance, with a wheel on each side, and the body of a chaise on their back. They are shod in a particular manner, to prevent their slipping; their shoes advance more than two inches beyond the fore-part of their hoof, and turn up again in front.

Our porters endeavoured to amuse us by their conversation. These poor inoffensive people recollect all the different travellers whom they have carried (particularly princes, ambassadors, &c.); and even every thing they have said to them, which they retail to others, supposing it may amuse, and

and make them forget the tediousness of the way. But the information I sought for, being more about themselves and their mountains, I got from them all the intelligence I could.

The *Glaciere*, which appears at about four miles distance, is, according to them, extremely curious. They told us, many English gentlemen had gone so far out of their way to see it: that there were great quantities of chrystal found in the grotto; and that the peasants in the villages made use of it for salt-cellars and small cups. That it was not always white; for that they frequently found some nearly black. They make no doubt of crystal being formed from ice; and account for the straws inclosed in lumps of it, and the muddy appearance it often bears, to its having been once in a fluid state. But as the origin of crystal has been, and still is disputed by the learned, who have not as yet agreed upon the matter, I certainly don't mean to give more weight to the *Lanebourgian* opinion than it merits.

The rocks and stones lying on all sides of the road have many of them the appearance of marble, with beautiful veins, of different colours; there are also large lumps of spar, which glisten with great brightness in the sun. I picked up some morsels that are incorporated with ore. Lalande's account

count of the natural production of *Mont Cennis*, and his observations on mountains in general, are curious and interesting. Just before we gain the plain, the ascent augments in *rapidity*. On the side of the mountain are small houses, which serve the peasants in winter, as magazines for their forage, and in summer as dairies, for they make butter and cheese in them during three months. The plain is by no means *sans aucun inégalité*, (according to Lalande, vol. i. p. 23.) for there is great variety of ground, and the plain, as it is called, is rather a valley, extending along between high mountains, with several different roads, some of which the mules take, others the Porters. The grass is exceedingly thick, short, and full of flowers: there were many in blow of the tribe of the *Amuranthoides*, or *Everlastings*; some yellow, others of a fine crimson, and purple *. The Crow-foot kind in great abundance; their flowers were past, but I perceived great patches of the grass of *Anemone* and *Ranunculus*, *Violet Polianthus*, &c. with aromatic and odoriferous plants, several of which I never saw

* Dans toutes les montagnes il y a une multitude des plantes curieuses & agréable à voir, dans les Fentes des rochers dont les fleurs sont de couleurs éclatantes, & que je crois devoir être mises au rang des semper vivan. Note in Richard, tom. i. p. 19.

saw before. A good Botanist might find entertainment on the plain for a month. The forest on the sides of *Mont Cennis* abounds with the *Chamois*, a species of wild goat, whose flesh is eatable. The peasants sell their skins from eight to twelve livres each. The blood of these animals, dried, and taken in wine, is esteemed a sovereign remedy for the pleurisy; the King of Sardinia is never without this medicine, it being allowed by the Turin physicians to be admirable in many cases. The Chamois are fleet, and extremely shy, concealing themselves in the most retired parts of the forest, and in the clefts of rocks, the most difficult of access. They are so alert, that they bound from rock to rock, and stand with all their four feet close together on the most pointed. Their smell is so exquisite, that no man can approach them without their perceiving it, except against the wind; and they have the sense of hearing in such perfection, that it is scarce possible to approach within shot of them. The only way of killing them is, by lying in wait, concealed behind the bushes, and near their usual haunts before break of day, taking care the wind sets rightly. No dog can catch them, not even a greyhound; for they run directly to the precipices as their security, near which they are always found, and which are so circumstanced, that a dog would break

break his neck that should attempt to follow them.—All kinds of game quit these mountains in the winter, the cold being too severe for them. Even the wolves and bears seek a less inclement sky. The air was very keen on the plain; and I was obliged to wrap myself up in a pelice, lined through with fur, although the day was remarkably fine for that country; but it was early in the morning when we set out, and I think it was not more than 8 o'clock when we found ourselves on the plain, having been about three hours in mounting. My chairmen, to compensate in some measure for the cold I complained of, expatiated on the good wine, and bread and cheese, that the *bon Pere Nicolas* would give us for breakfast. (This is the *Curè* mentioned by Lalande, who lives close to the Hospital.)

Before I close this letter, I shall give you a sketch of this extraordinary Priest, whose purity of life, and charitable conduct, has rendered him so dear to the inhabitants of Lanebourg, (who look upon him as a father) that they cannot speak of him without tears in their eyes; so much do they fear being soon deprived of him, as he is now very much advanced in years.

There is a rising in the plain before you gain the borders of the Lake, which is a rough step. The Lake is about three miles in circumference, of an irregular shape.

The

The grafs grows not only down to the water's edge, but under it for some way, as you fee through the water; but this does not continue far, for the Lake is fo deep towards the middle as to be deemed unfathomable, at leaft by the peafants. They find no other fifh here than trout, but thefe are in the utmoft perfection; their reported fize is enormous: fome weigh eighteen pounds. Thofe we had at *La Grande Croix*, where we dined, were not larger than trout commonly are in England, but are much better flavoured. I do not know whether or not trout have the peculiar quality of living in waters that are iced over for eight months of the year, which is the cafe with this Lake; but one is tempted to believe it muft be fo, as the quantity of this fifh has never been known to diminifh, although there is no vifible inlet by which the Lake can be fupplied; no fprings, nor communication with other waters, having yet been difcovered: yet it muft certainly be fupplied from the adjacent mountains, which are covered with eternal fnows, and part of which fnow muft melt, and fo be filtered through the earth, till it gets to this great refervoir. The large trout are fent to Turin, and bought up for the King's table, and for thofe of foreign minifters, for great entertainments. During the time that the Lake is frozen over, loaded mules, and
herds

herds of cattle, pass over it, without danger, as it is frozen from seven to eight feet deep.

Having reached the Priest's house, we stopped, and asked admittance. He, good old man, received us with the utmost hospitality; he has quite the appearance and countenance one supposes the *Patriarchs* bore. He gave us excellent cheese of the mountain *, with as good wine and bread as the Porters had promised us. His house was clean; and he shewed us one room, which he boasted of, as having been occupied three summer months by a noble guest, Lord A—g—n; who had retired here from Florence, during the heats of summer, and with some sporting dogs, and English horses, amused himself upon these mountains. His apartment was fitted up in the most humble manner; his pious host, by way of enlivening it, had graced the walls with prints representing the fathers of the desert. The poor old man mentioned him with parental tenderness, spoke highly in his praise, and regretted his departure with the utmost sensibility.

I wonder how so young a man could find sufficient resources in himself to be able to exist

* This cheese is made of three milks, viz. Cow, goat, and sheep.

exist voluntarily in so dreary a solitude as that of *Mont Cennis*. The hospital, which joins on to the priest's house, is for the reception of pilgrims travelling over the mountains: *Pere Nicolas* is chaplain to it. In case of sickness, they are lodged and taken care of till recovered; if they happen to be benighted they are taken in for one night. Each pilgrim that calls at the hospital receives a pound of bread and some soup. This institution was certainly well intended; but at present those who receive these charitable donations are nothing better than a number of idle vagabonds, who, rather than work, wander about with scollop shells in their hats, and under pretence of *pilgrimage*, indulge a lazy disposition of rambling, and frequently pilfering upon the road.

Having taken leave of our kind host, promising to revisit him at our return, if we should come back the same way, we proceeded on to *la Grande Croix*, an inn, situated at the extremity of the plain, the descent commencing immediately after. Opposite to the inn is a small chapel, where those who happen to perish on the mountain by cold, lightning, or any other accident, are buried. Here our *porteurs* rested for above an hour; and we tasted the famous trout of the Lake, which they fried; and although they were not large, as I think I mentioned

mentioned before, they were uncommonly well flavoured. They brought us butter, which was the best I think I ever tasted, perhaps owing to the many aromatic herbs the cows find on the plain. They told me, that for nine months of the year they keep their cows in their kitchens, in order to make fresh butter for the English travellers. The wine is very pleasant, which is made on the sides of the mountains, and is preserved in goat skins. Had I seen this vessel before I had tasted of its contents, I doubt if I could have prevailed on myself to have touched it, for these skins have a dirty and disgusting appearance: the hair is off, but the skin looks black and greasy: where the feet and the head grew it is sewed up: the whole looks like some strange swollen monster. The Ganymede, cup bearer, or Savoyard who acts as butler, tucks up this dismembered carcase, like a pair of Scotch bagpipes, under his arm, presents its posteriors to the guest, and plucks out a peg; the wine flies out from a tap Nature never intended for that purpose when she created goats.

The descent from *la Grande Croix* is extremely rapid for about three hundred yards. I don't know any thing this road resembles more than a broken stone staircase, which occasions the *porteurs* to turn so suddenly by its windings, that the person in the chair
passes

passes clear over the sharp angles, cutting them, as it were, across. Notwithstanding the novelty of this manner of travelling, the steepness of the road, and the velocity with which I descended, my *porteurs* running almost the whole way, I never once felt myself sufficiently frightened to lay hold of the arms of the chair, my attention was so much engaged with the singularity and variety of the prospect below; for the sun having now got up far enough over these stupendous mountains to disperse the fogs and vapours on this side of the world, discovered to us, through fragments of broken clouds, fertile vallies, woods, villages, and rivers, seen as a bird flies. When by the crooked turning of the road, we lost our prospect, prodigious cascades, (the spray of which fell down upon us in rain) mixing with the clouds, produced the most beautiful rainbows, whose vivid colours dazzled the eye. Whatever you may think of clouds when you look at them, and their soft and warm appearance in a fine day, they are nevertheless exceedingly damp and cold to pass through. I certainly need not inform you that I have been much higher than the clouds. At some moments during the descent, I could not help fancying myself a witch upon a broomstick. The beautiful cascade, particularly distinguished by

by Richard and Lalande *, is much better described by Richard. The rock is plainly incrustated with ore of lead and copper, and the sand evidently impregnated with metallic substance. This cascade falls from a prodigious height. Having arrived at what is called the *Plain of St. Nicolas*; we had thence a view of the wonderful cascade. There are still some small remains of ruined wall and rails; the latter is carried away every year by the fall of snow, but is constantly replaced by the peasants.

From this plain, which is rugged enough, we came to a village called *La Ferriere*, which is exactly midway between *La Grande Croix* and *Novalese*; here our *porteurs* rested just time enough to drink a draught of wine and water. This village is more than wretched; and already you perceive yourself in Piedmont; the dawnings of the little, low, cheating Piedmontese cunning begin to shew themselves in the countenances of the peasants of *La Ferriere*.

From this village to *La Novalese*, the road is in some places not quite so steep; but at intervals is exceedingly narrow, and there are three or four very bad steps. I was excessively annoyed by the droves of cattle,

* See vol. i. p. 22 of the former, and vol. i. p. 28 of the latter.

cattle, and loaded mules; they are so obstinate that they will not turn the least out of their way. One of the latter gave me a horrid fright; for, having lagged behind her companions, to shorten her way, she chose to attempt stepping over the poles of my chair. You may be sure I screamed; for I never was in so great danger of being thrown down the precipice; but my chairmen were so alert as to lift the chair clear over a low breast-work, so as to leave room for the mule to continue her way. When these droves of loaded mules meet, it often happens the road is particularly inconvenient for them to pass each other, and they run great risk of being pushed down the precipices. Those we met were chiefly loaded with rice; but those that overtook us, and which were in their way to Turin from Lyons, were loaded with rich gold and silver stuffs, Jewellers' work, &c. so that it is of the utmost consequence that the road be kept in sufficient repair for the security of these animals.

At Novalesè, we remounted our chaise and baggage: it is a very poor place, and the inn but indifferent. From hence to Sufa*, the road is rough and bad. We passed

* I observed some gibbets between Novalesè and Sufa, which had plates of tin nailed on them, with the

passed by the famous Brunette, which, although esteemed impregnable by the Piedmontese, Mons. *Richard* thinks commanded by two mountains; but, however, he makes a shrewd reflection, and very *apropos*, namely, "That it would be difficult to bring up, and plant a battery of cannon on these mountains:" as it is certainly utterly impossible. We walked down the descent which leads to Susa. As for the Arc of Triumph, which is in a kind of alley leading to the castle at Susa, I refer you to Lalande. His observation on the bas reliefs, &c. is extremely just; but we could not find the inscription he mentions. A soldier, upon guard near the place, told us, a plate of bronze had been conveyed away (upon which it, probably, had been engraved) some months before to Turin; and he shewed a hollow in one of the pillars, which appeared as if a plate of metal had been inserted there. The town of Susa is not considerable. From thence to Turin *, the road lies most pleasantly in a valley, with well-dressed fields on each side. In the corn-fields, are planted

the crime and punishment of the malefactor who had suffered there set forth and engraved.

* From Susa to Turin are a few small crosses, to mark the places where assassinations have been committed. I think I did not perceive more than three or four of them, and these have been up some years.

ed mulberry-trees, in rows, at a sufficient distance not to injure the corn.

We lay at a wretched village, called *Bussolia*, on straw-beds, sustained by four planks, which were placed on stone props, similar to those used for corn-stacks. I find the precaution of carrying our own sheets with us highly necessary. Next day, we dined at a village called *St. Ambrose*. From the inn, which is tolerably good, the abbey of *St. Michael de la Cluse* hangs upon the brow of a very high mountain; and as it is for the most part in ruins, forms a fine point of view. By the road side, and near *St. Ambrose*, stands a small church, built in the Gothic taste, of brick; the mouldings and pillars, which are all of *terra cotta*, are very well executed. Certain friezes formed by vine branches, leaves, and their fruit, are particularly well sculptured, and are of the same materials. We passed through Rivoli, where on a sharp rising is situated the Royal Castle; here the present King's father ended his days. Should I happen to be informed of any thing particularly curious, in regard to this Prince and his imprisonment, during our stay here (more than what is mentioned by Richard and Lalande), it shall certainly make part of some future letter.

For

For the three leagues from Rivoli to Turin, the road is planted on each side with double rows of most beautiful elms; it is extremely broad, literally straight, and forms one of the finest avenues (I suppose) in all Europe. The beautiful fields on each side, which are for the most part water meadows, are kept in as neat a state as it is possible for the utmost care and attention to bring them to. Near the gate of the town, we saw the Prince of Piedmont, who had alighted from his coach to walk; his *suite* consisted of seven or eight pages only. He is a tall, thin, genteel-looking young man, and of an agreeable countenance.

The entrance into Turin is noble; the gate is of a solid, but magnificent architecture. The fortifications are in perfect repair, as M—— particularly observed; for as you know these matters are not quite within my province; all I can affirm is, the wall appeared to be strong and thick, and the ditch very broad, and there were several centinels, well-dressed, walking backwards and forwards. The town seems to be extremely populous, I shall say more about it in my next letter. Although this is grown to a most unconscionable length, yet as I promised you some anecdotes relative to the *bon Pere Nicolas*, of the plain of *Mont Cennis*, I shall insert

them here, and if possible crowd them into the cover.

Pere Nicolas's sanctity of life, his charitable and moral disposition at length reached the ears of his sovereign, who sent for him to court. The King took such a liking to him, that, upon his entreaty, he granted a perpetual exemption to the Lanebourgians from the quartering of troops, and from furnishing either men or money for the *milice*, even in time of war. So little did *Pere Nicolas* consult his own interests, that he never asked any thing for himself; and although he goes to court from time to time, and is always exceedingly well received by the King, he has never in any instance sought his own promotion, but employs all the interest he has to relieve his poor neighbours and parishioners from any difficulties they may be exposed to, either by the accidents of bad seasons, storms, or above all, a threatened tax, which, by his interposition, they are free from to this day. The Lanebourgians, through gratitude, immediately after the first favour the King was pleased to bestow on *Pere Nicolas*, presented him with the rent of the Lake for seven years. By this he made a considerable sum; but in the year 1737, he augmented his fund, and served his country at the same time, by selling cattle to
the

the Swiss army ; which cattle he bought up cheap from the Savoyards, who with difficulty could prevent their being taken from them by the Spaniards, so were glad to get rid of them at any price. *Pere Nicolas*, who was much better acquainted with the different roads, paths, and cliffs of the adjacent mountains, than the Spaniards were, concealed the cattle by day in caverns and hollow ways, and by night drove them sometimes along the sides of rivers, sometimes swam them across, and frequently made them descend precipices from 100 to 250 feet perpendicular height, by the narrow paths made by the goats and chamois, and which would have been absolutely impracticable to cows or oxen that had not been bred amongst such mountains. Thus, by his address, he escaped the outposts of the Spanish army, who had not failed to guard all the passes they knew of, in order that no communication should be kept up between the Savoyards, the Piedmontese, and Swiss army. Thus *Pere Nicolas* profited considerably, at the same time that he distressed the enemy, by depriving them of a great source of provisions ; but the poor Priest had a narrow escape of his life ; for the Spanish troops got intelligence of his activity, not only in the above instance, but also by giving early intelligence of their movements to the Piedmontese army,

my, by which he had caused many of their designs to be totally frustrated. This conduct of his so exasperated them, that they vowed to burn him alive ; for which purpose they sent a party of soldiers to take him prisoner ; but some of the Lanebour-
gians, hearing of their intention, explored their way, at the hazard of their lives, through the forest of pines, and over the rocks, notwithstanding deep snows, which rendered the way extremely dangerous. They arrived in time sufficient to acquaint him with the impending danger, and to contrive means for his escape and concealment, which was effected before the Spanish soldiers could reach his habitation ; for they, although they kept the straight road, found it, on account of the drifts of snow, almost impracticable ; and when, after much difficulty, they thought themselves secure of their prey, they found, to their great mortification, he had quite escaped them. *Pere Nicolas* dedicates his money entirely to the use of the Lanebourgians, and his other neighbours, as far as it can go ; in lending it to them, whenever they want, in small sums, particularly at the season for purchasing cattle. He never takes any interest, nor ever requires payment till they can with ease return it him, which they rarely fail to do at the ensuing season for disposing of their corn and cattle.

Industry

Industry should be encouraged; and it is scarce credible, of how much use this one man has been, by thus devoting himself and his interests to the public good. To many people, the sphere he moves in might appear too low and contemptible, not to require an apology for taking up so much of their time, &c. but I know your way of thinking too well, not to be assured of the value you will set on true greatness of mind, though found in the person of an uneducated Savoyard *Curé*.

Here is just arrived a packet of letters
 ***** I can no longer delay sending
 this long epistle to the post. You shall
 hear from me soon, mean time *****
 From your's, most sincerely and affectionately.

P. S. I am sure you will be glad to learn, that we did not meet with the least difficulty from the officers of the *Douane* *, at the gate; for although we have nothing that can be esteemed contraband, the delay and trouble custom-house officers occasion by the opening of trunks, is singularly vexatious and inconvenient to travellers; but these let us pass, without any examination, on our bare word that we had nothing concealed. We requited them for their civi-

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lity

* Custom house.

lity with a small gratuity, for which they were very thankful.

LETTER IX.

Turin, Oct. 16, 1770.

IN my last letter of the tenth of this month I mentioned our having delivered our letters, and of the society they have procured us. However, for people who are determined to stay only a short time in a place, and are bent on seeing every thing worthy the curiosity of strangers, letters of recommendation, and their consequences, are, on some accounts, by no means convenient. The frequent dining from home, shortens the mornings; and the afternoon is always consumed between the Corso, visits, and the opera. Notwithstanding we have made good use of our time, as we have already seen great part of what is most curious in Turin and its environs.

I shall begin with giving you first a description of the Royal Garden, and then proceed to the palace. The garden belonging to the King's palace was laid out by *Le Notre*; so it is not necessary to animadvert on the total want of taste throughout. You are sufficiently acquainted with his genius and talent for the art of planning gardens, by those you have seen in France, to believe, I do him no injustice in not admiring

ing this garden, whose insipid uniformity and flatness renders it very fatiguing to walk over. There is an insurmountable dulness in straight walks, with high hedges; formal parterres, composed of triangles, half-moons, stars, and the most ungraceful figures, called here *Parterres à l'Angloise*, many of which, instead of being filled with flowers, are composed of brick-dust and coal-ashes, formed into a kind of mortar, which fills up the borders. Grass plats ill kept; all the walks damp and mossy; there is but one spot which is tolerable, it is well gravelled, has plats of flowers in parterres, a little less formal than the others. In the middle is a small piece of water; beyond it appears a triumphal arch, of *Trellisse*, painted green, which is curiously and neatly executed; high trees shew themselves behind, and from each side springs out an open work of the same kind (*Trellisse*) which forms a sweep; and all together, when viewed from the front of the palace (that this part of the garden is calculated for) has a pretty good effect.—But there is no garden in England that is not in a much better taste than this, so much boasted of by the French and Turinese; not to mention the celebrated gardens of England, belonging to noblemen's and gentlemen's seats. I do not mean in regard to size, for the garden just named is very

large ; but the want of taste, in substituting all sorts of quadrangular and other formal figures, which were never to be found in Nature, to beautiful lawns, hollow slopes, clumps of trees, natural cascades, irregular walks, planted with the most beautiful flowering shrubs, and of which every garden in England has something.

Even the Palace has much the air of French architecture, flat and bald : composed of brick and stone. The entrance is through a great gate-way, into a square court, surrounded by a piazza, through which one enters the palace by the great stair-case, at the foot of which, in a recess, stands an equestrian statue of Victor Amadeus the First. The horse is of white marble, very heavy and ill executed. Victor is in bronze, and but little better in point of sculpture than his horse. The architecture of this stair-case is not beautiful, nor is it kept clean ; the odious custom of making use of the corners of the landing-places, which you have often heard to be a practice in Italy, commences here already ; where the stench occasioned by the stagnation mixed with the smoke of the lamps, which is never cleaned off the walls, makes the entrance of the houses very disgusting.—Lalande observes, tom. i. p. 89, very justly on the patience and politeness

liteness of *Monf. le Comte de Grosso Carvello*, who frequently conducts strangers about the palace, from whom we have received many civilities, which I shall have occasion to mention hereafter.—I have heard the King has been present *incognito*, while strangers have been viewing the apartments; but I believe it very rarely happens. They are nobly furnished; no expence spared; a profusion of glasses, gilding, rich Lyons' silks and velvets, cover the walls. The floors are beautifully inlaid with woods of different shades, and kept, as are the whole of the apartment and furniture, delicately clean. The frames of the looking-glasses of the sconces are all of wrought plate, as are the arms that hold the candles, and the frames of the pier glasses; large massive tables of silver stand under each glass, all wrought in bas reliefs, and the workmanship for the most part finely executed. The lustres that hang from the ceiling are of rock crystal. I measured one of the ornaments which was within my reach (for these lustres hang too low), it was shaped like a pear; was it squared, it would measure a cube of five inches; but they have, by their scolloping and crinkling, spoiled the rock chrystal as much as possible.

The curtains to the doors have a fine effect ; for when all the doors * which lead through these magnificent *suites* of rooms are open, these curtains are tied back, and by the manner of their being drawn up, their folds form beautiful arcades. They are made of exceeding rich flowered silks of Lyons, of a beautiful pattern, representing large fruit and leaves : there is a canopy of the same, which projects about eight inches over each door, and finishes in a most graceful sweep. These doors all answering to each other, form a perspective which I think has a most beautiful effect. As these suites of rooms form a rectangle, you look up from the same point two extensive vistas, which being terminated by looking-glasses, seem to have no end. The silk is the furniture of the summer apartment ; that of the winter apartment is of crimson velvet.—As the walls are extremely thick, the windows have a noble air from the inside, the wall sloping off from them, and the tops arched and cove fashion, are incrustated with looking-glasses set in gilt foliage,

* These doors open in the middle, and folding inward are received into grooves made in the thickness of the wall ; the pannels are carved and gilt, and when the apartments are open, no door is to be seen ; but as one passes through the door-case, the ornaments of the doors, which cover the sides of the thickness of the wall, are very striking.

foliage, which by their reflection produce a fine effect. Sculpture and gilding abound in every room; all the mouldings, architraves, and every morsel of wainscoting, is highly ornamented. But what is wonderfully shocking in the midst of all this profusion of finery, is the panes of the windows, which are set in lead, in the same manner as those in the casements of our English cottages. The ceilings are painted, but are none of them capital; the best is that of the audience chamber, but even this has a certain bloom of colouring which is too gaudy. The representation is allegorical, the groups much confused, and the whole not pleasing; the cornice loaded, and composed of too many mouldings, &c.

I shall not pretend to give you a regular catalogue of the pictures and curiosities contained in this palace, I shall only mention those that pleased me most. There are 53 chambers, of which 48 are completely furnished.

The King's gallery is decorated in an excellent taste, except the ceiling (by *Daniel de Senterre*), which has not much merit. The pictures are all hung upon black pannels; I suppose they imagined it would set them off, but I do not think it has a good effect. The following are the most to my taste :

A boy

A boy careſſing a dog, by Cimiani. This is ſo well done, and ſo natural, that the longer it is looked at, the more beauties it diſcovers.——A full length portrait of King Charles I. by Miers, a ſcholar of Vandyke's. The perſpective of the back ground is much admired, notwithſtanding it has the following faults: the point of view is placed too high, the pillars are too much crowded, and the row of columns commences too near the fore ground, on which the King ſtands. The colouring is too black, and the aerial perſpective is not well obſerved; the King's figure ſticks cloſe to the architecture, for want of proper judgment in the demi-teints, if not owing to a failing in the linear perſpective. The face is admirably done. The figure is ſtiffer than it otherwiſe would have been, perhaps occaſioned by the too great attention of the painter to the buttons, lace, &c. and too ſtrict a representation of the minutiae of the ornamented dreſs of thoſe days.——A Venus, Cupid, and doves, in high preſervation, by Carlo Cigniani.——Prince Thomas on horſeback, by Vandyke, as large as life. A very good portrait; the horſe well done, his mane incomparable; and the whole together in a great and maſterly ſtyle.—Another of the ſame maſter, representing the three children of King Charles the Firſt; admirable, both as to
the

the colouring, drapery, and correctness of the drawing ; all the graces that belong to children, added to the most charming countenances, which express, at the same time, dignity without pride, and softness without languor. There is also a spaniel in this picture, which is so natural, it would almost deceive in a proper point of view.—The portrait of this painter, by himself ; a truth and force of colouring that must strike the most ignorant spectator.—An Evangelist writing, an Angel dictating ; the attention and awe, mixt with a holy dread, strongly expressed in the countenance of the Saint, is beautifully contrasted by the benignity and candour in the celestial face of the holy messenger. I have forgot the name of the author of this picture.—A picture representing the daughter of Sir Thomas More, his head as just separated from the body, lying on the table ; she is fainted away, her paleness is most natural, and there is great expression in one of her hands, which is a little elevated from the dead head, as if she had shrunk it back with horror at the touch : this is by Conrado of Milan. In the room after the gallery are two good pieces of perspective, as seen from an angle ; one represents part of the inside of St. Peter's at Rome, the other of St. John Laterans. There is also a landscape with four oxen in it, well done. Although

Although the above three pictures are not by celebrated masters, they are by no means contemptible.—The portrait of Porbus, done by himself; he is measuring the extent of his skull with a pair of compasses; although it is not ill executed, yet the ungracefulness of the attitude, and the uncouthness of the subject, prevent this picture from pleasing. A portrait of Rembrandt, by himself, and a small picture of an old man, whose head and hands are admirable, particularly the truth of anatomy in the latter; the drapery and back ground are so dark as to be totally indistinct. In another room, which goes by the name of Solimene's, are four pictures by that master; the best represents the Queen of Sheba presenting her gifts to Solomon. By his never finishing any of his pictures, there is often a great failing in his *clair obscure*, which is frequently false. Covetousness was the cause of this singularity; for he could finish a piece consisting of thirty figures in six days*, and his pictures sold off quick, as there is always to be found in them a truth of drawing, and great knowledge in the art of grouping his figures without confusion: but at first sight his pictures appear all spotted with mold; the prevailing

* His first stroke was also his last, for he never retouched them.

prevailing colours being black, and blueish grey, with specks of white.—In a cabinet, a Salutation by Rembrandt, the St. Elizabeth is full of merit.—In another, belonging to the summer apartment, are the portraits of Martin Luther and his wife, by Holbein. I do not doubt their being strong likenesses; they are a homely, good couple, and the want of shade in their faces does not render them more pleasing. Notwithstanding this peculiarity in all Holbein's paintings, they are esteemed considerably in Italy, as Monsieur Grosso Cavallo assured us were all the works of our old English painters; if that is true, I believe it is owing more to their politeness than to their sincerity. The queen's gallery, which is 30 feet wide, and 270 long, is to be lined with marble; it is already begun, and is to be compleated with the marble of this country, excepting one narrow moulding round the pannels, which is of that of Verona. It will be extremely fine when finished. Amongst the variety of coloured marbles, an alabaster coffee colour and white, and a green, are of extraordinary beauty. Here are some paintings of great merit. A prodigal son by Guercino. This picture is a proof of the expression a human figure is capable of discovering, without the aid of the countenance; for the face of the prodigal son is not seen: he is represented

represented in a kneeling posture, his back is turned away from the spectators, but every feeling of his mind is shewn in the muscles of his back, legs, and the soles of his feet; shame, regret, and repentance as strongly expressed as they could have been in his face. The colouring is vigorous, the drawing bold, and the *clair obscure* well preserved and strongly opposed.—Two very large pictures of Paul Veronese. One of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, who is very ugly indeed: this picture is full of faults and absurdities. The other is the finding of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter. It is remarkable that Paul Veronese has introduced himself amongst the attendants of the princess, and is one of the most alert to preserve the little Moses, whom he is extricating from amongst the bulrushes. Pharaoh's daughter is too finely dressed. The beauty of the silks and embroidery of Paul Veronese can never be too much admired. It is singular, that so good a painter should invariably fall into the same absurdity, of draping the ladies of antiquity in the most modern dresses and ornaments of his own day.—A David by Guido; there is one at the Luxemburg, and another at Genoa. Monsieur Grosso Cavallo thinks that all the three were done by Guido's scholars, and afterwards touched by himself. The figure is striking, and there

there is the gracefulness of Guido in the air of the head.—A holy family by Guido ; the Virgin's attitude too much strained, and false in the drawing ; the little Jesus finely done.—Rape of the Sabines, by Jacobo Bassano : some of the women's heads have great expression, and the faces handsome.—Its pendant, by the same master ; the subject, a woman whipping a Cupid out of a tinker's shop. Here Bassano had an opportunity to represent all sorts of brass and copper kitchen utensils, in which he excels.—A Saint Sebastian shot to death with arrows, by Cigniani ; a faultless picture, but the subject is too shocking to dwell upon.—Also a Saint Andrew crucified, by Espagnolet. This great master has here displayed that grand manner and vigour of colouring, for which he is so justly famous.—The Queen's *cabinet de toilette*, which is a cube of 30 feet, is entirely wainscotted with japan : either it never was fine of the sort, or else it is spoiled, for the varnish is almost gone, and the grain is coarse. There is a jar of old japan, which is the finest morsel I ever saw. In another cabinet are twelve jars of japan china, black and gold, of exquisite beauty, and of great value ; presented by the King of Portugal to the King of Sardinia. In the Queen's bed-chamber are two very small silver ewers, I should think
about

about three feet high, finely wrought in bas relief; the handles are formed by two lions, who bending their bodies, having attained almost to the top, stretch out their tongues to drink out of the ewer; they are extremely well executed. This room is hung with crimson velvet, and laced with gold: the bed the same.—In a small chamber of audience, stands a clock of very curious workmanship; it is of gold, and in the shape of a Chinese temple. As well as I recollect, it is about sixteen inches high; it stands on a table.

A small cabinet which leads to one still less; they are covered with curious woods inlaid, ivory and mother of pearl: the latter is engraved, but indifferently done. Here are some shelves of books; my curiosity urged me to open two or three, amongst which I found the *Female Spectator* translated from the English; a book entitled a *Monitor for Sovereigns*, doubled down and marked in several places. On one side is a little *oratoire*, with a fine picture of a *Madona* by Carlo Maratti.—I think I forgot to mention the four elements by Albani, which are in the King's bed-chamber, and which are perfect in colouring and design. This master's works always please.—In another chamber is an *Annunciation*, very large, by Gentileschi. The virgin is more natural than beautiful; the modesty and confusion

confusion of an exceeding young person is the characteristic of her figure; the angel is kneeling to her: the colouring is gay and fresh looking; and, upon the whole, it is a very good picture.—Opposite is a *St. Francoise* by Guercino, who has made as much of his subject as it admits of. The fireplace of the same room is prettily painted, by a Piedmontoise painter, after the Flemish manner. The angles of the coved ceiling are formed by four great shells of singular beauty.—In a small cabinet are four childrens heads by Scudoni; they are touched freely, but not highly finished.—A virgin and a little Jesus by Pietro Perugino, Raffaello's master. All the remains of this painter are more curious than perfect; he had but one manner, and that so stiff and so flat that his pictures can never be mistaken for those of another: his women are always red-haired; their drapery almost totally without folds, and generally black, or very dark coloured, the face broad, fair, insipid, and almost always viewed in front; the teint of the skin a light vermillion. He wanted a sufficient knowledge in painting to give those beautiful demi-teints that are constantly found in nature, and that the great Raphael so well understood, and so amazingly imitated.—A weeping Magdalene, very homely, by Rubens.—In a cabinet, highly ornamented with glass, and beautiful

beautiful gilt foliage, are a vast number of miniatures; all portraits. These pictures are dispersed in such a manner, amongst the glass and foliage, as to have a singular and very pretty effect. They are incomparably well executed, on ivory; none hatched, all dotted, and bear the examination of the highest magnifying glass. They are painted by one man, named Carameli, a Monk; his own picture is amongst them. Instead of using a camel's hair pencil, which is (I believe) universal in miniature painting, this man dotted all his pictures with the feathers plucked from woodcocks' wings*; and instead of finishing as he went on, he began them almost all together, and worked at each every day, till they were all compleated. Amongst many remarkable portraits, that of Sir Thomas More is much admired.—The *Galerie de Guerre* contains many battle-pieces, representing victories gained by the late, the present King, and Prince Eugene; in which, as you may suppose, the French are every where worsted; running away in many places, and in others begging their lives

* I owe this piece of intelligence, which I intend to try, to the Marquis de Barbican, one of the gentlemen of the chamber. He says, no hair pencil can be brought to the point that these feathers have naturally. Carmeli took thirty years to finish them. He had never learnt.

lives on their knees. All round this gallery forming a row just above the surbase, is a fine collection of Flemish pictures, by the best masters; such as Teniers, Wovermans, Brughels *, and others whose names I have forgot. There is one little Berghem, which is excellent, representing a landscape with the sun setting; and a very small one by Calf, of a citron peeled: two small Peter-nefs: a woman with a flower-pot and a cage, by Gerard Douw. The high finishing and neatness of this master is wonderful.—Two portraits on copper, the master forgot. One represents a man, the other a woman, and seem to be brother and sister; they are remarkably well done, in their proper dresses; the point ruff of the lady, her auburn hair, and a fillet of pearls, are so extremely well imitated, that one can scarce forbear touching them, to be convinced they are not real †—In other rooms I remarked two admirable flower pieces by Vanhufen; a Scalken, representing a Magdalene by candle-light; I think superior to one I saw of the same master at Windsor-castle; and to my best remembrance,

* This master's peculiarity of colouring resembles often, in respect to his blue and green, the paintings on old china.

† All the Flemish pictures were added to this collection by Prince Eugene.

brance, I think it is a duplicate of that picture. But of all the Flemish pictures most admired in this collection, one by Gerard Douw, called *la Hydropique*, has justly the preference; as it has all the perfections of the Flemish school. This picture appears without side, like a cupboard; it is shut in by two doors, on which is painted by Gerard Douw, an ewer and a napkin. When these doors are opened, the picture appears with more *eclat* from its having been concealed. It represents the inside of a room; the *clair obscure* has a beautiful effect; the room is lighted by an ox-eye placed over a window, and by the light proceeding from a fire in the chimney, which is admirably thrown on the furniture and other objects. The principal figure is a physician, who is standing on the foreground, and holds up a phial to the light, which he looks at very attentively; he is dressed in a prodigious fine lilac-coloured sattin night gown; the dropical woman is very fine also, in white sattin; her daughter's dress is not neglected; she is on her knees near her mother, and holds one of her hands in hers. There is great tenderness expressed in the countenance of the daughter; and her attitude is easy and natural: the mother looks exceedingly ill indeed. A waiting-maid who is administering a potion to the sick lady, has a stupid indifference

indifference in her manner, that forms a good contrast to the filial piety and attention in the daughter. This picture is too highly finished ; the satin, lace, embroidery, &c. done too well : this causes a hardness of outline in many places, which is augmented by an extraordinary attention to the finishing several pieces of furniture in the room. In short, there are many sketches, by Italian masters, I should prefer to this, had I my choice : it really is, rather a curious, than a capital picture. One wonders more at the extreme patience and laborious disposition of the painter, than at the superlative merit of the piece.—There are so many small cabinets, or closets, that I had forgot two of them ; one is painted in compartments, by Charles Vanloo ; the subjects taken from Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, and are all well done ; the colouring tender and gay. The other cabinet is entirely of looking glass, ceiling and sides, which are highly ornamented and gilt.—There are two small rooms which are kept locked by the King's order. Monsieur Grosso Cavallo is alone trusted with the keys ; and very great is the difficulty of gaining the entrance of these mysterious cabinets : decency is the pretext : a sight of these pictures (as supposed by the King) may be of dangerous consequence to young people. If he locked them up from the Princes and Princesses only,

only, the manner of their being brought up is so particular in some respects, that I should think he had reason. He does not permit willingly the Duke of Savoy * to see an opera, although he is near forty years old, lest it should corrupt him. The Kings of Sardinia have been exceedingly odd in their old age. When young, they are remarkably debauched; when old, all *devots*, and torment their families and court with *etiquette*, and the most ridiculous prudery.— But to return to the contents of these dangerous cabinets. One contains nothing but the chastest representations; such as a Saint Jerome of Michael Angelo, much blackened by time, otherwise worthy of that great master. A holy family and a St. Jerome in the same picture: the little Jesus is capital; the most amiable smile, and a most angelic expression in the countenance. This picture is by *Baltazar Peroufi ou de Siena*. Two original portraits; one of Petrarc, the other of his beloved Laura †, by Brongino,

* Now King of Sardinia.

† Passing through Avignon in August 1771, they shewed us in one of their churches a tomb which is allowed to have been that of Laura. In the coffin which it contained, was found, about thirty years since, a roll of parchment, inclosed in a small leaden box, with the following copy of verses, in Petrarc's own hand, from which I have transcribed them:

Qui

gino, a famous painter of that day. Her sort of beauty would never have captivated me, had I been Petrarc; first, her hair is red, her eye brows extremely narrow and exact, forming a flat arch; her eyes small, her nose a little hooked, and rising too high in the middle, her mouth not very small, and looks like two scarlet threads, a very faint colour in the cheeks, the *contour* of the face more square than oval, her countenance more demure than engaging; her head is covered with a kind of caul which fits close, and is of gold net, with pearls and precious stones fastened on in lozenges;

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E

this

Qui riposan qui casti, e felici ossa
 Di quell' alma gentile, esola interra,
 Aspro, e dur sasso hor ben teco hai sotterra
 El vero' honor, la fama, e belta Scoffa;
 Morte ha del verde Lauro svelta, e Scoffa
 Fresca radice, e il premio di mia guerra
 Di quattro lustri e piu, se ancor non erra
 Mio pensier tristo, et il Chiude in poca fossa;
 Felice Pianta in Borgo de Avignone
 Nacque, e mori, e qui con elia giace
 La penna, el stil, l'inchioistro, e la regione;
 O delicati membri, o viya face!
 Che ancor me cuoci, e struggi; in ginnocchione
 Ciascun preghi il signor te accepti in pace.

O S C X O.

Morta bellezza indarno si sospira;
 Le alma beata in ciel vivra in eterno;
 Pianga il presente, e il futur secol privi
 D'una tal Luce, ed io degli occhi e il Tempo.

this caul confines her hair, excepting a border or roll which is left all round close to her face. Her gown, which I imagine was intended to imitate embroidery of that day, looks now like a piece of an old Turkey carpet; it is without plaits. Two rows of large pearls, intermixed with rubies and emeralds, hang loose about her neck. I give you this detail of her dress, as it was probably the fashion of her day, and I suppose was esteemed extremely becoming. As for Petrarc, he is exceedingly ugly indeed, but has a very sensible black and yellow face. — A Virgin, an Infant Jesus, and a St. John, an angel descending with a great quantity of flowers; the little Jesus grasps at a white rose. There is a fine glow of colouring and freshness, as if lately finished, although by Dionysius Caloari, Guido's first master; its date 1579. It is in its original frame, which is of silver, clumsily wrought. — A Holy Family, and a St. Jerome in the same piece, by Andrea del Sarto. The colouring of this antique painter is very remarkable; he was satisfied with spreading over all the flesh a soft carnation; but never introduced, in his shadowing, the tints of violet, yellow, nor even pea green, which has so fine an effect in the complexion of young and fair persons. The eyes of all his figures are black, like a spot made with charcoal; nor is there in
any

any of them, the white speck, so necessary and now so universal in the worst pictures. Notwithstanding the works of this master have a peculiar softness, and so much ease and gracefulness, that they are universally admired, and his faults passed over.—A picture, mentioned by Lalande thus : “ *Parmi les tableaux qui doivent le plus exciter la curiosité des connoisseurs, il y a un Prêtre confessant une bonne femme, & un Penitent qui attend, &c. On dit qu’il est de l’Espagnolèt.*” Pardonnez moi, Monsieur, on ne dit pas telle chose à Turin. This picture is by no means in high estimation, nor does it merit so to be. It is cold and insipid ; even its subject does not prevent its being totally uninteresting. A grotesque painter might have made a satyrical representation of the above groupe ; but Espagnolet had no turn that way ; and probably, had he been absurd enough to have attempted to turn into ridicule any part of their religion, he would have been in that day thrust into the inquisition for his wit, and his picture burnt by the hands of the executioner. I do not know where Mons. Lalande learnt it was supposed to have been painted by Espagnolet. Mons. Grosso Cavallo, upon my inquiring particularly for this picture (from the account given of it by Lalande) discovered some surprize ; for till then, he had been so obliging as to ex-

press himself in terms the most flattering to me, upon the justness of my observations, &c. on most of the pictures; but I was too vain of the good opinion of Grosso Cavallo, to let him remain in an error, and upon my producing my authority, he smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and said, That Mons. de Lalande passed but a very few days at Turin; that he had but slightly run over the pictures in the palace; and that it was sufficient for an Italian to dislike a picture, to give it perfection in the eyes of a Frenchman; adding, *il faut laissée causée & jassée les Messieurs Francois.*—I fear your modesty begins to be alarmed, as I am now arrived at the indecent collection. The first objects that strike one's eye on entering, are our first parents, in their birth day suits, as Adam and Eve were not born, I should have said (with more precision) *in puris naturalibus*. Very indifferently done.—One of Ovid's metamorphoses, representing Salmacis and Hermaphroditus. Poorly executed; their limbs appear lame, the proportions are so ill preserved.—Three Venuses, by Guido. One as just sprung from the sea; the other two in supine postures. They are as large as life. One is finely done; the face, neck, and shoulders, perfectly beautiful: the rest of their persons, we may suppose, were as full of merit as might be expected, being the production

duction of so great a master; but that is left to the imagination, the good old King having caused all these Venuses to be cut in two, and from the breast downward burnt, by his order.—A sketch in little, by Correggio, from his large picture of Io. Perfect of its kind, and universally admired by all connoisseurs, excepting *Monf. Lalande*, who believes it a bad copy.—A *Cleopatra*, by *Guido*, large as life, applying the asp to her bosom. Much faded; but the air of the head, very graceful. A *Diana and Actæon*, author unknown. The figure of the goddess is graceful, and beautiful in every respect, both as to the truth of the anatomy, and the justness of the colouring; the bubbles and circles formed by the water are surprisngly well imitated: her foot and part of her leg appears through the bath, and is finely done; her face betrays a tumult of different passions; her dignity offended, her indignation and rage, gathered into a storm, seem ready to burst on the too presumptuous *Actæon*, who is swimming towards her with all his might.—A *Venus and a shepherd*, in little, by *Wanderwerf*. This picture might pass for a *Diana and Endymion*. The shepherd is reclined in a sleeping posture; the *Venus* is most exquisitely finished, her countenance, her attitude, and her colouring is charming; her face and figure animated

only by the softest passions. She seems to approach (with the most tender anxiety) the shepherd, whose doubtful repose is finely expressed. This delicate colouring, and excessive high finish, is to be met with in no painter of his country in the same degree, as in *Wanderwerf*. His painting is smooth as ivory, and is not varnished. His dark shadows have been objected to; but they give a softness that no picture which is highly finished with a very strong opposition of *clair obscur* can ever attain.—A *Medea* gathering simples by night. This picture pleased me much, but, by some mistake in the notes I took, I omitted the painter's name.—A portrait of a Lady, by Titian; and of a man who is offering a chain of gold. It is but indifferently done, though asserted to be the work of so famous a master. It wants character, precision, and fails even in colouring.—Three Graces; much spoiled by damp, or accident.—Six paintings, or rather sketches, by Raphael, on wood. They represent sacrifices and processions; but have been so much injured and abused, that were it not for the enthusiastic admiration that every performance of this greatest of painters excites in all lovers of the art, one should be at a loss to discover the genius and native touch of Raphael in these paintings. However, *le Comte de Grosso Cavallo* looks upon them
as

2 as of inestimable value; he says they were found amongst rubbish in the Vatican, and prefers them to any picture in the palace.

— Three fine Etruscan vases, of delicate texture, with human figures, in two colours. — Two Mosaic pictures; one represents Moses. This manner of painting is wonderfully curious; it is a composition of coloured glass. You say, you know that already; but as this style of painting is peculiar to Rome, it is reasonable to forbear giving my opinion of it until I shall have reached that famous city, where I shall be able to form a better judgment of this species of painting, and be less liable to speak of what I do not understand.

The Theatre, the chapel of the Saint Snaire, &c. I must defer mentioning particularly to another opportunity. Mean time, I hope you are not tired by this long letter; but why this to you? * * * I am, &c.

P. S. Hurried as I am, I must add, that I think there is too much gilding and carving in this palace; it abounds so much in every apartment, that the eye tires of it. It is remarkable, that in this collection of pictures, there is no Raphael, except those defaced sketches I mentioned; but one Titian, and that not good; a single portrait by Michael Angelo; one Scalken;

and not one of Salvator Rosa, nor Correggio.

LETTER X.

Turin, Oct. 20th.

FINDING you doat upon long letters, I am determined not to spare you, for I shall endeavour to crowd into this all I have to say on the subject of Turin and its environs. In my last, I had not quite gone through the palace, not having made mention of the Library nor the Theatre; the former is said to contain curious manuscripts, but we could not see them, an excuse being made, that some person was out of the way who had them in charge. Plans of all the battles of Prince Eugene are preserved here. There is little else remarkable in this Library. They shew a moveable staircase, which is neatly made, but is very common in all good libraries in England.

As to the Theatre, it is strikingly magnificent, and so far superior to any theatre I ever saw before, that at first sight I could not believe it admitted of criticism. Notwithstanding, I am at present convinced of the justness of Cochin's observations, which are so clear as to render every reader a competent judge of its proportions, &c.
if

if endued with the smallest degree of taste, or the most superficial knowledge in architecture. I could wish with all my heart, to see a theatre at London but half as well built; and would willingly compound for all the faults Cochin may justly discover. The form is that of an egg cut across. There are six rows of boxes; which are narrow in front, but very convenient within; and hold eight persons with ease*. The King's box is in the second row, and fronts the stage; it is 30 feet wide, Paris measure, and the back part is covered with looking-glass, which reflects the stage, so that those who happen to have their backs turned to the actors, being either conversing, or at play, may see the performance in the glasses. These glasses form a partition, which can be moved whenever they choose to enlarge the box, there being a room behind. The very great breadth of the stage produces a most noble effect. The *proscenium* measures forty-five Paris feet, [this measurement I took from Cochin] he does not give the extent of the stage behind the *coulises*; the depth of the

E 5 stage

* The Italians play at cards, receive visits, and take all sorts of refreshment in their boxes; they resemble little rooms, rather than boxes at a theatre. There are no benches, but what is much more convenient, chairs, which are moved about at pleasure.

stage 105, beyond which they can add a paved court of 24 feet †. A gentle rising contrived at the sides, by which may be introduced triumphal cars, for great processions, horses, &c. They can also throw a draw-bridge across when the scene requires it, and have a contrivance for letting in water, so as to present a *jet d'eau* of 30 feet high. Sixty horses at a time have been brought upon the stage, and have manœuvred with ease in representations of battles. The orchestra is so curiously constructed, as, by having a place left underneath, which is concave and semicircular, to augment the sound of the instruments very considerably. I am sorry that, as it is not now the time of the carnival, we have no chance of being present at an opera, there being none performed in this theatre, but during that season, when they represent the serious opera. The only theatre now open is that of Carignan, which though called small here, is, I assure you, by no means despicable. Here they give only operas *bouffon* at this time of the year; I shall have occasion to say more upon this subject before I quit Turin.

That

† We measured it ourselves, and found it thus, according to English measure: stage 96 feet broad, including 36 feet behind the *coulisses*, and 126 deep.

That part of the palace * of the Duke of Savoy which is modern, is fronted, in the most ornamental manner, by Philip Juvara (the rest of the building being old); it is the finest morsel of architecture at Turin. The Corinthian pillars, with their entablature, terminated by a fine ballustrade, upon which are placed statues, vases, &c. make a striking appearance. But the stair-case is what they admire here so much, as to assert it to be the finest in the world; it is double, and unites at top, from whence you enter the great saloon. Cochin remarks very justly thus, "*Cet escalier est en general fort beau, quoique l'on trouve que la cage qui l'enferme, soit trop etroit pour sa longueur, il y a des details fort ingenieusement decorés, & d'autre de mauvais goüt, & d'une architecture trop tourmentée,*" &c. The apartments are well furnished, and would appear much more grand and considerable than they do, was it not for the stair-case, the noble appearance of which seems to promise to conduct you to a more magnificent suite of rooms. Another great palace grows on to that of the King's, which is called, *The Academy*. The *Manège* is very large, and finely vaulted;

* This palace is now called that of the Prince of Piedmont, as he occupies it at present; for the Duke of Savoy has apartments in the King's palace.

vaulted ; the apartments neat, and fit for the purposes for which they are designed.— I believe I did not mention to you the gallery in the King's palace, where the archives are kept. These archives are ranged with such method, that, although they are extremely voluminous, the King can, at a moment, turn to the population, extent, and productions of the smallest subdivision of his hereditary dominions, or of those acquired by him at the conclusion of the war in 1744, commonly called, *Les pais conquis* ; their present and past revenue, at, or for any given period within the two last centuries, by the day, week, or year ; its capability of bearing a further increase of taxes, in cases of necessity ; the value, and casual increase, or decrease, of its different branches of manufactures, as well as to the number of militia, and of recruits, which it can yield upon any emergency.

The *Table Ifiaque* is one of the most celebrated Egyptian antiques in all Italy. This slab or table is of copper ; it is covered all over with hieroglyphicks. The principal figure is an Isis, sitting ; she has a kind of hawk on her head, and the horns of a bull. Many and various are the conjectures formed by the learned in regard to the meaning of the figures upon the table. Some have imagined, they could prove it
to

to be a compass; others, a perpetual calendar; and not a few have pretended to find in it principles of philosophy and politics; while, more ingenious still, some have asserted that it contains a complete body of theology. After what I have said, you cannot expect from me an opinion upon this subject. I am not impertinent enough to pretend I discovered any thing more, than a strange chaos of men, women, ugly birds, and other animals, frightfully delineated, by straight lines sometimes springing all from a point, like rays, then suddenly turning into angular figures, formed by silver incrusting into copper. It is evident that much silver has been taken out of this table, as the grooves remain. Notwithstanding the seeming confusion of the representations, the silver lines are very neat, and extremely well inserted into the copper.—Mons. Grosso Cavallo gave himself a great deal of trouble to procure me a very learned performance on the subject of this famous monument of antiquity, which he borrowed from a friend of his. But I frankly confess I returned it soon after; for, either from want of capacity or taste, it tired me to death, but did not inform me.

The chapel of the *Saint Suaire* is curious, from its singular construction; it is quite round. Thirty pillars of black marble,

ble, highly polished; their capitals and bases, of gilt bronze, support six great arches, which serve as windows; these have niches between them, ornamented with pillars of the same marble. The cupola, which terminates the whole, has a very surprising effect; being formed by a great number of hexagonal figures in black marble, which are so contrived as to admit the light: they are placed, one over the other, in such manner as to produce many triangular lights (if I may be allowed the expression, for it is really very difficult to describe). Through these openings appears, at the top of all, a crown of marble in the form of a star, which seems suspended in air; supported by part of its rays. The sides of the chapel are all incrustéd with the same sort of marble. The pavement is grey, with several stars of bronze inserted into it. In the middle rises a lofty altar; upon which is placed, in a very high glass-case, a casket of silver wrought, and highly ornamented with gold and precious stones, in which is inclosed, as they pretend, the *Sainte Suaire*, or winding-sheet in which the body of our Saviour was wrapped up by Joseph of Arimathea. This precious relic is very rarely exhibited to the people. Above the casket a group of Angels sustain a beautiful cross of rock-crystal,

crystal, surrounded by gilt rays. At the four corners of the altar hang very large silver lamps; as do also several others between the columns. These lamps are always kept burning. The sort of uncertain day that reigns here, is calculated to impress the mind with holy horror. The reflexion of the flames of the lamps on the high polished black marble, contrasted with the doubtful light admitted from the cupola, where nothing meets the eye but black and gold, strikes the mind of the spectator with a sort of momentary enthusiasm, that weak persons might mistake for devotion. This chapel is built on to the cathedral; the entrance of which is through a great arch, supported by very large Corinthian pillars, fluted. Here the King often goes to hear mass; and they reckon this chapel particularly well constructed for music.

St. Philippe de Neri is esteemed one of the most beautiful churches in Turin. In it is a fine picture of Solimene, representing the saint in extasy before the Virgin, surrounded with angels; but the colouring is too grey; and the light too partial: I mentioned to you before the faults of this master. This church is ornamented with several pillars of marble, which I think are enriched in a bad taste, with garlands of flowers and foliage of gilt bronze wreathed round

round the shafts. The altar is in a fine style of artitecture, and has a noble effect, when seen from its proper point of view.

The Cabinet of Inscriptions and Antiques, which I hear contains many curiosities, I fear I shall not have in my power to give you any account of; for *Monsieur Bartoli*, who has the care of this collection, is not at Turin, nor is expected to return before our departure. I am very sorry for it; but there is no remedy. I have been told also, that the ceilings of the palace of Carignan are very finely painted; but as the Princess of Carignan is lying in, there is no possibility of being admitted to see them. I am surpris'd that neither Cochin nor Lalande make mention of these cielings.

The Church of *St. Christine* is in the *Palace St. Carlo*, which is a very fine square, well built, with porticoes all round. The fronts of the houses are uniform, and richly decorated. This church is a great ornament to the square; the front is of hewn stone, ornamented with pillars and statues. The inside is remarkable for two statues; one of St. Therese, the other of St. Christine. They are the work of a Frenchman, one *Le Gros*. That of St. Therese is the best; but her extacy borders on distraction; and the tearing open her bosom to shew her heart to God, is a strange extravagant idea of *Monsieur Le Gros*, which I do not think has succeeded. Because these statues are
the

the produce of a Frenchman, Lalande does not fail to expatiate on the merits of the sculptor.

A church dedicated to *St. Charles Baromé*, is famous for containing a miraculous virgin. Her chapel is almost covered with votive pictures, setting forth all the miracles this image has performed whilst at Turin: as wretchedly done as the subjects are false. There are here some good marble ornaments.

The church of *St. Therese*; the great altar is very high, and is ornamented by two rows of twisted pillars, with statues of marble; the latter very indifferent. Here is a picture, remarkable for its singularity of composition. The infant Jesus, in the attitude of a Cupid, is drawing a bow to pierce with an arrow the heart of *St. Theresa*, who faints away, and is received into the arms of several angels, who are very conveniently found ready to receive her. The Virgin and *St. Joseph* are admiring and observing upon the address of the little Jesus, who expresses an archness in his countenance, extremely ill placed by the painter, on so sacred a subject. A copy of this picture would be a fine present for the Moravian chapel at B———. In this church is a pretty chapel, built by order of the late *Queen Christine Joanne de Hesse Reinsfeld*. Six marble pillars sustain a gilt cupola,

cupola, ornamented with glasses, which are disposed in such a manner as makes you imagine the sun always shines into the chapel. In the middle is a statue of St. Joseph, who holds the infant Jesus, and who appears in a kind of glory, borne upon clouds by angels. The whole is executed in white alabaster, and is ingeniously enough constructed; the supports of the figures not appearing so as to hurt the eye *.

The Arsenal appears more like a palace than a place to keep arms in. There are only two sides of the square as yet completed. The proportions of the architecture please the eye at first sight. This building will bear the strictest examination. A noble simplicity, the source of true elegance, reigns throughout. There is no inconsistency to be found here. There is a propriety and justness in every part calculated for the use to which it is assigned. Here are two great rooms, the roofs vaulted and bomb proof, supported

* I believe I have not mentioned the dome in the church of the Carmes, rendered famous by being the depository of a miraculous picture of the Virgin. This dome is painted by the same man who has decorated the theatre for the grand opera. He has represented a round dance of Cupids, capering and jumping about the Virgin, who is standing in the middle dandling the little Jesus in her arms. The painter was so penetrated with ideas of the opera, that he could not avoid transferring a ballet of Cupids into the solemn representation of the celestial Paradise.

ed by strong brick pillars; each of these rooms is about 100 yards long by 30 wide. Round each pillar are frames of wood, in which the arms are placed; muskets, with their bayonets, placed in such a manner as to resemble an organ, was it made in a circular form. There are about an hundred muskets round each pillar; they are quite covered with red flannel bound with yellow; so that they appear like tents. All these covers are to rise at the same moment, by the means of pulleys practised in the vaults of the cieling. Between each pillar are placed suits of armour of different fashions; some of them finely wrought and gilt, which belonged to the ancestors of the present King. To the wrists of some of the suits of armour are fastened weapons that make one tremble; some resemble a flail, the handle ebony; at the end of which is fastened, by two small iron chains, another length, of about two feet and a half, and seems by its weight to be filled with lead: it is garnished out with iron spikes. Here are many other instruments of death of old time equally destructive and cruel. No nation but the English is permitted to see the citadel: but they are never refused upon a proper application. As it affords neither pictures, statues, nor other curiosities of that kind, and having been told there is a great quantity of gun-powder and ball in the
souterreins,

souterrains, you may be sure I have not explored them. M—— has been there, and has seen every thing above ground and below; if you should be curious in regard to its pregnability or impregnability, &c. you must apply to him for information.

Turin is about a league in circumference, has four beautiful gates, and ramparts all round, which are very pleasant to walk upon, and from which the prospects are very agreeable. Almost all the streets are quite straight*, and finely built; the fronts of the houses uniform; and what adds greatly to its magnificent appearance is, that every street is terminated by some agreeable object; either a church, some ornamental building, or the rampart planted with fine trees. The best street is the *Rue de Po*; it has open porticoes on each side, which are ornamental, as well as useful for foot people. The situation of Mr. L——'s house is delightful, and commands a very fine prospect; it is almost close to the rampart.

I now come to the environs of Turin; and, first, shall begin with the airing place, or *Corso*, called the *Valentin*: you enter an avenue, formed by four rows of lofty trees,

* The King is constantly improving the town; so that in a short time every street must be perfectly straight, nor will there be a house that advances beyond another.

trees, conducting to the palace, which is at the end, and situated upon the borders of the Po. There are also other avenues, one of which leads to the church called the *Servites*. The Royal Family, and almost every body at Turin who are not bed-ridden, lying-in, or dying, appear upon these avenues every day, from the hours of five or six until seven, when they change their ground to another avenue at some distance from these, and very near the citadel. This they leave at eight for the theatre, or some private assembly. Those who cannot afford to keep equipages are here on foot; and let the weather be fine or rainy, the coaches never fail to come. The Royal Family make a noble appearance, particularly the coach of the Dutchess of Savoy, which is very fine: she drives with eight horses and a considerable *cortege*, consisting of her ladies, pages, &c. in other coaches; all conducted with the utmost dignity and tranquility. The young Princes frequently alight and walk, and the Princesses sometimes amuse themselves with walking in the garden of the palace of Valentin. The coaches are extremely good here in general, and some so well painted, as might merit approbation even at Paris. The ground between these avenues is neatly kept, and the king is endeavouring to bring it to a mathematical plane, by levelling some very gentle

gentle swells, which would be thought ornamental in England.

The Galley Slaves work here at present, and draw, themselves, the carts of earth; work, no freeman could be brought to perform. These Slaves are sent once a year from Turin to their Gallies at Nice; till which time they are lodged in the citadel, and employed in some public works, of which there are always sufficient for more culprits than the town and country furnishes.

The Palace Valentin is in a ruinous condition; it contains many bad pictures, and but two that are tolerable; one represents a Magdalen expiring in the arms of angels. There is great merit in the angel that sustains one of her arms. The other represents Romulus and Remus sucking the wolf, who expresses an amiable character in her countenance, and seems to try to assume all the gentleness that her ferocious nature can admit of. I do not know the authors of these pictures: the palace being so much neglected, that it is not thought worthy of a Ciceroni to shew it. Here is a fine saloon, a double cube of thirty feet, painted all round with the battles of Philibert: very indifferent. We saw three groups sculptured in ivory and cypress-wood, which never decays; a present from the Emperor to the King of Sardinia. One represents the judgment

ment of Solomon, and is finely done. The executioner, about to divide the child, is the principal figure, has great boldness, and is near three feet high. The second, Solomon upon his throne : He is well executed, as are the angels who bear his canopy. And the other, which I like the best, is the sacrifice of Isaac : Abraham, Isaac, and the angel, form fine contrasts to each other, by the sculptor's having strikingly expressed their different characters. The manner in which the angel is supported, who is descending, is so extremely ingenious and well-contrived, that I considered it for some time before I could discover the means by which it was effected. All these figures are ivory, and the clothing cypress-wood, which has a good effect. The gardens are old fashioned ; and contain a few botanic plants, which they shew to strangers.

La Venerie is a country palace, much admired by the Turinese and the French, for the beauty of its architecture, gardens, &c. Both the one and the other are quite in the French taste.—The road from Turin is planted with white mulberies. The approach is thro' a wide street, regularly built, at the end of which is a large sort of place, shaped like an egg cut the long way, or a concave half oval, surrounded with a piazza ; behind are buildings for the King's guards, and two churches, one opposite the other :

other : at the extremities of this great court are two pillars of marble, on the top of one is a virgin, and on the other the angel Gabriel. These statues are not remarkable. Probably they are placed here only as being the insignia of the highest order of knighthood of Piedmont, that of the Annunciation. Through this oval place you enter into the great court of the palace. The building is not yet compleated. Duke Charles Emanuel the Second, about the middle of the last century, began it ; and what is curious, he himself drew the plans. It is built of brick, and highly ornamented with ballustrades of white marble before each window, and one continued ballustrade all round the top of the walls, which crowns the building. The roofs are high and ugly, like those of Versailles. It shocked me to see beautiful white sculptured marble married to brick. The front altogether has a flat, unfinished, insipid appearance. There are two pavillions, one at each end of the building, in the same taste with the middle part. The entrance is by a great hall, as high as the building, where are some pictures by John Miel. Had they not been mentioned in the manner they are, by Cochin and Lalande, they are (in my opinion) such wretched daubs, that I should not have taken the trouble to have looked at them after the first glance. They are so much spoiled,

spoiled; that some parts are effaced, and in what remains, I own I could not discover any kind of merit. The least frightful are, a death of a stag, and a repose after hunting: Over these are a great many equestrian paintings, all portraits, chiefly women. These Amazons are dressed in the Spanish fashion, and are mounted upon prancing horses. If they were not portraits, they would not be worth a moment's consideration; but I shall only trouble you with two or three of them; as they represent people who have been remarkable in the annals of this court: and I believe they were all striking likenesses, if not caricatures, of their originals. The picture of the Countess de Sebastian, who was afterwards married to the late King, is not so handsome as I should have imagined her to have been; she appears to be with child. Another, of the famous Countess of Verue; not handsome neither, but *piquant*, her nose too long. Each lady is drawn as for the chase; and as all their hats and riding dresses are much alike, they are distinguished by silk bridles to their horses of different colours: this was really the order of the late King, that he might be able to distinguish them one from the other at a little distance. The men are also in hunting dresses, but

Vol. I. See Keyser, for anecdotes of these ladies.

with full bottomed periwigs, as large as those worn in the days of Charles the Second. Above these portraits, the compartments in the cove are badly painted in fresco. Here are no fine apartments except the gallery, which is of great extent. At each end is a saloon: their ceilings are domes supported by pillars. There is neither picture, statue, nor gilding in this gallery; it is stuccoed and whitened. We thought the projections of the different members of the architecture of the sides, and the architraves of the windows, too strong and salient, even to heaviness; and that they have a very crowded appearance when viewed from one end. In one of the apartments is a table of *lapis lazuli*, which appears to consist of several pieces, and is by no means a fine thing. There is another table, composed of excellent morsels of lapis lazuli, amethyst, and agate, 22 inches broad, and 3 feet 10 inches long. In the apartment of the Dutchess of Savoy, is a *cabinet de toilette* and a *boudoir*, all wainscoted with the finest old Japan (I suppose) in Europe. These pannels abound with the beautiful green leaves and silver dragons, so much admired by all connoisseurs in Japan; and in the *boudoir*, the compartments represent landscapes, with stags, and Indian warriors on horseback, in bas relief, incrusted in *Pierre de Lar*, which is exceedingly fine. The above pieces of Japan were presented by

by Prince Eugene to the Princess Victoire, from whom they came to the house of Savoy.—The chapel is famous for the beauty and ingenuity of its architecture and proportions; it is built in the shape of a Greek cross, and is terminated by a dome. The *coup d'œil* is striking; but there are some bad statues and other ornaments that had better have been left out.—A picture of Saint Eusebe*; I think the drawing not faultless, and the colouring glaring and tawdry. Cochin esteems it much, both for the one and the other, which surprises me, and inclines me to think, he had taken his opinion from another, and had not seen it himself. Three rooms in this palace are furnished with portraits; one contains the family of Savoy, another the Imperial family, and the third that of England, from the Saxon line down to Queen Anne: all vile copies. The portrait of Elizabeth is greatly flattered; she appears to be about 18 years old, with the finest large black eyes and black hair, and the beautiful complexion the French call *Brune clair*.

The *Orangerie* is much esteemed for its architecture; it is 582 feet long, 51 broad, and 40 high: the front is ornamented with pillars of the Ionic order.—The Stables are also very beautiful, and seem to be to the

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full

* Cochin says of St. Augustin, but he is mistaken.

full as large as the *Orangerie*; we were told they contained two hundred horses.—The gardens were laid out by a Frenchman; one would think this good man had taken his idea of planning gardens from some of Euclid's problems. They are of great extent; the walks all straight, and cutting each other at right angles, leaving square plantations, or quarters of beech and brushwood, which are frequently intersected by narrow alleys, so that they form triangular figures, hurting the eye by their uniformity, &c. They told us, that in these copses are great plenty of pheasants, hares, and *chevreuls* (roe-bucks). As all these right lines produce what is called stars, his Majesty amuses himself with *la chasse a fusil*. Taking post in the centre of the star, where many of these angles meeting, he has great chance for good sport; the *piqueurs* enter the quarters, and drive out the game, who crossing the alley, seek the opposite problem; mean time the King lets fly at them, and knocks them down at pleasure.

I walked till I was ready to expire, in order to see a sylvan theatre. You know my passion for these theatres *** At last I reached it; but my disappointment was great indeed. Never was any thing of its kind so ill attempted. From hence we were conducted to another foo-

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lish affair, a labyrinth ; in which is built a kind of summer-house, in order to overlook it ; and when the royal family are to be diverted at *La Venerie*, a simple clown is sent into the labyrinth, who in vain attempts to get out ; the turning and winding of the walks, joined to the thickness of the hedges, making it almost impossible he should, whilst the lookers on are highly amused from the balconies.

We were struck (from their singularity) with the terminations of many of the vistas, formed by the great alleys or wood walks, the mountains at a great distance covered with snow and glittering in the sun ; as also with a most beautiful wood of poplars, of a wonderful height, and as straight as upright cypresses ; they call them here (from their manner of growing) *Pines of Pavia*, but they are properly speaking poplars of that country. They grow quite naturally, never having felt the sheers ; yet it is impossible that any trees, however pruned and dressed, should bear a more exact conical form than these do. What is called here *le Bosquet de Charmille* is prodigiously admired ; it consists of beech and hornbeam, tortured into kinds of arbours, to imitate open galleries, with pillars supporting domes. I believe they are brought to as great regularity, as branches of trees admit of ; but here Nature is totally banished.

You have seen something of the same kind at Marly, where there is a continuation of what they call, *des Cabinets de verdure* *.

About a small league from Turin, by the side of the road, grows a very large elm-tree, beneath the shadow of whose spreading branches, the late King, when duke of Savoy, held a council with Prince Eugene, the Prince of Anhalt, and the Marquis de Prie, a Piedmontese general, on the 5th of September 1706, in which they determined both upon the manner and attack of the French lines, which took place the 7th of the same month; in this famous action the French army was entirely routed, Mareschal Marfin killed, and the siege of Turin immediately raised.

Very near this elm-tree is a little Convent of Capuchins, called of *Notre Dame de Compagna*. I sat in the carriage, whilst M—— went into the convent, to see the Tomb of Mareschal Marfin; he is interred under the wall of a little chapel to the left of the choir, without any other monument than a slab of black marble, inserted into the wall, and neither ornaments, arms, or
at achieve-

* Lalande has the *effronterie* to assert these gardens to be in the taste of those at Richmond. *Il y a un labyrinthe curieux, un mail, & des vaste pieces de gazouille, belle simplicité champêtre, a peu près comme aux jardins de Richmond pres de Londres.*
Vol. i. p 250.

achievements; but there is an inscription in Latin, which does honour to the moderation of the victors, who caused it to be placed over his tomb-stone.

FERDINANDO DE MARSIN FRANCÆ MARESCALLO
SUPREMI GALLIÆ ORDINIS EQUITE TORQUATO
VALENCENARUM GUBERNATORI QUO IN LOQUO
7mi 2bris. 1706 INTER SUORUM CLADEM
ET FUGAM VICTORIAM EXERCITUM VITAM AMISIT
ETERNUM IN HOC TUMULO MONUMENTUM.

In this little church there is a picture, representing the above-mentioned council, which was drawn the year after; the tree is extremely like what it is now, and the four warriors are painted under it on horse-back.

The next most considerable country-house (and which his Majesty is very fond of) is *Stupenige*, a hunting palace, about two leagues from Turin. The avenue that leads to it is finely planted with two rows of very large trees, and it is so straight, that one sees the palace which terminates the vista the whole way; though I believe I ought to impute this effect rather to its being placed upon an elevation, which however is scarce perceptible till you are close upon the building, when the

ground suddenly rises. A colossal stag, gilt, seems as if bounding over the roof; it has an excellent effect, and is finely proportioned, appearing very plainly even from the commencement of the entrance of the avenue. This palace is more habitable and agreeable than *la Venerie*. The front is decorated with pillars of the Ionic order; the wings are built semicircular, and are terminated by two square pavilions. Although the plan may admit of criticism by very knowing architects, yet its effect is not at all unpleasing to the eye; at least it has not the bleak look of *la Venerie*. There is no antichamber nor vestibule; you enter all at once into the great saloon, which is in the center of the *corps-de-logis*. The inside is singularly striking; it has the appearance of a fine theatre, very fit for a masqued ball; it is decorated and ornamented with paintings in *fresco*. The plan is an oval, round which are four tribunes, supported by pilasters of the Ionic order: it seems as if behind these tribunes there were galleries of considerable extent, with windows at the end; but all this seeming is a deception, and the false ornaments, which are painted, agree with, and continue the real cornices, friezes, &c. in such manner that at first sight one cannot distinguish the true from the false. There is really great merit in this kind of painting, where

where it is properly employed, as it shews the force of the art of perspective, and that of light and shade. The ceiling represents Diana descending in a triumphal car, drawn by two white deer; Aurora precedes her, and wakens her nymphs. The colours are very lively and gay, and although some of the figures might have been lighter, yet there is great vivacity in their attitudes, and various preparations for the chase. The aerian perspective is also well observed, the sky appearing very lofty. The ceiling of one of the false galleries represents four flying nymphs shooting with the bow and arrow. Opposite are four other winged nymphs who have taken several red partridges in a net. This last is very well executed, and the subject succeeds wonderfully well, though represented in the ceiling. — These *fresco* paintings were the joint work of two brothers, Venetians, named the *Valeriani*; one painted the figures, the other the architecture.

There are four doors, which conduct to as many apartments; eight chimneys; and six great windows, three on each side; presenting different vistas. From one appears the avenue with Turin at the end, from the others are different views, equally extensive, of the forest, seen through the garden, and which has a very fine effect. This saloon is covered with copper. The ceiling of the first room of

the King's apartment represents the sacrifice of Iphigenia, painted in *fresco*, by Croisati. The subject is well treated; there is a strong expression of grief in one of Iphigenia's attendants, great dignity and resignation to her fate in the countenance of the princess, and the deepest affliction in the attitude of Clytemnestra, who appears at a distance endeavouring to sustain herself upon the bosom of Agamemnon, unable to support the near approach of the sacrifice. The figure the least interesting (though the most *a propos* to prevent the impending stroke from the uplifted arm of the unfeeling Priest) is Diana, who looks as if she did not recollect why she came there, nor for what purpose.

In the King's bed-chamber, the ceiling is painted by Carlo Vanloo; the subject, the repose of Diana after the bath: the composition is very well; the attitudes and countenances of the nymphs amiable. But the principal fault is, too strong a resemblance between the goddess and her nymphs: they might be all taken for sisters.—In the apartment of the Duke of Savoy are ten pictures, in two colours, by Alberoni; they represent morsels of architecture, finely drawn in perspective. All the apartments are hung with flowered taffin, very beautiful, and all manufactured at Turin. The King himself furnishes

The ceiling of the full room of the

the silk, and the manufacturing of it does not stand him in more than three livres an ell, as we are credibly informed. There is a gallery in which, for uniformity, are a row of Italian windows, opposite the real, all the panes of which are of looking-glass; they open and serve for doors to *armoires*, or closets, furnished with shelves. We were struck with one of the rooms, the proportions of which please the eye surprisingly, it measures 18 paces long; M—— stepped it, and says it is equal to 18 yards, or thereabout, and the width is 9; 16 feet high, not including the cove, which may be 4 more. The walls are painted, very indifferently, by a Piedmontese girl.—In the Duke of Chablais' apartment are several paintings in *cameo*, well done, representing Cupids catching hares, and coupling dogs with garlands of flowers, &c. the subject of one of these has merit on account of the thought; a Cupid caresses a fawn, while several others are endeavouring to keep off the dogs from tormenting it. These are all done by a Turin painter, named *Rapoux*.—Adjoining is a small cabinet of about 16 feet square, the ceiling of which is coved with looking-glass, and so neatly done, that the joinings are not perceptible. By there being a great number of pieces, the company in the cabinet is multiplied and reflected from the sides of

of the cove, as you may imagine. Wreaths of flowers are painted on the glass, to hide the separations, which succeed extremely well. The floors are of the marble of this country, composed of many different morsels, like fineered wood, and have a good effect.—The stables are commodious, and large. The windows are above the racks, and have green curtains drawn close over them, which are very ornamental, as well as convenient.—The garden is in as bad a taste as that at *la Venerie*. At the back front of the palace is a *parterre à l'Angloise*, forming scrolls, and various flourishes filled up with grey sand and brick-dust, but no flowers. There is a kind of ill-kept grass-plat, called here a *Boulingrin*, with pavilions and *cabinets de verdure* on each side, one leading into the other, like those at *la Venerie*. The only agreeable circumstance attending these gardens is, that you see into the forest through the walks. This forest is divided into ridings, but all formal; and here the King and Royal family usually hunt twice a week. As the weather is very fine, we shall seize the first opportunity of seeing the royal chase before we quit Turin.

Mont Callier, situated upon the side of a mountain about a league from Stupenige, is an old palace, very large, and capable of being improved, so as to be much superior

superior to any of the other country palaces. It was here the late King was seized and made prisoner, (and not at Rivoli) about one o'clock after midnight. The palace was surrounded by the guards, which was so suddenly executed, that an officer with four or five soldiers mounted up the stairs, (having easily forced his way thro' the small guard that attempted to oppose his passage) into the King's bed-chamber, before the least alarm could be given. The King was in bed with the *Comtesse de St. Sebastienne*. On their entering the room, the King jumped out of bed, and being shewn the order for his confinement, made this reflection aloud: *Je n'auroit jamais cru que mon fils eut eu tant d'esprit*. He was immediately conveyed to the *chateau* of Rivoli, and soon after brought back again to *Mont Callier*, where he died about six or seven years after. At the same time that he was made prisoner, *Madame de St. Sebastienne* was conveyed to a convent, and there shut up for life. The room in which the King was seized, was his bed-chamber at his return, and in the same fated room he died. The same furniture remains in it, and shews how simply the apartment of a King was furnished in this country a few years past. The floor is of brick, the walls white-washed, and hung with a few wretched portraits; there

is one of a woman, which is handsome, and has wrote on the back *Marchese D'As-truzzi*; I suppose it was her name. The chairs are covered with crimson cut velvet, the window shutters plain brown oak. It is a large square room; the bed has been taken away. I cannot but think the passing the remainder of his days in the very apartment where his wife was torn from him, and he himself deprived of his liberty, are circumstances no way necessary to the welfare of the state.

There are no other pictures in this palace besides old family portraits, which are hung up in the galleries, and look so terrific in their uncouth dresses and armour, that I should not like to be left alone with them by candle-light. Some old doors still remain, and are odd enough; they are embroidered all over in gold and silver, almost black at present, but rich in quaint devices and mottos. Two or three struck my fancy, as pretty for their day; namely, a tree burning, the motto *Silere et uri*. Over laurel wreaths—*Fortem sponte sequor*. One of the most delightful prospects (that imagination can paint) shews itself from the windows of this palace. You look over a vast tract of country finely wooded, with the river Po winding most fantastically in the valley, and branching out different ways, gives birth to a beautiful island,

island, finely clumped with majestic trees ; many buildings dispersed in such manner as they had been placed on purpose to ornament, not crowd the scene ; little hills clothed in vines, the plains in the highest cultivation, and the whole bounded by a chain of mountains covered with snow.

His present Majesty never visits *Mont Callier*. The Duke of Savoy, who has a very good taste, is remarkably fond of this place, and is making gardens above the palace on the sides of the mountain, which when completed will be more agreeable to Nature, and consequently in a much truer taste than any of those about Turin.

This letter is already such a packet, that I do not know whether the post-master may not send it to the prime minister for inspection ; for there is a suspicion and a police reigns in this town that surpasses the genius of *Sartine*. But more of this another time ; for the present, I will absolutely not add another word, except to beg you to observe, if till now I have not kept my promise ; and to tell me sincerely in your next, if I do not grow too circumstantial and tiresome. Upon the slightest hint I will mend ; mean time, believe me, as always, yours most affectionately, &c.

My next letter shall positively be my last from Turin.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

Turin, October the 24th.

AS our time now draws near for quitting Turin for Genoa, you must not expect to hear from me again till after we have reached that city, and I seize this first opportunity to conclude my observations upon the environs of Turin.

Upon the top of a very high mountain, a league and a half from the town, stands the magnificent church called *La Superga*; it was built in consequence of a vow made by Victor Amadeus, that if victorious, he would erect a church *upon that spot*, from which, with Prince Eugene, in the year 1706, during the siege of Turin, he had observed the order and operations of the enemies troops before the town. Accordingly the French army being defeated, and obliged to raise the siege, the building of this church was begun in 1715, and it was consecrated in 1731. The architect made choice of, was Philip Juvara: though it is not said he had included this preference in his vow.

The ascent to this church is so extremely rapid and difficult even now, that it seems to have been almost impossible for human art and address to have brought together the

the materials here employed*. The front presents a fine portico, above which, to a very great height, rises a dome, crowned by a cupola; on each side is a steeple, finished up to a point; the architecture of these steeples might have been better, they are too much starved. The entrance to the church is noble, and the inside very striking; it is quite round, and richly ornamented with pillars of the Corinthian order, of grey marble, four feet and an half in diameter. The dome is sustained by eight Corinthian pillars of the same sort of marble†, partly straight, and partly twisted. There is also a range of short pillars to support a heavy awkward cornice. Certain red pillars in the dome have a bad effect; they appear as thrust against the windows

* The mountain was in shape like a sugar-loaf, and the crown, or upmost top, reached as high as the pedestals of the pillars, now above the first gallery; the summit of the mountain has been cut off, and spread out at a very great expence, to form the level on which the church and convent are built, to the extent of about an acre and a half; more than 120 feet perpendicular height of rock and gravel must have been moved for this purpose.

† Both Cochin and Lalande assert these pillars to be the colour of Turkey stone, namely blue. I have no reason to think Lalande ever saw this church, but rather that he copies his account of it closely from Cochin. Cochin is also mistaken in saying, the dome is supported by red marble pillars, which on the contrary are grey.

windows (but can in no manner contribute to the support of the dome) but these were forced upon the architect by the late King, for they were not in the original plan. These pillars had been intended for a pavilion over the gateway of the entrance to the Royal palace in Turin, according to the design given in a book entitled, *Le Theatre de Piedmont*; but Victor insisted upon Juvara's finding a place for them in the *Superga*. He also caused some of them to be placed in the gallery at the Venerie which leads to the chapel. This royal obstinacy and folly has done an irreparable injury to a very noble structure. Over the great entrance, within side, and facing the principal altar, is the following inscription, in uncommonly large gilt letters:

VIRGINIS GENETRICE

VICTORIUS AMADEUS SARDINIAE REX
 BELLO GALlico VOvit
 ET PULSIS HOSTIBUS FECIT DEDICAVITQUE.

On the inside of the church, within the great door of entrance, is a white marble slab, under which is a little vault, by the architect destined for his own burying place; but he died at Madrid, where he was sent for by the King of Spain, to plan a very great building, which, however, has not been

been carried into execution. There are many bas reliefs, which are much better executed than Cochin will own; the subjects of those best done are by no means flattering to the French. One of the most remarkable is a large bas relief, the figures as big as life, representing the battle before Turin; Mareschal Marfin dead, having a shield grasped in his hand; the Prince of Anhalt on horseback, rushing through the French lines, sword in hand (he was the first who forced their lines); after him appears the Duke of Savoy, and a little behind him Prince Eugene. In the upper part is seen the Virgin Mary in the clouds, with the infant Jesus in her arms, and St. Amadeus in a supplicating posture, beseeching her interposition and aid for the success of his countrymen*. There is merit in many of these figures, particularly in Amadeus, whose expression and attitude is noble, characteristic, and striking. Here is a great profusion of fine marble, the walls being incrustated with it. Piedmont affords a great variety; one sort, peculiar to this country, is remarkably beautiful; being veined in shades of brown and yellow, like what is commonly called in England Egyptian pebble:

* There are two other bas reliefs; one of which represents the birth of the Virgin: another is a blasphemous representation of the Annunciation.

ble : this takes an exceeding high polish. Most of the mouldings and small members of the architecture are of yellow marble, and come from Verona ; the red sort from Perfigi. They told us the plan of this church was taken from that of St. Agnes at Rome. It has seven chapels, including the choir ; at the end of which is the great or master altar. There is another small chapel, where is conserved a miraculous image of the Virgin *, which is carried in procession round the church every year, the 8th day of September, followed by the King and all the Royal Family ; that day being the anniversary of the raising the siege of Turin. In this chapel reposes the body of Victor Amadeus : he is immured above ground, until the magnificent vault which is preparing shall be ready to receive him.

On our arrival here we were met by some of the Chanoines, whose convent is at the back

* I should only tire you, was I to recount to you all the miracles this poor old rotten log of an image has worked, nor how many years she had been neglected in a dark corner of a wretched little chapel, which formerly was built on the top of this mountain ; nor how often she has removed certain stones from one place to another, which had been brought on purpose to build her a church, &c. But as it was before this wonderful image that Amadeus made his vow, she is now gilt and painted, dressed in a fine gown of gold-tissue, and adored by all the devots at Turin.

back of the church. They received us very politely, and invited us into the convent. I was surpris'd when I found I had the honour of being permitted to enter into the bed-chamber of one of our kind hosts, who very obligingly conducted us thither himself, after he had shewn us the church, &c. and there regaled us with some very excellent coffee, which I assure you was a most comfortable thing of a very cold day, and in so nipping and eager an air as that one is pierced withall on the top of this mountain. This priest's conversation was very agreeable, free from superstition, plainly shewed he knew the world, and had received a liberal education. The apartments of the Chanoines are comfortably furnished, without any pretence to show, and are extremely neat and clean. The church is not as yet near being finished within side, nor do I think it will be soon completed *.

I have

* Keysser makes a great mistake, vol. i. p. 250, where he says, "Near the church is a large quadrangular structure, built for the conveniency of the Royal Family, when any of them were disposed to retire for private devotion, and here the King has several times passed some weeks in Lent." Now the truth is, that the walls of the above apartment are not roofed, nor are they yet carried up near high enough for that purpose; nor has the late King, the present, or any of the Royal Family, ever retired here for devotion, nor ever lay a night in the convent,

I have not mentioned the dome nor cupola, to the top of which I was determined to attain. We mounted 317 steps, not including the flight, which is considerable, that leads up to the portico. All the risers are extremely high, not less than nine inches. From the first gallery, the church below appears to great advantage. The whole of the staircase winds round a pillar, and is so extremely narrow, that but one person can ascend it at a time: when you have gained the dome, the roof bends; it may be compared to the inside of an egg shell, supposing a staircase practised between the yolk of the egg and the shell. In short, there is, as it were, a double dome, the outward being a cover to the inward; and it is between the two domes that the staircase is practised. Nothing can be more disagreeable than the going up this staircase; it is necessary to bend the body, in conformity to the bending of the two roofs. At last one arrives at the cupola (which has windows round

vent, or come here at all, excepting on the 8th of September, as I mentioned before. The building of the Superga has already cost four millions of Piedmontese livres, and there is still much remaining to be done. There are niches and pedestals not yet occupied, for more than sixty statues. The ceiling also, over the great altar is not painted, nor organ gilt, &c. &c.

round it, and from whence the height appears prodigious, the church below looking quite small; there is a kind of perpendicular ladder to conduct to the top of the building, where is a small place leaded: at the top of the ladder appear two holes, like the mouths of porridge-pots: pass through these holes, you must, or not see the prospect; twice I attempted it, and twice drew back, but the third time I succeeded, and found myself once more in the open air, and the world far beneath me. A prospect of an amazing extent, beyond what any eye can reach, stretched itself out on all sides. When the wind sets so as to disperse the clouds from that side, Milan appears in view: the rivers Po, Doria, Isturia, meandering along, from islands without number. The variety of tints this prospect presents is wonderful; the richest green pasturage in the valleys, hills clothed with vines, mountains covered with snow, together with Turin and all its environs. The valley towards Susa is plainly to be discerned, and other plains and buildings towards Milan, the names of which I have forgot. The present King said, upon viewing Turin from this place, "It is well strangers do not see Turin for the first time from the top of the Superga, or they would have but a mean

mean opinion of my town *." It is remarkable how very inconsiderable Turin appears, although it cannot be above two English miles distant from this church in a direct line. There is a library in the convent, but we found nothing remarkable in it, except a busto in wax of the late King (Victor Amadeus) reported to be so striking a likeness, as to cause those to start at the sight of it, who have known him when alive. It was done by a monk, who had never seen him but once; the flesh is so natural, that in a certain point of view you can hardly believe it wax. I did not mention two pictures shewn us in the church; they are very indifferent; one is by Ricci, the other by the Chevalier Beaumont. The late king would not permit the road to be made commodious up to the Superga during his reign. Probably his reason was to demonstrate to those who ascend it, the trouble and expence of conveying the materials for the building. At present it is not too good, nor is it as well as it might be, although much

* This King is always very curious to know what strangers think of Turin, &c. particularly the English, whom he considers as entitled to a double share of his consideration: for, was the crown of England hereditary, and the Stuarts allowed that claim, he would follow next after them in the succession. From this pretence they here account for his partiality to the English.

much has been done. The soil is a stiff clay, which makes the ascending of the mountain very fatiguing and troublesome.

La Vigne de la Reine is a little palace very near Turin on the other side of the Po; it is built on a hill, and formerly belonged to Prince Thomas of Savoy. The prospect from it is very extensive. The course of the Po is perceivable for three leagues, as is that fine plain that extends itself as far as Rivoli. The entrance of the palace is by a double staircase; the front between the flights being ornamented with a fountain, niches, and pilasters of Rustic architecture. The great saloon is in the center of the building, and divides the apartments; it is decorated with two orders of architecture, one over the other; the first is Doric, the second Ionic. The Doric sustains four tribunes; the two largest are in relief, and the lesser two only painted. The deception is so very strong, that it is scarce possible to persuade one's self they are not real. Some of the ceilings are well painted by Danieli; but the subjects are so odd, that the effect is more surprising than pleasing: they represent staircases, and people going up and down them. Over the doors are pictures of Corado, a disciple of Solimene; Cochin admires them more than they deserve. There are a few pretty tables of tortoise-shell, and some stools em-
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broidered

broidered with knotting by the late Queen. I assure you your work so far exceeds this, that was you to see this embroidery so much admired, you would have a good opinion of your own. The apartments are hung, some with India taffata, others with painted linen. The gardens lie behind the house, and are all laid out in terraces, one above the other, (on account of the acclivity of the mountain) and crowned at top by a little wood, through which are cut very pretty serpentine walks. Was I to live at Turin, I should wish the King to present me with this palace for my villa; it admits of being made too comfortable for the grandeur of royal people.

I think I have mentioned every thing worth seeing in Turin and its environs; nothing remains but the Royal Chase, which is conducted as follows: At nine o'clock in the morning, the company sets out from Stupenis; the King, the Duke of Savoy, and the Princes of Piedmont are on horseback; the Duchess of Savoy, the Princesses, and the ladies in waiting, all in post-chaises with two wheels: their horses are post-horses, and they have relays in different parts of the forest, ready for a change; for as they are frequently obliged to press the horses, they employ those of the post, rather than hurt the royal cattle. The chaises belong to the court, and are all alike, rather

ther plain than otherwise, but neatly made, and as fit for the purpose of hunting as any carriages can be. We hired a post chaise, and ordered relays in the forest, at the proper stations, so as not to miss any of the sport. The setting out of the cavalcade is a fine sight; the chaises of the court precede each other according to *etiquette*. The Duchess of Savoy first, the elder Princesses next, and so on; then come the ambassadors and foreign ministers, &c. The livery of the hunt is scarlet, richly laced with silver. Whoever is well-born, (a gentleman independent of trade, and of professions) what is called here, and in all these countries, *noblesse*, is permitted to be of the hunt, and, wearing the livery, may breakfast with the King at Stupenis. This favour extends also to strangers. Gentlemen of any country, properly acknowledged by the ambassador or envoy from their nation, may be admitted of the hunt, and are entitled to partake of the royal breakfast. There are very fine ridings cut through the forest, which is plentifully stocked with game. The great number of *piqueurs* [huntsmen] *guards de chasses*, &c. with the gay appearance of all the cavalcade, upon a fine day, has, I believe, in appearance, the advantage of any other chase. The sound of the French-horns was so often repeated by the echo, and so mingled with

the cries of the hounds, that at last I began to be convinced (for you know I am naturally no huntress) that there was really harmony in a pack of hounds, the cries of men, and the winding of horns all at a time. Do you remember this beautiful passage in Titus Andronicus?

- “ The birds chaunt melody on every bush,
 “ The snake lies rolled in the cheerful
 sun,
 “ The green leaves quiver with the cooling
 wind,
 “ And make a checquer’d shadow on the
 ground :
 “ Under their sweet shade—let us sit,
 “ And whilst the babbling echo mocks the
 hounds,
 “ Replying shrilly to the well-tun’d horns,
 “ As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 “ Let us sit down, and mark their yelling
 noise.”

At length, after the stag had been seen here, and been seen there, he thought proper to swim the Po; soon after which he died : but as he made his *exit* at three or four miles distance from the Princesses and ladies, and as it is absolutely necessary the *curée** should be performed in their presence, his

† The *curée* is the last ceremony of embowelling the stag, rewarding the hounds, &c. &c.

his dead body was brought on a cart drawn by six oxen, for which event the whole court, &c. waited above an hour. His approach and arrival was announced by a very fine concert of French-horns ; all the chaises drawn up together, formed a kind of amphitheatre. The gentlemen of the court and hunt, who are on horseback, alight, and during the *curée* converse with, and entertain the ladies: and to give you an instance of the great politeness the court of Turin shews to strangers, the Duchess of Savoy was pleased to do me the honour to order the dogs and the stag to be brought near our chaise, and sent a gentleman of the chamber (whom she obligingly chose out from amongst the others, on account of his speaking a little English) with a very gracious compliment, and the stag's foot.

All the Turinese are polite; when the Royal Family sets the example, it soon becomes the fashion in arbitrary governments.

It is time to say something of ourselves, and our manner of living, &c. There is no assembly at present, or open-house, but that of *Madame de St. Giles*, who sees company, and gives cards every evening, and where all strangers, particularly English properly introduced, are extremely well received. They are sure to find at her house the first people of the court, the foreign

ministers, and the best company at Turin; but were they not to enjoy any of these advantages, the lady of the house is herself a sufficient motive for desiring her acquaintance: by her obliging manner she has the happy art of making her house perfectly agreeable to every body. That we are in a more agreeable society than any others, at least those who come here for a short time, is very true, but that is owing to a mere accident. The recommendatory letters of the *Cardinal de Choisseul* have the secret of opening many doors, that are difficult of access to people of much more consequence than us, who have not been possessed of the same advantages. It is a most agreeable circumstance, that we have reason to flatter ourselves that through our whole tour we shall more easily attain to a general and particular knowledge of the customs and manners amongst the first people of the country (although our time is so limited) than we could hope to have done, perhaps, by a long residence, had we not the advantage of the letters of recommendation with which our friends have furnished us.—We go frequently to the opera, which is very good of its kind; the famous Zamperini is its chief ornament. Although she has no voice, or rather no great compass, she makes up for that deficiency by an excellent manner; she acts uncommonly

ly well, and has the advantage of a fine person. I heard some anecdotes of her that will make you laugh. She has, it seems, been much admired in England *

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* * * * * The *danseuses* and *actrices* come into the boxes between the acts, and very respectfully demand permission to kiss the ladies' hands. They are sometimes permitted to sit down, and they endeavour to render themselves amusing, by retailing, with a good deal of archness, *historiettes* in regard to their comrades, which are generally more or less dictated by private pique or envy; and do not fail to be sufficiently epigrammatic in little sprightly sallies. Their conversation is considered merely as an interlude. None of their own sex ever enter into their parties; and they are for the greater part reduced to a few old general officers, whose gallantry seldom quite forsakes them, and who give them their protection, and sometimes money; the purse being a point of view these nymphs seldom lose sight of.

All the ambassadors and foreign ministers entertain well and very frequent at their respective houses proportionably to their appointments; but the Spanish ambassador's table surpasses all the others in quantity and quality, the King of Spain having ordered the *Comte D'Ayguilar* (the

present ambassador from Spain) to exceed in magnificence all the others, without exception; and added, that the additional expence was not to be his concern, let the augmentation be what it might. Consequently, his table is too much loaded with all the delicacies that can possibly be procured. He has a vast profusion of plate, and a much greater number of servants than is necessary. Their own family consists of the *Comte* and *Comtesse*, and an only daughter, who will be a prodigious fortune. They have shewn us many civilities, and invited us most kindly to Madrid. The ambassador is in a declining state of health. The French ambassador lives very genteelly, quite in the French style; *Madame de Choiseul* is not here at present; he was so kind as to offer us an apartment in his hotel, to keep a table for us, and to provide us with one of his own equipages, which we declined, but were not the less obliged to him and the Cardinal, to whom we owe the civilities shewn us by his cousin: there are other little conveniencies, as the key of his box at the theatre, which I have only to send for when I please. It is not necessary to add, as I believe I mentioned to you in one of my former letters, that we had no reason to complain of the E—— E——; he has done every thing that was right to do, and you know that is all we desire;

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we had no recommendatory letters to him, for he was not appointed when we left England. The ambassadress of Vienna, Madame Caff-Miller, has the finest diamonds I ever saw, and in the greatest quantity; she (for the ambassador is at this time absent) entertains frequently. All the foreign ministers, with their wives, repair most nights to her *hotel*, where there is high play after supper.—The ladies of Turin are in general handsome; they have the whitest skins I ever saw, never wear *rouge*; they dress well, and are singularly genteel in their undresses. If they are gallant, they conduct themselves with the utmost decency; and here inconstancy is looked upon as the greatest of crimes. Friendships of twenty and thirty years are not uncommon; at the same time, I do not assert there are no coquettes; but the court sets so virtuous an example, that the utmost precaution and circumspection is necessary to those who have any thing to conceal: for there are spies in almost every house. In regard to strangers, they scarce utter a word that is not told back again; and they ought to be upon their guard how they speak their sentiments, as it has often happened that, without any intention to injure them, what they have said in certain companies has been misrepresented to government. for, unfortunately, some people

ple here have learned just English enough to qualify them to make capital mistakes, when they relate something they have heard an Englishman say. There are certain licences in conversation that it is impossible for a stranger to comprehend clearly; even in French, one is not sure to be perfectly well understood, as well for this reason, as that the Turinese in general speak French indifferently, and amongst themselves converse constantly in Piedmontese; which is such a wretched jargon, that there never has been any book printed in it, nor can it be wrote grammatically.——It is not true, that the churches are sanctuaries for robbers and murderers; on the contrary, they are no longer in safety there, than whilst an order is procuring from the Arch-bishop, which order is never refused, and then the soldiers seize them and bring them to justice. That the momentary asylum the churches offer them is not quite discouraged, may be accounted for from various considerations.

The police is so strict here, as to prevent all riots of any consequence in the streets; for if three or four persons only seem to converse together with ardour, or speak louder than ordinary, the *Guet* draws near, and if they perceive any thing mysterious in their manner, or that they cannot give a very good account of themselves, they are frequently

frequently taken into custody from the suspicion they had occasioned. The wine houses are never free from emissaries from the Police. Thus, plotting of every kind, whether against government or particulars, mutiny, robbing, &c. is in a great measure prevented by their vigilance. No disorderly women are permitted to walk the streets. It is not possible any private affairs can pass in the family of an individual, which do not speedily reach the ears of the king. The *laquais de place* are generally here (as in Paris) in the pay of the Police, and inform them of all they can discover in regard to the strangers whom they serve. Each *aubergiste* * makes two returns every night of the strangers lodged with them, their names, professions, country, &c. and as far as they can guess, or learn from *laquais de place*, couriers, postilions, or *voiturins*, where they came from, their business at Turin, and their future destination. One of these informing papers is carried to the *Commandant* of the town, the other to the *Lieutenant de police*, by a person whose business it is to call for the same, nightly; at each *auberge*: by ten of the clock next morning the King has all these returns. They are particularly watchful of French travellers.—The theatre is under great restrictions

* The host of any public-house, inn, tavern, &c.

strictions from the police. Before an opera is to be performed, the King himself takes the pains to read it over, and to erase every line that can admit of an indecent or double meaning (although I believe the Serious opera is generally thought very decent.) This attention is particularly paid to the theatre, on account of the morals of the Royal family. The King never goes to the Comic opera, nor permits any of his own family to go thither. The Princess of Carignan only frequents that theatre.—Also in regard to the dances, as the Italian taste is more inclined to the grotesque than the serious, the *danseuses* jump very high, and kick up their heels in a more surprising than graceful manner; but if their attitudes happen to become unguarded, they have a sharp reprimand from the police. The *delicate* Zamperini, after her return from England, expressed too much licentiousness in her action and manner, for which she had an immediate order from the Dutchess of S—y, to quit at once those airs; which *La Signora* instantly obeyed.—The black drawers worn by the *danseuses* have a very disgusting appearance. * * *

The King is thought to be the best œconomist in the world. M—— had it from good authority, that he always keeps by him, in his strong box, nine hundred thousand

thousand Piedmontese livres. Although the sum is not large, yet there are Princes of much more considerable revenues, who, after all the current expences of the year, &c. are paid, do not find as much remaining to dispose of at pleasure*.

There has been no Secretary of State for many years past. The poor old Chevalier R—b—i, *Ministre pour les affaires etrangeres*, does all the business of that office, as well as of his own, upon an appointment of about 300*l. per annum* (English money) nor has there been any Governor of Turin for ten or twelve years past, since the decease of the Marquis Tane, who was the last; for the present Count Tane (who is a very genteel and polite old gentleman) is only *Commandant*: formerly they were separate employments, but now, being combined in one, they are less expensive to government.

His M——y keeps in his own hands the great farm, or plantation, of tobacco, near Turin, consisting of above five hundred acres, and by which he profits considerably; he has also very fine farms near and at a distance from the town, of which he likewise receives the immediate profit.

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* M—— has been assured, that the K—g's revenue is not less than 30 millions of Piedmontese livres.

The cavalry in time of peace are but in part mounted, half of each troop being on foot; and though his establishment is for seventeen thousand, he has scarce at this time twelve thousand men in array. This saves him a great deal of money. The pay of an Ensign is but 500 livres *per annum*, a Captain 1200. There have been four or five considerable employments kept vacant for some years past, from no other motive (as M—— has been assured) than that of œconomy. There still remain of the debt contracted in the late war, 42 millions and a half of Piedmontese livres; for which his Majesty pays annually 2 million and a half interest and expences. The conquests, or *Pais conquis* as they are here called, accorded to the K— by a former peace, increase his revenue about 2 millions and one quarter, so that they yield him nearly sufficient to pay the interest of his debt. Mons. R—b—i says, the debt may be liquidated in time by parsimony, but the above increase of revenue will be permanent: he also asserted, that the K— could arm, and even maintain 50,000 men in time of war; which is doing more in proportion to his revenue, than can any other Prince in Europe. But it is doubtful whether or not the above may be depended on, as M—— has been confidently assured, that it would be with
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the utmost difficulty so great an army could be maintained for even two campaigns, by his Sardinian Majesty alone, without the aid of foreign subsidies.— The taxes amount to nearly a fifth of the national income; that is, of the value of the lands.

The K——'s Table is plentiful, but plain; *rien de trop recherchée*; every article being furnished by purveyors*, at a moderate rate; which purveyors enjoy some privileges, as selling the surplus of the provisions brought in for the K—g [but not dressed.] What remains from the K—'s table is served to the Lords and Ladies of the Bed-chamber in waiting, and from them down to the Equerries, Pages, *Office*, the military *Guard de corps*, &c. &c. I think the whole Royal family eat together, and dine very early.

Employments at the court of Turin are esteemed rather as giving consideration, and precedence, than for their pecuniary value: the appointment is not sufficient to support the rank with any tolerable degree of decency. The equerryship to the P—ce of C——n, joined to a company of grenadiers in one of the regiments of guards, yielded

* Within a certain distance round Turin, the game is Royal property; and here it is the purveyors provide for the K—'s table.

yielded the gentleman who had them but £. 150 English *per annum*. The Chevalier R—b—i, whom I mentioned before, has served the K— with the utmost fidelity full forty years; his honesty and honour is proved by his necessitous circumstances; for, would you believe it? although quite worn out with age and infirmities, he walks on foot, not being able to afford an equipage.

The K— does not seem to relish the marriage now upon the tapis, between his eldest grand-daughter and the *Comte de P—ce*; he foresees, that if it takes place, there will be no farther room for any aggrandizement of the house of S—v—y, particularly whilst the family compact, and the present union of the houses of Austria and Bourbon remain in force. Yet, if he does not make the match, where can he extend himself? neither on the side of Milan, Genoa, nor France. In short, there seems little else for him to do in good policy, than to live in peace with the whole world, and rest satisfied with the new additional acquisitions lately guaranteed to him. A courtier, speaking of the intended marriage, said, If it takes place, the house of S—y will have nothing to do in future, but to sit down quietly & *plantée des choux*: a state of inactivity little suited to the

the enterprising spirit and moderate possessions of this family.

The D— of S—y is allowed 22,000 livres *per annum* only for pocket-money (for the K— pays the wages and maintenance of all the servants, horses, &c. of all the R—l F—y); the greater part of which allowance he lays out in beautifying the gardens of *Mont Callier*.

The Jews pay heavy impositions for permission to trade; they are obliged to wear a badge to distinguish them from other people, a bit of yellow silk, fastened to one of their button-holes. Many of them, conscious of the disgrace of being thus marked, pay the K— an annual fine, to be permitted to wear it out of sight.

No inhabitant can rebuild or repair his house at Turin, but according to the great general plan laid down for the improvement of the town; either he must conform to the plan, or sell to those who will. *La rue de Dora Grossa*, which is seen from the palace, being narrow and irregular, the K—, in order to forward his intentions, has exempted the houses therein from being liable to seizure, or sale for debt. This must soon answer the end proposed; several houses are already begun to be rebuilt. Thus must this city daily increase in the beauty and proportion of its structures.— By ordinance, it is prohibited to breed or
keep

keep silk-worms in the town, on account of their smell being noxious to health ; but great encouragement is given for their increase in the country about Turin, where they thrive prodigiously. A good mulberry-tree will let from three to nine livres *per annum* ; six is a common price, when in a moderate state of perfection or maturity. The water meadows about Turin are so enriched by their manner of dressing, that they yield three, and sometimes four crops a year. No subject dares to cut down an elm-tree in Piedmont, without the King's permission ; that wood being scarce, and necessary for the carriages of cannon ; and the King takes them for that, and for other purposes (they say), paying for them but moderately.—The roads are (no doubt) admirable near Turin ; but in England they can never be as good as those under despotic governments, private property with us being sacred and valuable by its security ; once give up our liberty, and we shall have excellent straight roads ; for the monarch may command his high-way to be carried through the bed-chamber of any individual, should it happen to impede his intention.

The Contraband is well attended to here. The K—'s own coach is not exempted from being searched ; who then can object to the strictest scrutiny, when his M——y
himself

himself submits to the examination of the officers of the *Douane* ?

No publication is allowed of here that might tend to give insight into the revenues, government, or policy of this country; this caution excites curiosity, and accounts for their being more inquired into and sifted, than the affairs of other countries, where there is less mystery. There are now living, at the court of Turin, three men, who are particularly esteemed for their abilities, but who are already advanced in years: *Comte Chiro*, Grand Chancellor, aged 70; *Chevalier Riberti*, also 70; and *Comte Brea*, about 50.

Duels are not frequent; but when they happen, they fight with ferocity, and an obstinacy that shocks humanity. The general place of appointment is a little island, formed by the Po, just within what is called the *Port da Po*. It is but six months since a duel was fought there between two very considerable men of this country; one was left dead, the other died soon after of his wounds * * * * *

Many of the manufactures of Turin are carried on for the King's account, as tobacco, salt, bottles, lead, shot. All the salt comes from Sardinia; every head of a family is obliged to take eight pounds yearly for each individual of his family who has passed his 17th year, for each cow

or

or ox two, for every hog four, at four sols the pound : if he happens to want more, he has it at half that price. The farmers here give their cattle salt at certain seasons, which certainly succeeds extremely well, it being impossible to see finer cattle of every kind than in this country. The oxen and cows are almost quite white, sometimes they are shaded with grey and brown in a most beautiful manner, and have remarkably pretty faces with pencilled eye-brows.—There is scarce a table at Turin where a soup made of veal, served with the *bouille*, is not a constant dish ; and frequently veal repeated again at the same repast, in some other manner ; for it is a piece of policy here, to cry down the beef as unwholesome (although as fine as any in London), in order to persuade the people to consume the veal, the full-grown oxen being drove to Genoa, where they yield a better price than in the Turin market.—There are some salt-springs in Savoy, of which the K— has the entire profit ; he disposes of their whole produce to the Switzers. It is much better than that of Sardinia, which he sells to his own subjects ; the other, by being sold in Switzerland, prevents a contraband trade, and brings their money into his own country ; and the salt of Sardinia stands him in but one sol for ten pounds. His bottles are
very

very ill made, particularly brittle, yet they are sold at eight sols each. Notwithstanding all these littlenesses, the peasants of Piedmont are rich and happy; they pay no *dixiemes*, *vintiemes*, nor *taille*, as in France. They can afford to live plentifully; have cattle in abundance, as well as implements of husbandry, to carry on their agriculture, and are well-dressed in silk *les jours de fête*, or holidays. The universal ornament of their women is a necklace of five or six rows of gold beads, pretty large, with a cross, and ear-rings of the same metal, which generally cost them from three to six hundred livres of Piedmont, and sometimes more. Every married *païsanne* is decorated with these ornaments, more or less expensive, according to their means.

The *Bourgeoisie* are rich, and very well dressed; the *noblesse* never appear of their society, but are totally separate from them, let them be ever so considerable in their trade, &c. The late King would take nothing from the report of others, but examined all in person, from the most important transactions of his first subjects, down to the *minutiae* of the lowest peasants who supply the markets, in order to be satisfied how far justice was done by those entrusted with the execution of the laws, and whether he was himself imposed upon by his own purveyors. But the present
King

King pays more attention to his Nobles, places much confidence in the reports made him by his Courtiers, and is consequently less popular amongst the lower classes of people than his father. However, he treads in the steps of his predecessor, in one respect, very closely. A mortal aversion to what is called by *connoisseurs*, *le nud*; as three fine antique statues here bear witness, an Adonis, a Satyr, and I think the third a Hercules. The late King, as I mentioned to you before, had shewed his sense of decency at the expence of Guido's Venuses.

Upon the arrival of the post, the letters are immediately carried to the ministers of state, who open, read, and send them back to the post-office, with permission for their delivery to the foreign ministers and others according to their addresses. Nor does it unfrequently happen that they are detained until certain couriers are dispatched with letters of importance, which sometimes occasions a delay of three or four hours. The express sent by the minister must necessarily get the start of the earliest that can be procured by any ambassador or foreign minister; particularly as no courier or other person can have post-horses without an order from the *commandant*. Certainly these may be deemed very *political* measures.

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The Inquisition is under excellent regulation ; for the present King finding great abuses had crept into this holy repository, such as the seizing and conveying away people upon various trifling pretences, often suggested by private pique and resentment ; and this holy office having been known to employ its power to *gallante* purposes : these and the like abuses have brought this court into such abhorrence with the King and people, that no person can now be imprisoned by order of the Inquisitors, until the matter has been made known to his Majesty ; upon which, one or more of the Privy-counsellors are commissioned to examine the prisoner in person ; which done, they make their report to the King, and the prisoner is never given up to the mercy of the holy office, until the matter has been thoroughly sifted to the bottom. In the case of giving him up, the delinquent must have been proved guilty (almost to conviction) of blasphemy, or some other heinous offence against Heaven ; when even the degree of his punishment must be specified to his Majesty. No man must suffer death in the prisons of the Inquisition. Thus, since the power of the holy fiends has been so contracted by the King, and that they have been forbid to meddle in any degree with temporal matters, their dungeons are almost tenantless ;

nantless; as people are grown too wary in these days to expose themselves to the snares of Inquisitors, for any opinions they may entertain in regard to matters of faith.

The punishment of breaking upon the wheel is quite new at Turin; it takes place this year, 1770, and never has been practised before in this country.

The Order of *St. Maurice* exacts four generations of Nobility on each side. By their vow they devote themselves particularly to the Virgin Mary and the Pope; cannot marry a second wife, nor a widow, without a dispensation from the Holy See. They are a charitable community, are rich, and maintain a church and hospital in this city.

There are mountains near Turin, known by the name of *Monts Ferratts*. That mountain called *Little Mont Ferratt* abounds with petrifications, crystallizations, and other natural curiosities; I have seen mushrooms (some very large) petrified, whose combs were not the least injured: their substance is sparry when broke. Sea-shells, sea-fish, &c. are found here also in great abundance, although full thirty leagues distance from the sea. At about eight leagues from Turin, in the river *Dora*, the peasants find gold very pure amongst the sands, which, when refined, is

is equal in beauty and value to that of *Sequins*; but they do not find enough in a day to make it worth their while to apply themselves entirely to this research, as the price of their labour by the day, for cultivating the ground, amounts to more than the value of the quantity of gold they find. However, I recollect, that in the road to Sufa, we chose to walk down the mountain, and were met by a drove of mules loaded with small casks; we asked the mule-drivers what they contained, who replied, *mineralé*; upon demanding an explanation, they said it was the *mineralé* that contained the gold. I suppose it was sand impregnated with the ore; but you can rarely obtain a satisfactory answer to any question from this sort of people. A natural brutality, mixed with an unmountable conceit, is the constant companion of ignorance. These muleteers, whose narrow minds and ideas are contracted to the mere conveyance of *mineralé* from the river *Dora*, on the backs of their mules, to Turin, looked upon us as monsters, because we did not comprehend their particular sense of *mineralé*. Men, by being much oppressed in despotic governments, or by being rendered too poor, may become so brutified as to seem of as different a species from many human creatures, as the man-tiger from them. But I forget,

we must have our trunks packed up, for we go to-morrow, and I have taken leave of every body a day sooner than I should otherwise have done, in order to throw my notes and observations upon paper as I could : so excuse the want of order ; their conformity to truth, according to the best information I could procure, pleads for them. Adieu ; the evening promises a fine day to-morrow for our journey.

M—— sends you the inclosed account of the famous battle of the Affietta, of which you have heard so much, that you may convince * * * * *. To you I need only say that he is satisfied of its authenticity. You will see from whom he had his information.

The famous action of the Affietta, the defeat of the French army, and death of its commander, the Count of Belleisle.

A little farther on, upon the Turin side of the *Grand Croix*, the mountain called the *Affietta*, presents itself nearly at the distance of about two leagues upon your right, rendered famous by the entire defeat of the French army, invading the Sardinian territories, under the command of the Count de Belleisle, brother to the Marechal of that name, then at the head of the French cabinet. Voltaire in particular,

cular, and other writers, having made gross mistakes, or wilful misrepresentations of this important action, I was glad of an opportunity of procuring an exact detail of it, which I have just had from the mouth of an officer now of considerable rank, both in the military service and at the court of his Sardinian Majesty, who then commanded the first grenadier company of the Piedmontese guards; his relation has been confirmed to me in all its circumstances by the present governor of Turin, who fought at the head of the above regiment upon that day.

The French army commanded by Belleisle composed forty-eight battalions, the army of Piedmont thirteen only, three German regiments included. The Sardinian troops had taken that ground about three weeks before, and raised in their front a strong parapet of dry stone wall, whose outward face might be about nine feet in height, strengthened behind with earth and fascines, to a proportionate solidity; supported with batteries and lined with their infantry. Against this work the French army advanced in three columns. The extent of the Piedmontese lines was near two leagues; they were obliged to take this compass to prevent the enemy from winding round their flanks; a considerable extent of front for so small a force.

Belleisle's army formed three different attacks at the same moment, with their wonted vivacity, to weaken and distract the enemy's resistance. The next in command to Belleisle opened the action, the ground upon that quarter being equal and practicable, even to the breast-work, at the foot of which he fell.

The regiment of Piedmontese guards opposed to this attack, withheld their fire until the enemy was within twenty-five paces of them. Upon the other two quarters the French troops, obliged to struggle with sharp and rude acclivities, unprotected by cannon, were pushed back with a miserable slaughter. No want of ammunition, as has been falsely asserted, prevailed in the army of Piedmont; nor was there a single pallisadoe in their camp, nor upon their works; though Voltaire maintains the contrary, who ought to have had better information, declaring that many of the French soldiers, grievously wounded upon the parapet, were seen attempting to tear up the pallisadoes with their teeth. The Count de Belleisle led on in person the second general assault, and was faced by the Piedmontese guards. These received the enemy as before, with a close and effective fire, followed by volleys of stones, which increased the mischief of their small arms; but this was more particularly the case at
the

the other two attacks, where the Piedmontese rolled down huge fragments of rocks upon their advancing battalions, that had been made fast with ropes to stakes placed within-side their parapet-walls, which when tore up, or cut away, let loose their charge upon the enemy, embarrassed in dangerous defiles or struggling with difficult ascents, thereby forcing their ranks back, one upon the other, and throwing the whole into irreparable disorder. It is not true (as has been asserted) that Belleisle had attempted to mount the parapet; nor was a man of his whole army, one single grenadier excepted, seen upon the top of it, and he was instantly shot dead.

The French battalions moved on to the third and fourth attacks without order, courage or discipline; tottering and stumbling forwards like men stunned and blinded, who knew not whither they were going, nor what they were about; fresh regiments pressed forward to supply fresh slaughter. Their officers, who were heard to exhort and encourage their advancing, suffered prodigiously in proportion to their numbers. They had no cannon, no fascines, sand-bags, ladders, or other implements necessary for such an attempt; a strange and unmilitary oversight. Their first attack was made with great noise and tumult; hallooing out to the Piedmontese, that they should be soon within their works;

but never made any other than a feeble, distracted, and ill-supported fire, from the death of Belleisle (who fell about thirty yards from the parapet, by a shot through the breast) just in that anxious moment whilst all was in suspense. In his pockets were found plans and dispositions for the assault of Exiles and other fortresses of his Sardinian Majesty, drawn by his chief engineer; also a letter to his mistress, sealed and directed, that no time might be lost in acquainting her of his having entirely defeated the enemy, with great rout and slaughter, and obtained a complete victory. His pocket-book contained also several letters from that lady, full of passion, tenderness, and affection; wherein she advises him to *menage* (to take care of) himself for the sake of his brother, his country, and herself. She appeared to be a married woman, and of the first rank, from the names, circumstances, and *coteries* mentioned in her letters. This pocket-book, which fell into the hands of the soldiery, was applied for by letter from the French ministry to the Sardinian court the year following, and was consequently restored.

The Count of St. Sebastian, Lieutenant-colonel of the guards of Piedmont, received orders from the Count de B—— (now *Commandant* of the citadel of Turin, then at the head of the Sardinian army, who, from an eminence in the center of his lines, saw

few preparations for the second attack, making by Belleisle in person) to rejoin him instantly, lest his regiment and the troops with him might be cut off, should the French succeed in piercing his works at any one of the different attacks: but that gallant officer refused to obey, (foreseeing that his giving way would only re-animate the enemy's hopes, and encourage a perseverance that might be attended with fatal consequences to this little army) stood his ground like a good soldier, gave his orders with temper and presence of mind, and thereby contributed in a great measure to this most important victory. This brave man, who risked at once both life and reputation, by disobeying the orders of his general, was rewarded with a pension of 50 *l.* Sterling *per Annum*; such is the present King's œconomy.

L E T T E R X I I .

Gambetta, October 25th.

HERE are we to lie this night: the reason we cannot reach Asti, and much less Aleffandria, is, that this is the post-road (but it has been newly made, in order to avoid a steep mountain) and is extremely bad at present; being one continued slough, like parts of Gloucestershire, for twenty miles together, which we have been ploughing through for five

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hours;

hours; so that we cannot get to Genoa until after to-morrow. Before we quitted Turin, we got an order from Count Tane for the *cambiatura*, which it seems can convey us no further than Alessandria; it is dear enough, though a third cheaper than the post; costs us by ordinance eleven Piedmontese livres for five miles; that is, nine livres for four horses, and a livre a-piece for the postilions; but it is customary to give them something more. From Alessandria forward, the expence of posting is ten livres, and thirty sols a-piece to each postilion for one post. I have not mentioned the courier's *bidet*, as that, as usual, is charged over and above. This has been a tiresome day's journey, affording no sort of entertainment. Good-night. Our inn is as wretched as the obscurity of the place bespeaks.

L E T T E R XIII.

Novi, October 26th.

AFTER almost as dull a day's journey as yesterday, we have safely reached Novi, and are still thirty-two miles from Genoa. We have been obliged to come by cross-roads, the great road being rendered impassable by the heavy falls of rain for some days past. From Gambetta to Alessandria we drove through a deep sand the whole way; but from this last place
hither,

hither, the road has been tolerably good. As to the face of the country, I have nothing at all to say in its favour.

Alessandria is a large straggling town, and seems thinly inhabited. We passed by one house, the architecture of which is in a very good taste. There is also a theatre, but not worth seeing; nor does this town afford any thing to gratify the curiosity of a traveller. It is situated on the river Tanaro. The country from thence to this place is thickly covered with vines, (corn growing between) which are not cultivated and dressed with the same care as in Burgundy, the Orleanois, and most parts of France.

We crossed the river called *Labor-mia* in a bark, or rather upon a raft; for it is not necessary to get out of the carriage. The postilions drive over planks, till they have got the carriage on the raft, do not give themselves the trouble to get off their horses, and when arrived at the other side, they drive out again in the same manner. I forgot to tell you, that we purchased at Turin a four-wheeled carriage, stout, and fit for our journey, with several conveniencies belonging to it, for travelling.

This town [*Novi*] is pretty considerable, the outsides of some of the houses, which have been painted, seem, by what remains, to have been tolerably executed. The inn is not very bad. Curtains to

beds is a luxury unknown in this country, and our host assures us we shall find none at Genoa. I in vain attempted to persuade him to nail up something by way of a curtain; but, unfortunately, he had a respect for the bed which he destined us, that nothing could prevail upon him to forego. A great coat of arms adorning the head-board, and which shewed it had belonged to some *familia nobili*, seemed to be the cause of his veneration. However, as soon as he had left the room, I endeavoured to turn the high and projecting parts, the coronets and supporters, to some use; for the weather is very sharp, and there blows a cold wind. You would have laughed, had you seen my curtains, composed of neck handkerchiefs and pelices. However, this contrivance was better than no curtains. Adieu, till to-morrow evening, when I hope we shall have reached Genoa.

LETTER XIV.

Genoa, October 27th.

WE are safely arrived, and lodged at the post-house, the best inn at Genoa, and very near the famous church of the *Annonciata*. This day's journey has been fatiguing enough, although we got here by dinner-time, and did not quit Novi till about nine o'clock. Our road has lain

lain entirely amongst mountains. Most of them under close cultivation, particularly about Gavi, a strong fortress of the Genoese, from whence there is a very fine prospect. The road lies under it, and the descent is extremely rapid; the town stands below the fortress. In the bottom appears a torrent called Lemo; we passed through the village now called Voltagio, which was the ancient capital of a people of Liguria, known formerly by the appellation of Veiturgia. This place is twenty miles from Genoa, and six from the Buchetta; namely, from the summit of the Appenine. The road over the Appenine and the descent is all paved. This great mountain affords nothing entertaining or beautiful. The pavement is exceedingly rough, in many places very rapid, and the appearance of the mountain on all sides dreary and bleak. Having passed the Buchetta, we came to a village called Campomarone, from the great quantities of Spanish chestnut trees which abound here. It is situated eight miles from Genoa, and affords a tolerable inn, called *Della Rosa*. Here the houses are all covered with slate, and the tables made of the same material, called *lavagna*, of which there is a great quarry about twenty-five miles distant from Genoa.

About three miles from Genoa you are obliged to traverse a kind of valley, which is in reality the bed of a river called *Polce-verra*.

vetra. This bed is a most disagreeable morsel to contend with; water finds its way here and there, in many different channels, which form narrow rivers, necessary to be crossed frequently; there is no fixed road, the river changing its course continually; and when the waters are out, travellers are obliged to wait for three or four days, till they are sufficiently retired. The whole surface is covered unequally with loose stones and pebbles, and the jolts and shocks were so violent that I expected the carriage or wheels to break. However, we got across safely, and without the least accident. There are several vestiges of bridges, the arches standing, some entire, others partly in ruins, where they have in vain endeavoured to make the road more convenient; but the violence and sudden swellings of this river, have rendered all their labour hitherto ineffectual. This valley is skirted on the right and left by many beautiful country-houses, and terminated, as it were, at one end, by a great bridge, called *Cornigliano*, composed of nine arches, and is of sufficient extent to resist the overflowings of the river. It appears well in prospect. Farther on, the sea and the palace *Durazzo* are clearly discernible; but the post-road does not pass over the bridge; it turns to the left, and leads to Genoa by the magnificent suburb

suburb of *St. Pietro d' Arena* *. You may suppose, I have seen nothing as yet of Genoa, but from the windows of the inn. The town seems much alive, and thickly peopled, without noise or riot. The womens dress is fine, but singular, I mean the *Bourgeoise*, for I have seen no noble ladies pass by : their heads are wrapped up in a piece of printed cotton, which looks like a counterpane ; reaches down to their waists, and rolling it round them, they fold their arms over the ends, bringing it so close together before, that scarce any part of their face can be seen. They have strait bodied gowns with very long trains of rich sattins, damasks, &c. these they do not give themselves the trouble to hold out of the dirt ; so their tails sweep up all the ordure of the streets. This custom is, I presume, a pretence to *magnificence*. They generally wear long aprons of fine muslin trimmed with lace. The poorer sort of women and *paissannes* are wretchedly clothed ; they wear a petticoat of woollen, or striped linen, with a *corset* ; their heads are quite naked, the hair of the *chignon* rolled round and round at the top of the back of the head, and several pewter bodkins, as long as skewers, stuck through it by way of ornament. Our host kindly advertises

* The post masters obliged us to take six horses for our carriage, when we had reached half way from Novi to Genoa, for the remainder of the journey.

advertises me, that the post is going out. You see I do not neglect to seize every opportunity of writing. Adieu. You shall hear from me again, as soon as I can collect sufficient materials to form (I hope) a more entertaining letter. I remain, as always, &c.

P. S. We have had no trouble with the custom-house officers; for a small consideration they cheerfully let us pass without any difficulty, on M——'s assuring them we had nothing seizable. Our name has been sent to the Doge. This custom is what all strangers must comply with.

L E T T E R X V .

Genoa, Nov. 5th, 1770.

I Have been confined to my bed two days, with a rheumatic pain in my cheek, and a bad cold; M—— has had a blood shot-eye, which has been extremely troublesome to him; but at present we are both pretty well recovered. I so dreaded being confined by illness, and consequently detained longer than agreeable to us, that I determined to apply an outward remedy to my cheek of spirit of Guaiacum, and to take it inwardly at the same time; that by giving the rheumatism no quarter, I hope to have routed the enemy so that he shall not be able to rally again. For this purpose, I sent to an apothecary for the
above

above drug: when it was brought me, it appeared so unlike, in colour and consistency, to the guaiacum I had seen in England, that I feared he had made some mistake; so I sent for him: he came presently after; I was in bed, and my curtains drawn, and M— had him into the room. Upon seeing a handkerchief tied over his eye, he concluded him the patient who sent for guaiacum: and as I suppose he had been already informed by the servants that we had questioned the quality of his drug, he with great vehemence, and violent action, cried out, on entering the room, *Buono, buono per gli occhi, bisogna frottare frottare*. Finding M— did not instantly comply with his prescription, he changed his note from *frottare* to *avalare*. I laughed so much in my bed, that I could not speak; as for M— he was too much charmed with the apothecary's error to attempt undeceiving him for some moments; at last he asked him gravely, whether it was equally efficacious for a rheumatic pain, as for a blood-shot eye. He readily assented; and had we added any other malady, he would, no doubt, have persisted in the same remedy. In short, with him, spirit of guaiacum was the *Grand elixir*. But his wretchedness and poverty, or avarice, was such, that all his ardour proceeded from the fear of his not disposing of his drug, as he demanded 24 sols for a small phial half full. This man,

man, in appearance, was the counterpart of Shakespear's apothecary; and had he been of Mantua, I should have concluded him a lineal descendant of '*that caitiff wretch, whose tattered weeds and overwhelming brows, &c.*' However, upon inquiry, finding his drug to be really some preparation of guaiacum, I spread it over my cheek, and in half an hour it gave me ease; but it was so strong, that had it been applied to the eyes, I suppose M—— would never have seen more. He is perfectly recovered by using plantain-water and tutty.

There is something very shocking in being served entirely by men, till custom and necessity reconciles you in some measure to it. There are no females to be seen in an Italian inn. Our expences here are a sequin a head *per day* *; for this they give us three or four dishes, consisting of a soup, the fowl that has been boiled in it, with or without rice, very indifferent indeed; a fry

* The *valet de chambre*, who is our courier, about six livres *per day*; *laquais de louage*, 40 sols each, and they find themselves. As the wine of the inn is not good, we have any sort we choose, by the flask, from the noble families of Doria, Balbis, Spinola, Durazzo, Grimaldi, &c. &c.; for these nobles do not esteem themselves at all debased by vending a flask of wine, or a halfpenny worth of oil and vinegar, and all sorts of liquor by the glass. This is what one may call *trading in a great style*. There is nothing a noble Genoese would not sell; yet they fancy themselves much superior in rank to what is called the mercantile part of Genoa.

fry of liver and brains, or some such thing; these are our standing dishes; besides which, they vary from one to another, pigeons *a la crapodine*, and sometimes ragoued in oil; partridges in *fricando*, and with cabbage, &c; but their constant use of oil (which is seldom good) even sometimes in their soups, is extremely disgusting to us. We may have roast meat if we choose it; but their manner of roasting is thus, after oiling the meat with a feather, they suspend it over a charcoal fire, until it becomes so dry and brittle as to admit of pulverisation. Fish is rarely to be had, except upon *les jours maigre*, when the galley slaves chained two and two together, cry it about the streets; it generally consists of oysters, shrimps, small flounders, and sprats. I have had these poor creatures called up to the door, in order to buy from them myself, not from a motive of gluttony, but that our host might not make a hard bargain with them. They wear a kind of waistcoat and trowsers of flannel; their heads are bare, as are their legs and feet. I intend to go on board the galleys before we quit Genoa, when I shall be able to give you a more exact description of them. The great scarcity of fish is not owing to a want of abundance in the gulph, but to a tax upon this article when exposed for sale in the markets, which raises the price to the buyer above that of butchers meat, although

though that is sold at twelve sols the pound ; the Genoese do not eat much meat. The poorer sort especially live almost entirely upon chefnuts * and macaroni. Bread is excellent here, but very dear † ; the corn with which it is made comes from Sicily. The air is so much warmer at this place than at Turin, that we cannot bear a fire in our apartment. Here are great plenty of flowers, which are sold extremely cheap, and come out of the gardens in the environs of Genoa. These *bouquets* are composed of roses, carnations, china-pinks, Catalonian jessamin, violets ; the green of lavender cotton, dittany of Crete, and a very aromatic sweet scented rosemary ; lavender in great plenty, and knotted marjoram of an exquisite smell.

I inclose you the copies of our letters to the families of Spinola, Balbis, and Durazzo, from the ambassadrefs of Spain, and France ; both these families are (unluckily) at Novi. This circumstance will, however, leave us at liberty to quit the town when we have seen every thing worth notice.

* The chefnuts that Campo Maroni afford are excellent and have not that cloying sweetness of those in England. Water melons are in great plenty, and grapes ; but these are not as yet quite ripe. Here are also green peas of a very good kind ; the brocoli would be excellent, if the Italians knew how to dress it.

† Fourteen bakers work night and day the year round. The price of rolls of the size of those called French rolls at Bath, are dearer by a halfpenny than in that town.

notice. Madama Balbis and Madama Durazzo have the character of being uncommonly polite to strangers; the former has distinguished many English by her obliging prejudices to that nation; the latter is supposed to be rather partial to the French.

We are just returned from a walk about the town. The Strada Nuova, and Strada Balbi, are the widest and best streets. The architecture of the palaces that adorn them is admirable, and would appear to much greater advantage was the area wider. This circumstance must always be regretted by the lovers of architecture, as it is impossible for a spectator to place himself in such a manner as to see the fronts in a proper point of view: the houses are also extremely high. Although there is a profusion of marble in this country, many of the palaces are painted upon the outside with representations of rustic bases, columns, entablatures, friezes, &c. which ought to have been executed in marble. Where this painting is well preserved, it deceives at a little distance, by a truth in the perspective. The colours chiefly made use of, are not as well chosen as I think they might have been; for instance, that of Grimaldi is almost black; of Durazzo, yellow and white; others, shades of green and a dirty brick-dust red. The marble ornaments of most of the door cases are magnificent,

ficent, and in a great style of architecture. The famous church of St. Siro is lined throughout with marble; this is the old cathedral, remarkable for the councils held here, and the plots formed for revolutions, many of which have taken place according to the history of this city. It now belongs to the convent of the Theatins. This church is so ornamented and gilt, as to appear loaded, and encumbered, one decoration hiding another. The cieling is painted by Carloni, but indifferently, the colouring too yellow. In a chapel is a Nativity, by Cambiagi; this picture has but a small degree of merit.—Returning home in the dusk of the evening, we passed by a church; perceiving it illuminated, we entered; there we found a very considerable audience, and a fine band of musick. The altar was richly decked; fifty four large wax tapers, in candlesticks of silver about four feet high, were placed pyramidically at its sides, and it was covered with relicks, *chefs* of saints, garlands of flowers, a magnificent sun, angels, &c. in silver. The appearance altogether was rather theatrical than religious; the music good, and the symphonies so lively, that they seemed to me to announce the entry of the ballet. I could think of nothing but dancing; and had I not been sure I was in a church, I should have believed myself at the overture of an opera: nor by the countenances and
manners

manners of the congregation, could you suppose they were assisting at a religious ceremony. However, superstition is not wanting; the people who enter the church, both male and female, drop down at once upon their knees, bow their heads profoundly, then seize the holy water brush, and sprinkle and cross themselves with great ardour, striking their breasts at the same time. I plainly perceived, that the fair Genoese knew how to unite gallantry with devotion; and that many of those ladies, who had been the most precise in crossing and sprinkling, had been no less just to the hour of assignation. There is more love in an Italian church than in a French theatre. Many handsome women assisted at this spiritual concert, but they do not owe their beauty entirely to Nature; their complexions are for the most part brown; and have generally fine black eyes, whose fire they augment by *rouge* (but not laid on in the French style); the Genoese endeavour to imitate Nature. They turn to good account the great veils they wrap their heads in, as they can *orgner* with more privacy, by their artful manner of half-concealing their faces. Some noble ladies were there; they wore a black gauze hood pulled down so as to cover their faces, but not conceal them.—I observed a few pictures in this church, but the lamps that were burning before them smoked so much, that

I could

I could not see whether they were good or bad.—The situation of this town is fine ; it forms a great amphitheatre, scooped out as it were down to the sea. Excepting the streets I mentioned, all the others are extremely narrow * : I should also except the *Piazza del Annonciata*, which is tolerably large, where the coaches assemble and wait ; also the *Porto St. Thomaso*, before the palace of P. Doria, is considerable enough. The houses are flat roofed, and have either a low parapet round the top of the wall, or a balustrade, on which are placed flower pots, containing myrtles, Catalonia jessamine, and other odoriferous green house plants, which live out all the winter in this mild climate ; also, I observed several annuals and perennials, as coxcombs, tricolors, cardinals, female balsamines, stocks, and wall flowers still in perfection, with the addition of some fine carnations. There are light arbours, or what the French call *Berceaus* of *Trelisse*, painted and fixed on these flat roofs, over which they trail woodbine, jessamine, gourd, &c. to protect them from the heat of the sun, and the women in fine weather pass most of their time on the tops of their houses, I mean the *simple Bourgeoise* ; for the noble ladies have magnificent terrasses that communicate with their

* Narrow so as that, from the upper stories of the houses, two persons leaning out of the opposite windows might shake hands across.

their apartments, and which are shaded in the most convenient manner, with silk awnings, and alleys formed of orange and lemon trees, in tubs.—We have destined to-morrow for seeing palaces and pictures. I shall leave the customs and manners of the Genoese to my last letter from this place, in order to be as full as I can upon those subjects. We never let pass an opportunity of procuring information from those we converse with, in order to compare and judge of the truth by their differing or agreeing, upon the same matter, &c. Here are arrived two English gentlemen of our acquaintance * * * * * This has been a very agreeable circumstance to us.

L E T T E R XVI.

November the 6th.

WE have visited two palaces only; the days being short, and the sky overcast, it was not possible to see more pictures than these contain, namely, that of Giacomo Balbi, and the other (situated in the same street that bears their name) Marcelino Maria Balbi. In both are a great many paintings worthy the attention of the curious; but there are some few in the first, which I think Cochin says more of than they merit. One is a Saint Sebastian, large as Nature, by Vandyke; it wants life, is flat, and, I think, altogether, one
of

of the worst pictures I have seen by the hand of this great master.—Another, representing a possessed woman, two old men, and a child; but it is so very black, that I think I could safely defy a *connoisseur* to shew me its merit.—A Resurrection, by Tintoretto. The ascending figure very heavy, and poorly attempted.—A wretched little picture, (in my opinion) said by Cochin to be *une Esquisse finie de Rubens*, and much commended by him.—In the first saloon is a large picture, by Lucca Giordano, representing Diogenes seeking a man. There are two incomparable faces in the group that composes this piece, and a dog, who, putting himself in a posture of defence between his master and Diogenes, shews his teeth to the latter.—A Magdalen by Andrea del Sarto, as they pretend; but I was so stupid as to mistake it for a family portrait.—Two family portraits, by Vandyke, large as life, of a senator of Genoa and his wife; they are very good, but resemble each other so strongly, that I was on the point of crowning one *sottise* with another, by asking the *Concierge* whether they were not brother and sister.—Two large landscapes, by Rubens. He has placed the point of view so high, as to discover a greater extent of prospect than can generally be seen in Nature. One means to represent a flat country; in the other, is a rainbow, which by its weight, and want
of

of glow in the colouring, falls very short of its brilliant original.—A picture of Dives and Lazarus, said to be by Jacopo Bassano, —A Cardinal in conversation with Luther and Calvin; a very fine picture; the keeping admirable, and the personages wonderfully natural. It appears to be the production of Gulio Romano: but the *Concierge* attributes it to Sebastien del Piombo. There is a fly so well painted on this picture, that strangers always attempt to brush it off, although it is uncommonly large, and placed in the most conspicuous part of the picture.—The portrait of a Nun, very beautiful; (I think) by Capucino.—Two little pictures, by Brughel, on copper, representing Adam and Eve. They pleased me much more than they did Cochin; their nice proportions, the dignity and manly expression in the face and limbs of Adam; the delicacy, softness, and beautiful simplicity, blended with the innocence which our first mother here expresses, (for probably the moment the painter chose was prior to her acquaintance with the devil) renders the character of this picture so amiable, that you may look at it a considerable time, nor find its merit diminish by the most rigid examination. Cochin says, these pictures are highly finished; but cold, and of a colouring void of freshness: in all which criticism, the height of finishing excepted, he appears to be totally mistaken.—A very large picture, by Luc. Giordano.

The colouring is fine, the drawing false in many of the figures. By the horror and agitation, with distortions, strongly expressed in the female figures, confused among the Roman soldiers, the picture struck me, at first, as representing the Murder of the Innocents; but, upon a nearer examination, I perceived it to be the Rape of the Sabines. There are two of these Sabines whose figures are strikingly well executed: one, whom a soldier is lifting up from the ground with great violence; her fright, disordered hair, dress, and countenance are so expressive, that I could have fancied I heard her screams; another, whose back is turned to the spectators, loses no expression by not shewing her face; her distress is to be read in the countenance of the soldier, who is forcing her away, and who discovers more feelings of compassion upon the occasion than any of the others.——Opposite to this piece is one by the same hand; the subject, Perseus conquering his enemies, by turning towards them the Medusa's head, fixed in his shield: they transform into marble at that horrible aspect; and the painter has very ingeniously tinted these warriors, so as to represent the gradual metamorphose, from great stiffness of muscles to absolute hard marble, the carnation of the flesh declining through the degrees of paleness to transparent whiteness, with a variety in the effect that is admirable; such as, one
man

man attempting to fly, having caught a glance of the Fury's face, his features and part of his body are already hardened into marble, whilst his legs are endeavouring in vain to aid him to escape the impending petrifying power. Another, aiming a stroke of a sabre at the shield, has just time to shew in his countenance, his horror and amazement at the coldness and impotency of his whitening arm.—Another, by the same author; the subject, Jezebel devoured by dogs. This picture may not be inferior to the other two; but the history it represents is so horrible, that although I am perfectly convinced one might, by considering it, have discovered great merit, yet, after a cursory view, I could not bring myself to dwell upon the representation of a catastrophe attended with so many disgusting circumstances. There is a man on horseback in this picture, no doubt Jehu, who by his paleness, and the expression of his features, looking on at this frightful piece of justice, seems to be as much shocked as an indifferent spectator could be supposed to be.—A St. John Baptist, by Guercino; a good picture.—A Holy Family, of Rubens, with a cradle. The Virgin is homely; the other figures are very well. I think Cochin says more of it than it deserves, although he does not think it by Rubens, but rather a beautiful copy by a skilful painter.—Venus and Cupid, by

Paris Bordone. (Cochin attributes it to Tiziano.) The Venus appears to be very old in this picture, a circumstance so inconsistent with every idea attached to this goddess, that it nearly destroys by its absurdity its pretensions to merit.—A Beggar, who holds a book, and is laughing immoderately, by Espagnioletto. Admirably natural, and very comic; although it wants an explanation, and seems to have been painted on some particular occasion—A large picture; very indifferent. By the obscurity of the subject, it seems allegorical; a woman attended by her maids. — A Hero, a Fury, a Tiger, &c. This piece of confusion is by Luc Giordano. A picture which struck my fancy, as being very good, though not mentioned by any of the travellers whom I have read; it represents a beautiful woman, preparing to stab a sleeping warrior; but a Cupid suspends the assassination, by seizing her arm. There is great correctness of design, particularly in the Cupid and the woman; the latter is finely draped in white, and full of grace. The colouring has much of Guido's, a light olive and white, shaded to grey. Here are some other pictures which I omit, not being sufficiently interesting to require particular notice.

The Palace of *Marchese* Francesco Maria Balbi is one of the finest in Genoa; it consists of two noble apartments on the second

cond floor; under which are open galleries: pillars of the Doric order encompass these galleries, and serve to support the above apartments. This architecture has a fine effect.—The first pictures that strike you on entering the apartment, are a family-portrait, finely executed by Vandyke, and a large piece by Capacino, the subject Joseph explaining the dreams of Pharaoh's butler and baker. This is a great and capital picture; Joseph's figure, attitude, and face are truly expressive of his character; in the latter, the features, without being so regular as to form perfect beauty, convey the idea of vast superiority of genius above his fellow-sufferers, as well as magnanimity and greatness of mind, which strongly distinguish him from his unhappy companions. The butler, who is listening with eagerness to Joseph, does not neglect to give a proper degree of attention to a basket of grapes, the juice of which he is pressing out with his hands. This subject is treated in a manner that makes it very interesting; the inside of the prison, and the *insignia* proper to such a place, have not been neglected, the colouring is agreeable.—The ceiling, painted by Valerio Castelli, is a miserable performance: was I the owner of this palace, I would have it white-washed over.—In the first saloon, a Market, by Giacopo Bassano, not as well as other pictures I have seen of this master.

A large picture by Tiziano; subject, the Adoration of the Magi. The personages finely done, their colouring worthy of the author; but it is to be lamented, that he understood nothing of trees, landscape, or perspective; a most surprising chaos occupying the back-ground. A Bacchanale by Sarzano: a singular idea, but tolerably well executed. Andromeda chained to the rock, by Guercio da Cento: but indifferent. A feast given by shepherds to Tamar; not much better. Susanna tempted by the Elders, by Lucio Massari: the old gentlemen perfectly in character, and as much variety in their persons and attitudes as the uniformity of their wishes admits of. As for the fair Susanna, she is rather too robust to be beautiful, and sufficiently Colossal to have amply defended herself against the assaults of her aged admirers.—In the second saloon, the Portrait of a Lady, by Vandyke: the face is good, the hands and drapery but indifferent. St. Francesco d'Assisi, by Annibal Caracci: an excellent picture; the Saint is penetrated with the most lively devotion. A St. Jerome with Angels, by Agostino Caracci: not equal to the former. A Danae, by Paris Bordone: this picture possesses no great merit. A Bambino and Madona: there is much softness and roundness in the picture; but it is more amiable than great: the sampler and balls of worsted on a table,

ble, are well imitated. St. Catherine and two priests, mentioned in the catalogue as *Opera Bellissima del Tiziano*. I believe he would be much mortified, did he know this picture was imputed to him. Our Saviour in the Garden, attributed (as falsely) to Michael Angelo Buonarroti. A Nativity, by Luca d'Olando: the Virgin is red-haired, pale-complexioned, and homely. In a basket near her, is a cushion and bobbins, with some lace begun, and a pair of pattins near. A Venus with two Cupids, marked in the catalogue, *Opera Rara di Annibale Caracci*. I believe rare enough; for he certainly was not capable of producing upon canvas such a coarse, vulgar wench, with a couple of sturdy brats. A Flagellation, by Tiziano: this is so blackened by time or accident, that it is difficult to discern how very fine it has been; by the little that remains you may still judge of its superior merit. A Portrait of a young girl, by Annibal Caracci: this is a perfect representation of the most beautiful nature. Two Ovals, which are placed to great disadvantage in the angles between the windows and doors; they are heads, one of a man, the other of a woman; the latter in particular is extremely good. They are by Gulio Cesare Procaccino.—In the third saloon, a large picture; the subject the Conversion of St. Paul. The representation of so extraor-

dinary a miracle has given the painter full scope for the display of his utmost abilities. St. Paul is fallen to the ground, with both his hands he partly covers his face, and expresses more, if possible, than had his whole face appeared; at least, the imagination supplies the rest better (perhaps) than could have done the pencil of the famous Michael Angelo de Caravaggio; although he is superlatively great in his figure of the Centurion, whose amazement is excited by different motives from that of St. Paul; as the starting of the horse, the fall of the Saint, and the loudness of the thunder; for his countenance plainly indicates a total unconsciousness of the heavenly vision. A blasphemous representation of God the Father; this disgraces the whole picture. Besides the absurdity of the manner of supporting this impious representation (which the attempt to represent is absolutely forbid) the perspective, or keeping is totally wanting. However, the light is finely thrown, and the heavenly brightness opposes and surpasses that of the day; so that the *clare obscure* is expressed as it were by two different lights, the former being transcendently more glorious than the latter. A St. Joseph and Infant Jesus, by Capucino: the child is but poorly done. An Ecce Homo, by Vandyke: a very fine picture. A Blackmoor in the background strikes you with horror; the painter

painter having assembled together in this countenance all the cruelty, malice, and envy that can be expressed in a black face; accompanied with a hideous grin. A *Madona* and a sleeping *Bambino* on her lap; a garland of flowers encloses the figures: the child is well drawn, his sleep natural, and attitude unaffected; by Giovanni Rosa. St. John in the Desert: a tolerable picture; by Guido Reni. A beautiful Magdalen repentant and contrite, but not forsaken by the Graces; the author Annibal Caracci. A Virgin, with her infant son standing on her lap; trying to catch at a pomegranate she holds out of his reach. He is the handsomest child you can form any idea of; good sense, the utmost sweetness and good-nature are blended with a strong expression of impatience to attain the fruit. The colour, drawing, &c. are capital. By Vandyke. St. Jerome in the Desert, by Titian; the Saint very well, but the Desert detestable. A small oval picture, representing a *Madona* and *Bambino* asleep on her lap; a fine carnation spread over the sleeping infant; his head and arms hanging down listless, the mouth a little open, and a most profound sleep, are all well imitated: by Camillo Procaccino. There are more pictures in this saloon, but I will not trouble you with them; they do not appear to have as much merit as those I have named.—In the fourth sa-

loon, a large picture; the subject is a group representing the Virgin, the infant Jesus, the three wives of Rubens, several Saints and Angels; also a man armed in a coat of mail. This last figure is admirably done, but does not seem to have any business in this picture, any more than Rubens's wives, who are all vulgar and ugly. This piece, as you may suppose, is by Rubens. A very good picture of St. Jerome reading, by Guido Reni. There are other pictures in this fourth saloon, but I do not mention them, for the reasons I gave before, in regard to the former.—In the gallery, the wife and son of Vandyke. One of the most perfect productions of this admirable painter; the child in particular is inimitable. A Nativity; the Virgin-mother most beautiful; the child is natural to perfection; he shrinks, and turns himself from the cold air towards the bosom of the Virgin, as if to seek for shelter from the situation a new-born infant must necessarily feel himself exposed to, added to the inclemencies of the weather, without any other protection than that of a ruined stable, or bed than a heap of straw upon which he is laid. This scene is strongly represented by the energetic pencil of the great Corregio. Vandyke's portrait, by himself; a duplicate of what I have seen before at Turin. A Portrait, said to be by Holbens; but I doubt it. A handsome-

some-faced Lucretia ; but her hands lame, and very ill done indeed ; although the dagger is half-buried in her breast, yet it fits the wound so nicely, that no blood, nor any mark of being wounded appears : this is by Titian. A Magdalen transported into Heaven by Angels ; her face fine, and fore-shortened with great judgment in the drawing ; her long yellow hair exceedingly well done, and as much grace as a figure can express thus conveyed by other figures. This picture is by Guido Rheni. A Temptation of St. Anthony, by Brughel ; this painter has here exhibited a wonderful company, all calculated to tease and torment poor St. Anthony, who is more frightened than tempted ; being surrounded with flying monsters vomiting flames, devils and dwarfs riding upon winged fishes, wanton women with scaly tails like mermaids, and a thousand such fancies of dis-tempered brains, that you would think he had been raving in a fever when he composed this piece. There are, I believe, half a dozen more pictures in this gallery than I have mentioned ; but as they do not appear to have any great share of merit, I shall not trouble you with an account of them. Adieu. I fear to miss a post, so I shall only add, that these palaces want new-furnishing and fresh gilding ; both have been fine, but are at present exceedingly out of repair.—The floors all paved with

with brick, and ill painted; too many doors in every room; and, upon the whole, most uncomfortable dwelling-houses; but it seems the Balbis do not inhabit their fine apartments, except when they have a *conversazione*, or assembly; for in general they live as high as their houses admit of, and occupy a few rooms, very much inferior in size, cleanliness, and furniture to those shewn to strangers. I have no more time than to assure you how much I am, &c.

L E T T E R XVII.

Genoa, November 9th.

I HAVE had the good fortune to receive another packet of letters from Turin, which our banker T—— has forwarded to us. I am overjoyed to find, amongst the many agreeable things they contain, that you are perfectly satisfied with me, and very much flattered that you give my catalogue of pictures, roads, &c. the preference to those of * * * * *, &c. &c. but as I am conscious of the partiality of both you and M——, I ought to fear flattering myself on my own discernment. All I can honestly assert is, that I speak the truth to the best of my judgment, and am far from presuming my opinion in works of taste to be what you suppose. Those pictures particularly that are universally admired, and considered as

Chef

Chef d'Oeuvres, I may possibly do injustice to by my descriptions ; but as I know you had rather have any description that can convey some idea of a picture, than have the epithet very fine, very good, &c. repeated without end ; so you must not be surpris'd at the length of my letters, which I fear will increase, even to tediousness, when we shall have reached Rome and Naples. But not to anticipate, by augmenting the present more than is necessary, I shall proceed to inform you, as briefly as I can, of the contents of the palaces of Durazzo, Pallavicine, Doria, &c. as also something of the churches.

An Abigail and David : too much blackened in the shaded parts, and become so pale in the light, as to be almost void of merit. A Picture, the subject of which is, *Render to Cæsar that which belongs to Cæsar*, &c. as fine for colouring as can be wished. But I do not think this subject is very proper to be represented in a picture ; it is not sufficiently marked for a painter to know well what expression and character to give to each figure of the group. David giving the letter containing the order for Uriah's death : This, Guercino has done better than the former ; the most ignorant in the art of painting cannot avoid perceiving the merits of this picture ; particularly in the person of David, to whom this act of tyranny appears by no means familiar ;

familiar ; so that he seems to wish to revoke the order, which at the same time his passions compel him to persist in. It is astonishing how a painter could, in representing one moment of time, convey to the mind of the spectator such a crowd of ideas. Guercino's colouring, in general, is not, in my opinion, very agreeable; there is too much purple and lilak, or a light red purple and white, in almost all his pictures. The woman taken in Adultery, by Julio Cesare Procaccino : the colouring is too red and flaring, and the woman not handsome. A small picture of the Martyrdom of St. Stephen : this is a fine morsel for design, character, colouring, &c. by Caracci. An excellent copy of a famous Magdalene by Titian. Portia swallowing live coals; another copy from Guido. Hagar, her Child, and an Angel : this picture is very interesting; the distress of Hagar is worked up to the highest pitch; the child is in the agonies of death; the forest wild, and the rest of the country parched and dry. The whole picture taken together is well composed; by Carlo Cignani. A beautiful sleeping Child, by Guido. Two philosophers, Democritus and Heraclitus, by Espagnolette : there is a life and a force in the manner of this master, that was he a poet, instead of a painter, we should say, his works inspire more horror than terror and pity. Two or three pictures

pictures of children by Vandyke, as natural as possible ; and a very fine picture of a sleeping Venus and a Satyr ; its only fault is being too red.

In the palace of Marcellino Durazzo are three capital pictures, by Luc Giordano : the subject of the first is Seneca in the Bath. Although this picture is highly esteemed here, yet I think that in the possession of the Duke of Marlborough much superior to it ; for in this the character of Seneca has the baseness of that of a slave, though his disciples possess all the dignity of virtue which should not less appear to belong to their master. In the picture at Blenheim, Seneca's character is finely sustained, and the colouring, I think, is more mellow. The second represents Olindus and Sophronia fastened to a pile of wood ; Clorinda appearing, stops the executioner. The moment the painter has chosen is from these two lines of Tasso :

*Sono ambo stretti al palo stesso, e volto
E il tergo al tergo, il volto ascoso al volto.*

The figure of Sophronia is graceful and charming ; her lover is tolerable ; but Clorinda has not had justice done her : the colouring is rather too yellow, but the light thrown with great judgment. The third is Phineus overcome by the view of Medusa's head : this head and the figure of Perseus

seus fall very short of the excellence that might be expected from Luc Giordano. The next capital picture is by Paul Veronese; the subject the anointing of our Saviour's feet in the house of the Pharisee. This picture is greatly admired by *Connoisseurs*; nevertheless I do not like the Magdalene, one of the principal figures, and the most esteemed; her attitude appears unnatural, the drawing is false, and fails in the keeping; her character that of a common street walker. Paul Veronese had forgot the seven devils were cast out of her long before she performed this act of devotion. However, to see this picture, so as to do it justice, it must be contemplated in a large looking-glass, placed so as to shew its merits to the greatest advantage. As to the carnation of the flesh, and the beauty of the stuffs, Paul is almost without a competitor. A fragment of a picture, representing the crucifixion. More than one half has been consumed by fire; what remains is in the greatest manner, and cannot be too much admired: this is by Tintoretto. A very large picture by Rubens; the subject, Juno sitting in all majesty, having commanded the eyes of Argus to be placed in her peacocks tails; her maid of honour, Miss Iris, in picking them out of Argus's head with a bodkin, and presents them to little Cupids, who are all busy in sticking them into the tails of the peacocks.

The trunk of Argus, but just beheaded, is too well done to bear contemplation; the veins of the neck still spouting blood, is very shocking: the unfeeling characters of Juno and Iris, though well done in themselves, are disgusting, from the inhumanity of their occupations; and, upon the whole, this picture is very disagreeable, upon account of the subject; the drapery being admirable, the grouping fine, and the colouring perfect. A picture representing a High Priest; it is a fine morsel, by Rembrandt. A Holy Family, with St. Elizabeth and St. John: the head of the Virgin, for grace, drawing, and colouring, is admirable. St. Elizabeth is as fine an old woman as can be imagined, and the infant Jesus as perfect in every respect as the most beautiful child can be; *les graces enfantine*, that the French admire so much, *Andrea del Sarto* has hit off in the luckiest manner. This piece is worthy the admiration of the curious. A St. Catherine reading; she is quite alive, and exceedingly handsome; by Carlo Dolci. A portrait of a woman, finely painted, on paper, by Vandyke.—In one of the oratories, a beautiful Madona, by Sasso Ferrato. Another St. Catherine, Queen of Sweden, by Carlo Dolci. Six pictures of Castiglione, greatly esteemed; that which represents a Bacchanal is the best. There are several more pictures worthy of notice in this palace: but I spare you, for
I feel

I feel you wish I had done: however, if hereafter you should be curious about the rest, I can shew you a pocket-hook in which they are all entered: at present I shall add but one more, an original portrait of Anne Boleyn. This picture (as the *Concierge* told us) was presented to the master of the house by a young English nobleman, who sent it from England as a return for some civilities he had received during his residence at Genoa; but he had *forgot his name*. This portrait is very handsome, and is dressed in the fashion of the day, which is curious; a green hat, of an oval form, becomes her wonderfully. I am strongly inclined to believe it an original by the attitude, which is natural to a fault; she wants grace, but is full of good humour. The painter has failed in the hands; the author of this picture is not mentioned in the catalogue.—A basso relievo, in Carara marble, representing an infant Jesus asleep upon a heap of straw. This is by Parodi, and is tolerably well done. There are four statues, by the same, after the manner of Bernini; and two others by Baratta di Carara: not void of merit.—One entire piece of sculpture; the subject, the Rape of Proserpine; the flesh is not destitute of the appearance of flexibility, but the attitudes are extraordinary. This block of marble is so perfect, that if struck with the finger it sounds like a bell: it is also of a beautiful whiteness.

ness. The sculptor's name, Schiafino of Genoa; he worked after the models of the Chevalier Rusconi, his master.—But the only very valuable piece of antique sculpture, is a busto of Vitellius; it is admirable, and so natural, that one instinctively touches the face to try if it will not yield. It has acquired by time, or by having lain in water, certain small punctures on the surface, no statuary would have ventured to have attempted with the chissel, which have an extraordinary good effect. Can you hear of more pictures? Here then are those of the palace of Pallavicini, with which I shall conclude this letter; for happily for you, there is a law-suit in the family* of the present possessor of the paintings contained in the *Palazzo Brignoletti*; so they are taken down and locked up, until the cause shall be decided. My next letter will be amply provided for, by the churches, the villas, the halls for the greater and lesser councils, &c.

The best paintings in the palace of Pallavicini†, are a small Magdalen sitting; on her lap is placed a skull, over which she

* The pictures are (probably) to be divided with the Princess of Monaco; and the present possessor fears to let them be seen, lest some value should be put upon them, and come to the ears of the Princess. Miconi's collection of shells is also in this palace; but cannot be shewn to strangers at present for the same reason.

† Here are some ornaments, cornices, &c. of admirable stucco, smooth as ivory.

is weeping; her tears fall upon the skull, and rolling round the indentures of the head, at length lose themselves in the sockets of the eyes, although she endeavours with her beautiful locks to wipe them away from her cheeks. Her face is angelic; the drawing, colouring, and finishing admirable. This precious morsel is upon copper; but unfortunately the author is condemned to oblivion, for there is no catalogue; and even Cochin has not mentioned this picture. Its pendant is certainly by the same hand, although not equal to the Magdalen. It is a Holy Family, but singular of composition; St. Joseph is listening to an angel, who seems narrating somewhat that surprises him; his emotion is finely expressed; the Virgin reading with such attention that she does not seem sensible to the presence of her divine guest; the infant Jesus sleeps upon the ground.— A large picture of Venus and Adonis just dead; Venus is fainted away; in her countenance paleness and horror are blended with great sweetness; a Cupid having filled a shell with water, is endeavouring upon tiptoe to throw it on her face. This is the finest and most natural figure of a child that can be seen. Adonis, beautiful in death, is wonderfully well executed in every respect; one hand is open, and a dog who is howling by his master, has his fore-paw on the palm of Adonis. This circumstance, which

which may be trifling to read, has a most pathetic effect in the picture; but I know you will feel it, so I should not have called it trifling. This picture is supposed to be by Vandyke.—Another very large piece, and which is well done. On the foreground is a young man, whose surprise, fear, and consternation, are mingled in his face; he is finely contrasted by a venerable figure who appears perfectly calm on the occasion. This picture, it seems, represents a Miracle, performed in Genoa a great while since; namely, a young man being thrown from his horse, St. Peter appeared to him, and cut off one of the legs of the horse, and as quickly joined it on again, in such a manner that there was no visible difference between the leg that had been severed and the others. This is the moment the painter has taken for the subject of his piece.—A picture of Diana and Actæon, with her nymphs; it appears to be by Albani. Several of the nymphs finely done, their heads in particular extraordinarily graceful, but the landscape is poorly drawn.—A Holy Family, and St. Jerome, by Titian; a very fine picture. And a morsel by Bassano, which does not, in respect of colouring, resemble the other performances I have seen of this master; it is very grey, but has his manner, his ease, and his richness of pencil. In this palace are some prophets and some portraits that are

are good *. Adieu. We shall leave Genoa in a few days.

LETTER XVIII.

November 11th.

WOULD you believe it? the post-books are so wrong, that the road they mention from hence to Florence (we have discovered) is only practicable for mules; for no carriage can pass it. Thus shall we be obliged to measure back our steps as far as Novi, and from thence to Tortona, &c. for, as to a sea voyage from hence to Leghorn (although many strangers, and even English have frequently made it), it is not absolutely without danger. A south-west wind may cause some difficulties; the accommodations on board

* You have heard often of the magnificent furniture of these palaces; it is very true that the rooms are for the most part hung with velvet and damask, and the chairs covered with the same; but you must take into the account that these materials are manufactured at Genoa, and that India paper is more expensive in England than damask here; also, these palaces are seldom new furnished, from twenty to fifty years they leave the same hangings up; so that, upon the whole, this apparent finery proves very good economy. And when the velvet chair-covers begin to wear, they take them off, and having cut out leaves and flowers of any old fragments of sattins they have by them, sew it over the worn-out places, and with a gimp as thick as a whipcord work round the edges of the flowers, or pattern; this has even a better effect than the velvet covers had at first. Thus they repair the old furniture at a very slight expence.

board the boats are wretched; in short, we have no idea of this manner of reaching Florence by Leghorn. By the road we are determined to take, we shall pass through Parma and Piacenza to Bologna; from all which places you may be sure I shall write; for this is the last letter you will receive from Genoa, as we propose quitting this town in a day or two, having seen every thing worthy and unworthy of the curiosity of strangers. Churches, senate-house, I should have said the halls of the Great and Lesser Councils; galley-slaves, inquisition, miscellaneous anecdotes of assassinations, penances, theatre, charities, villas, &c. still remain to fill this letter; so you must expect a large packet, though I shall endeavour to be as concise as possible, consistent with the accuracy you require of me.

The Jesuits Church is built in a very singular manner. A range of domes, one after the other, on each side of the middle ayle, give this church too much the air of a theatre. The paintings in *fresco* are well done; the principal pictures are, an Assumption of the Virgin, consisting of twenty-six figures; this is an admirable performance; the shades are brown and strong, and the opposition of *chiar oscuro* finely preserved. It is by Guido.—Over the great altar, is a fine picture, by Rubens, representing the Circumcision; the figure

figures are judiciously grouped, the whole of great character, and the colouring good. Another still better, by this master, of a Jesuit exorcising a Demoniac; this piece is in a great style and manner; the lights and shades finely distributed, and the stuffs rich and glowing.—In the cathedral, but one good picture, which appears to be by Tiziano; the subject, the Adoration of the Magi. The Virgin-mother and little Christ are of the most perfect beauty.—In the church of Carignano, a good picture of St. Francis receiving the *Stigmates*, by Guercino.—The Martyrdom of St. Basil is finely composed, and the whole is in a great manner, although by Carlo Maratti; from whose time may be dated the decline of the art of painting in Italy.

In the Church of the *Annonciata*, over the door of entrance, is a Last Supper, by Julio Cesare Procaccino; we must regret its being so much blackened, and otherwise spoiled, as it has been a very fine picture. The painting in the cupola is not contemptible.—In the Sacristy are four pictures, by Sarzano; and two others by one Giocino Giorretto. That which represents Esau selling his birth-right, is the best: there is great spirit and force in the figures. This church is (to my taste) the finest in Genoa. On entering, the solemnity and majesty which ought to accompany every temple is wonderfully striking,
Where

Where through the long-drawn ayle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

As our inn (the Post-house) is very near this church, we have oftener visited it, than we might otherwise have done. Here is a profusion of marble, the lustre of which dazzles the sight; and certain twisted columns of a very rare species, resembling the finest clouded agate, and Egyptian pebbles assembled together in large masses; the mouldings, friezes, &c. all gilt; the pillars that support the roof are marble, fluted, and finely veined with red; the steps up to the altar, the ballustrades, &c. are all of marble, white as snow. Prostrate on these steps, we saw a very old man, poorly dressed, who licked them with his tongue, describing crosses, from one end to the other of the steps; this he repeated every day at the same hour. I was curious to know why this man persevered in so singular and disgusting a penance; upon inquiry, I learnt from our *Ciceroni*, that during his youth he had been employed in the tobacco manufactory; that he had been remarkably debauched; and that his profession of faith was, to fear nothing here or hereafter. That, to the *Ciceroni's* own knowledge, he had committed more than twelve assassinations; the motive for the greatest number of these murders had

been his most violent choler, and an insatiable thirst of revenge. He grew very rich, quitted his business, married, and had three or four children; one of his sons was killed a few years ago on the steps of this church, by a barber who bore him malice. This murderer now keeps a shop in the neighbourhood, which the *Ciceroni* shewed me. To avoid falling into the hands of justice, he concealed himself on board an English or Dutch ship for a short time; after which he re-appeared and continued his business. This is no uncommon plan at Genoa; *un colpo di coltello* is seen in much the same light here, as the bruises and contusions acquired by the athletic disciples of the renowned Slack and Nailer in England. But to return to the old sinner; having lived in riot and debauchery until he had wasted all his substance, his vices forsaking him, and the weakness and infirmities of old age having also deprived him of his courage, he began to doubt whether he might not have made a mistake, and determined to take a bond of Fate, by making a bargain with Heaven, (in case there should happen to be any power to call him to account) although the conditions might be hard; for this purpose he sent for a priest, a confessor, who recommended to him the above humiliation of licking, with some score of *Avés* and *Paters* by way of *douceur*; these he has duly paid Heaven every day

day for these ten years past. He also has the misfortune to depend upon one of his sons for a slender subsistence, which is seasoned with reproaches and curses for his tedious existence in this world. This wretched old man has attained the great age of eighty-four, and may possibly arrive at that of an hundred, for he does not look near so old as he really is. I could not resist an impulse to rally our *Ciceroni*, (who had put on a face of edification) with hoping he might be entitled to a seat in an arbour in Paradise, if when he should become old, he carefully cleaned the marble steps in the same manner; but he replied, that any thing might be purchased at too dear a rate; and that no priest, or any other person, should persuade him to submit to such humiliation and mortification. — I believe I have not mentioned the church of St. Luca; it is painted by Piola (the father); the manner resembles Pietro da Cortona and Rubens; but there are absurdities in the drawing, and falseness in the colouring. In one of the chapels is a picture by Benedetto di Castiglione; the heads are beautiful and highly finished; the drapery is elegant and light, without being meagre; the animals and basket are natural, but the whole is too red. I think I have not omitted any church worth mentioning, though I am not insensible to your want of patience on the subject; for I re-

member your fatigue at Paris two successive mornings, that we went church-hunting, and that at our return you had formed such a medley in your head of what we had seen, that I could scarcely prevail upon you to give your opinion upon any of them, or even repeat your visit. Let others dispose of their charities as they may, I am sure you will never build a church. However, as there are many more still to be seen in Italy, endeavour, if you can, to consider them rather in the light of collections of paintings, of sculpture, &c. Put priests and monks, with their croaking of masses, out of your head, and the separating these ideas which you have (I suppose) connected closely together, may enable you to read with less weariness, what you will frequently have accounts of from these regions of superstition and priestcraft.

Agreeable to the order I proposed observing in the beginnings of this letter, I now proceed to give you some account of the Doge's palace, or of the *Seigneurie*, as it is here called. It is vast, but by no means beautiful. The first objects that are striking, after entering the court, are two marble statues placed upon the staircase, larger than the life; they represent the Dorias; they have Roman cuirasses, and on the pedestal of the first is the following fine inscription:

ANDREA

ANDREA DORIA QUOD REMPUBLICAM DIUTIUS OPPRESSAM PRISTINAM IN LIBERTATEM VINDICAVERINT, PATRI PROINDE PATRIÆ APPELLATO SENATUS JANUENSIS IMMORTALIS MEMOR BENEFICII VIVENTI POSUIT.

Upon the pedestal of the second is engraved,

JO. ANDRÆ DORIA PATRIÆ LIBERTATIS
CONSERVATORI.

S. C. P.

These statues are good blocks of marble, spoiled by the chissel of an ignorant sculptor.

The first great *Salle* is that of the council; it is painted in *fresco*, by Franceschini, and represents the battle of Pisa; The scaling of the walls of Jerusalem by the Genoese; The Moors drove out of Spain; and, A Doge granting freedom to a King of Arragon and his family. These paintings are very indifferent. In the middle of the ceiling, the city of Genoa is represented in an allegorical manner, treading upon Fortune, &c. &c. the perspective is tolerable, but the painting cold.—Seven

statues of marble are placed in niches, which have been erected in honour of certain patriots and benefactors of this city; but they are poorly executed.—The second *Salle* is that of the little council, or where the privy-council is held. One end is elevated in the manner of a platform, or tribunal; in the center of which is the chair destined for the Doge, having opposite to it a kind of writing-table; on each side of the Doge is a chair for a senator. The sides have seats for ten more senators. When a *noble* has any matter to propose, a little chair is placed for him on the same platform. This *Salle* is decorated with three very large pictures, by Solimene. One is partly hid by the canopy placed over the Doge's chair; the subject, the Landing of Christopher Columbus in America, and the setting up of the cross. It does not appear finished, and the transition of the shading is almost as sudden as from black to white. The other end of the *Salle* represents the Procession of the ashes of St. John the Baptist entering Genoa in triumph. There is much confusion in the grouping of the figures, and the *coloris* has the same fault with the first. On the ceiling is painted the *Massacre* of the children of the Justiniani family (who were sovereigns of the island of Cyprus) by the command of the Emperor Solymán; it is almost impossible to distinguish the figures sufficiently to judge

judge of their merits or faults; the *oscuro* is so black, and there is so much of it, that you cannot distinguish the distribution of the different objects; however, Cochin says much in its commendation. The cornice, frieze, and the whole of the architecture, is not only false, but ridiculous. There are figures painted in both the *Salles* by Parodi; they are what the French call in *Grisaille*, and have but a small share of merit in my opinion. So much for the Senate-house.

The Arsenal contains nothing very curious. Over the door of entrance appears one of those naval prows of iron, by the Romans called *Rostrums*; it is thin, much worn, and fractured in several places; being hollow within, and projecting about eighteen inches, its termination seems to represent, in a rude manner, a wild boar's head; the following inscription is placed under:

VETUSTIORIS HOC ÆVI ROMANI ROSTRUM
IN EXPURGANDO PORTU ANNO MDXCVII
ERECTUM UNICUM HUCUSQ. VISUM, EX-
IMLÆ MAJORUM IN RE NAUTICA GLORIÆ
DICAVERE CONCIVES.

The following palaces we could not see; Brigniolette, Caregha, Andrea Doria, and S. Pietro: the furniture, pictures, &c. of the two former are all taken down, and the property disputed between the two families, occasioned by a recent marriage; the married parties are at law for a part, or the whole of the moveables. The two latter are absolutely refused to strangers, for what reason I could not discover. I believe I have already mentioned to you in a former letter, the reasons why we could not see the Brigniolette; but if I have, you will excuse this repetition, as I always write amidst hurry, and interruptions.

Before I mention the villas or country-palaces, the bridge of *Carignan* and the *Albergo di Poveri* merit attention. This bridge conducts you to the church of *Carignan*. The arches are of a stupendous height, 240 Genoese palms, and 30 broad [a palm here consists of eight inches]. It unites a mountain to the town: and is said to have been constructed at the expence of a citizen, a descendant of one of the founders of the church, in order to render the frequenting this church more convenient to his household. The *Albergo* is a building of great extent, and does honour to the Genoese; serving at once for charitable uses, as well as for a house of correction. One wing is appropriated to the females, the other to the males: that for the females is divided

divided amongst illegitimate females, legitimate orphans, and those children, who having lost either father or mother, are by such a misfortune deprived of the care, education, and maintenance they might otherwise have been entitled to: also the *donne banditte*, or disorderly women, and citizens wives and daughters of irregular lives, who have been previously condemned for their conduct by the court of the holy inquisition. Their confinement or enlargement, after a limited time, is proportioned to their reformation; of which the inquisitor general is to judge. The ward of legitimate females consists at present of 450; who are taught embroidery, knitting, and plain-work; are well clothed and fed, and often marry into rich burghers families; the tradesmen frequently seeking wives from amongst them; they being allowed to marry when application is made to the *Dame of the Misericordie*, who is always one of the first of the *nobleſſe*, and who honours these girls with her care and protection. In the same manner there is a *Chevalier*, who does not think himself dishonoured by taking the like charge in regard to the males. These protectors * are present at the marriage ceremony; nor are the girls refused

K 5 to

* This gentleman and lady are at the head of a council of five persons, who are chosen from amongst the *Nobleſſe*, and are appointed to decide upon the deserts of the subjects.

to return home to their relations or friends, when proper application is made for them. The men, the legitimate and illegitimate children, the *donne banditte*, (who are quite separate from the rest) poor old infirm people past their labour, and who are here maintained during the remainder of their days, occupy three wings of this building; the fourth is for strangers and the servants of the Hospital. Poor people who cannot afford themselves lodging places, having previously proved to the council their necessitous circumstances, obtain beds, and are always offered a bowl of soup and a pound and half of bread before they depart in the morning. All strangers of every country, and poor travellers, are allowed to lodge and eat as mentioned above. A priest seated, with a *religieuse* on either hand, remain the whole day in a kind of public hall, where they receive all proposals and complaints, and adjust accounts and differences, of which they make returns to the *Dame*, the *Chevalier*, and the council of five. The boys who are about five hundred at present, are taught all sorts of handicrafts, and if they have no friends or relations to protect them, when fit to earn their bread, are set up in different trades, at the charge of the fund, which is very considerable; many of the citizens having bequeathed great

great sums to this hospital *. The chapel is built in the form of a cross; the altar placed in the middle. Here is a *basso relievo* by Michael Angelo, which is a *chef d'œuvre*. It represents a dead Christ and the Virgin, in the usual attitude of that subject, distinguished in Italy by the name of a *Pieta*. We were so struck with the transcendent perfection of this piece of sculpture, that we contemplated it in silence for near half an hour, before we could find words to expatiate upon its amazing excellence. It is scarce credible, that a mere mortal should arrive at such a height of perfection in this art, without the aid of some superior order of beings. In short, was I to attempt to speak of it as it deserves, the idea you would form must fall so short of the originals, that I will not do it the injustice to endeavour at a description. And where were thy eyes, O deceived Lalande! This Frenchman speaks thus, vol. i. p. 490, “ *La Chapelle de l' Albergo est jolie ; on y voit un bas relief de Michael Ange ; c'est la tete d'un Vierge qui voit Jesus Christ*

* The statues of the principal benefactors decorate this hospital. Those who have given all their wealth are represented sitting; others standing, and some only in busto, according as they have bequeathed, to the amount of an hundred thousand livres, or more than twenty five thousand livres Genoese. This distinction of sculpture is intended to encourage an emulation amongst the rich citizens. But all these statues are very indifferent performances.

Christ mort, et sur le maître autel une belle assomption en marbre, du Puget. Sa tête a quelque chose de divin."

" A ce noble couroux

" Je reconnois mon sang."

Here is a virgin ascending to heaven as a *dame d'atour* would ascend the great staircase at Versailles. What flouncing and plaiting of drapery, what plunging and fluttering; but it is no matter, a Frenchman guided the chissel. *Sa tête a quelque chose de divin.* If she had had a *chignon à la du Barré*, a *toupet bien frisée*, et des *boucles mignonnes en maron*, Lalande would have been in ecstasy.

There are others beside this hospital, where the sick are said to be equally attended to; but I have been very exact, and even tedious in regard to the *Albergo*; as we inquired particularly, and went there ourselves to have ocular demonstration of what we had heard. But before I quit the topic of charity, I think it but just to mention one private family who are worthy members indeed of any republic, let their profession of faith be what it will. The *Cambeaces*, of which there are now five families, were originally sprung from trade, being merchants; about an hundred years since they were ennobled. They give every day a bowl of soup and a pound of bread

to each of the poor who present themselves at their gate ; if it so happen, that at any time there is not sufficient of soup for all, the grown persons receive four sols each, and the children two. The number of poor is generally from three to five hundred : they are for the most part strangers, French, Piedmontese, Lombards, and Milanese ; for there are not many natives of the republic in such necessitous circumstances as to want bread. They give, once a year, to poor women who apply for it, a smock, and a corset and petticoat ; to the men, a shirt, a great coat with a hood to it, a pair of breeches and shoes. At the end of the year, those who present themselves in the cloaths that had been given them, are immediately new clad ; but others who shew no remains of the late bounty, have their conduct strictly scrutinised ; as some unworthy objects have been known to abuse the goodness of this family, by pretending to be in distressed circumstances, and have vilely disposed of the charitable donations they had received. However, all possible caution is used to prevent imposition, as a certificate of the *curée* of the parish is generally required, in order to ascertain the truth in regard to their poverty, &c. One of the brothers, late a very considerable banker, I think at Venice, bequeathed, at his death, an income for ever to this charity, equal to that proportion of his

his fortune which he had annually devoted to it. I forgot to mention that a little of the soup out of the great boiler is always carried to one of the family to taste, before it is distributed to the poor, lest by the want of attention. or neglect of servants, it should not be good. We both had also the curiosity to taste it, and found it very good pease-soup. This charity is thought by some people to augment the number of poor; possibly it may; but surely this family *ought not to lose their reward*. It is remarkable that the great expence which they are at, has by no means diminished their circumstances; as they have, for more than a *century* past, been increasing in riches.

As the quay where the galleys lie is not far from our inn, I have been to see them; we had no sooner reached it, than we met a whole posse of gallerians extremely drunk, and good humoured. It seems it was St. Martin's day, and a high festival amongst the galley slaves. They all with one voice cried out to us, in very bad Italian, to this effect; illustrious personages, give a little money to poor Christians, who have entirely abandoned Mahomet, and have taken to the worthy cause of Christianity. We complied with the request, to get rid of their clamour, when having but just passed them, I started at a most strange and sudden noise, which was immediately followed by

by bursts of applause and laughter ; I turned to see what had happened, when, lo ! one of the good Christians having tumbled into a porridge-pot, lay extended on the pavement, invoking all Mahomet's Paradise to his succour. Having reached a large galley, we went on board by the means of planks instantly put out from it for that purpose. They received us most hospitably, and seated us on a kind of elevated deck at one end, which is protected from the sun. In a few moments appeared a small band of musicians, chained two and two ; for the polite arts are not unknown on board the galleys ; so great a variety of people, of every rank and condition in life, are there (unhappily) to be found. Their music was by no means bad, but the wretched appearance of the musicians shocked me at first, particularly their poor legs, which were naked, almost black, and, of some, the flesh had partly grown over their fetters. Whilst these were playing, others brought us biscuits and coffee. Not having much stomach for music or refreshments, I expressed my wish to walk along the galley, in order to shorten a visit, the strange appearance of our hosts rendered irksome to me. I thought I should never have reached the end ; the slaves chained to the oars imploring us to listen to the detail of their calamitous situation, and to give them money. The galleys are really of a
 very

very great length, though I allow my uneasiness helped to lengthen this. The Turkish prisoners on board of them are computed at about 350 at present. There are seldom any women taken; when that happens, they are presented to the noble Genoese ladies, who employ them in the most menial departments of their households. In time of war each galley carries about 400 men, eighteen pieces of nine pounders, and two of sixteen; each piece of cannon is served by six men, two of which are Turks, two of the condemned Genoese, and the other two of those who have sold themselves to the republic. In time of peace, and in the summer (the only season they can put out to sea), each galley carries 200 men only; they have thirty livres *per* month wages) and all maintenance. A tax raised, of eight sols the head, is levied upon each Genoese, for the permission to eat butter, eggs, and cream in Lent; which money is appropriated to defray the expences of the galleys. Also each noble pays from fifty to an hundred livres for himself and family, for the enjoyment of the above privilege; which, upon calculation, amounts to about 20,000 livres annually. This sum goes also to the support of their galleys. Besides Turks who have been taken prisoners, and those Genoese condemned for their crimes, for a limited time, or for life, there are a third sort who
 sell

sell themselves; amongst whom are Italians
 of other states, Piedmontese, and even
 French, who offer themselves to sale for
 two years certain, for sixty livres; but
 many of them have been known to have
 continued slaves for the rest of their lives.
 Those who behave well, live much more
 comfortably than their fellows: and there
 is always a considerable distinction made
 between these voluntary bond-men and their
 companions; they, for instance, are allow-
 ed to have little shops, or sheds, on the
 quay, and make matts, knit stockings,
 sell pedlary goods, and some keep little
 coffee houses, or *lemonadiers*. These are
 all chained to their shops; but the chains
 being pretty long, they can walk about in
 them, and even backward and forward be-
 fore their doors. Others (according to
 their conduct) are permitted to go all over
 the town chained in couples, (which I
 mentioned in a former letter) and hawk
 about fish, matts, &c. but there is always
 a kind of governor, or master, who
 watches their motions. Sometimes it has
 happened that these poor creatures, coupled
 together, quarrel, frequently from as trif-
 ling a cause as one's wishing to go one way,
 and the other a different way; these dis-
 putes have risen to such a height, that the
 consequences might have terminated at
 once their slavery and their lives, had they
 not been timely separated. On the other
 hand,

hand, friendships have commenced from the similitude of their common misfortunes; so that the greatest harmony subsists amongst some of them. There is one man, who has been chained to his little shop on the quay, where he has vended coffee and *liqueurs* for eighteen years past; and by his industry acquired upwards of forty thousand livres: he offered ten thousand to Prince D. for the purchase of his liberty, but the Prince demanded twenty, and the gallerian thought that even freedom might be bought too dear; therefore he is still a slave, bare footed, his head shaved, and wears a loose short *redingotte* of coarse cloth lined with a kind of shag; nor seems to indulge himself with any convenience or comfort of life, more than his comrades, though so much richer. However, to prevent Prince D. and the other magistrates from profiting by his death, he has entered into partnership with a younger slave whom he has made his heir.

Upon the whole, I own the idea I had acquired in England, of the wretched situation of a galley slave, was exaggerated, perhaps by my own imagination's forming a picture much too strong from what I had read or heard. To those gallerians who were originally poor and hard labouring people, the being a galley slave is in some respects scarcely to be deemed a misfortune; a very little industry, added to a tolerable

tolerable conduct, in a short time procures them a competency; the loss of their liberty is to them but comparative; the confinement of a chain of ten yards long, or the inconsiderable Genoese state, where the government called a Republic is as despotic as a Monarchy. The state frequently permits the galley slaves to work at any building, &c. private or public; they have ten sols *per* day for their labour, besides a small monthly allowance of tobacco from the Republic.

The principal distinction between the converts and the Turks seems to be the not working and the not getting drunk; the first (no doubt) in right of their faith, claim a title to inebriate themselves upon the bounty of the devots.

The family of Angelo Merio bequeathed an annual rent to maintain a fifth galley, which does not subsist; nor are the two cannon cast annually, as mentioned by Lalande. Both these bounties sink into the private purses of the guardians of the bequests. I think I forgot to mention that the famous collection of shells called the *miconys*, [see Addison] is no longer shewn to strangers. I believe I have given you as succinct an account of the galleys as you can reasonably expect, so shall change the subject for that of the Inquisition.

This holy court, or rather human slaughter-house, has not the same degree of power

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er here, as in Spain or Portugal. It affects neither the rich nor the great. The sweets of confiscation are no longer within its reach; nor that influence which it gives them over the private transactions of noble families, and over the persons of the females of the first rank, as in Spain. (When we meet I have some curious anecdotes to impart to you upon this subject, which I had from the A—— of S——, but I cannot hazard the retailing this conversation in a letter). Notwithstanding they are not endowed with the plenitude of power they wish for, yet they contrive to keep themselves employed from time to time; and are seldom without some subject upon whom to exercise their holy zeal. Lalande says but little of the Inquisition, but that little is by no means *precise*. I suppose he was in a great fright: his words are, [see vol. iii. p. 502.] “ *Elle n'est point severe* : les prisons du saint office ne renferment actuellement qu'un medecin, nommé Riva, dont la folie etoit de prêcher l'atheisme, et qui depuis 25 ans n'a jamais voulu se retracter, pour sortir de prison.” Thus he represents this anecdote; the fact is, that a physician of the name of Riva was released from the prisons of the Inquisition, after a confinement of twenty five years. It does not appear he had been accused of preaching at all, consequently not of preaching atheism.

ism. He is a native of Genoa, and universally allowed to have been a man of very great parts and learning. We have made all the inquiry possible in regard to his principles and opinions, and the whole of the information we can obtain (and that from rigid Papists) is, that he explained texts of Scripture with a freedom that displeased the Inquisitors. And his present asylum at Geneva, whither he is retired, is a presumptive proof of his inclination to the protestant religion, rather than to atheism. There is now living in this city a man * * * * *; he was in the prisons of the Inquisition three years; his crime was polygamy; having married a wife in France, he chose to encumber himself with another at Genoa. (*Chaqu'un à son gout*) this man did not deny the fact alleged against him; but the Holy Fathers, notwithstanding, frequently put him to two of those horrible tortures mentioned by Limborch; namely, the forcing the tongue out of the mouth to a great length by a kind of pincers: and the pressing the fingers together, so as to produce exquisite pain, by the means of a screw* contrived to produce this effect. Besides this, one of the good Dominicans would often, for amusement, have the back of this wretched creature stripped,

* See Limborch's History of the Inquisition, &c. under the articles Tortures.

stripped, and the man tied down with his face to the ground, whilst the good father, with his own hands, beat him with a stick for half an hour at a time *. During this man's confinement, there was also a female prisoner detained for the very same crime; but as she possessed some *agrémens*, her *punishments* were of another nature. A man who assumed the habit of a Capuchin Monk in Corsica for some years, administered the sacrament there, and performed other church offices peculiar to priests, had his head scalped in the Inquisition in the year 1762, his thumb and fore-finger flea'd; and after having experienced all the various "secrets of the prison-house," in a course of twenty months, was sent to the galleys for life. It is not possible to ascertain how many prisoners there are at any time in the Inquisition, or how long they have been there, &c. those whom they have power over are first sent to the common prisons of the city, from whence they are conveyed suddenly and privately to the prison of the holy court; their removal is so well concealed, that their families and friends send them provisions daily to the common prison, long after they have been removed to that of the Inquisition.

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* This poor man told these circumstances, under a promise of secrecy to the person from whom we had them, and who did not esteem it a breach of trust, as we were strangers.

The power of the Inquisitors is esteemed by the Genoese a mere bugbear; judge then what it must be in other countries where they are invested with all the plenitude of sway the Dominicans desire. Can we ever sufficiently acknowledge the being born in a country, and under a government, where this bloody tribunal is unknown, and from whence Popery, with all her train of mischiefs, has been totally banished?

I believe you will not object to quitting the Gallies and the Inquisition for another subject. We were last night at the play (for at present there is no opera); the theatre is rather large than small, but not beautiful, either as to architecture or painting. All the boxes below stairs are shut in with *jalousies*, except when the owners choose to shew themselves to the audience; at which time they light them up with wax candles, and the *jalousies* are removed. I think the play we saw meant to be a tragedy, as Harlequin kills several people on the stage; but it cannot be esteemed an epic poem; for, to the best of my knowledge, there was neither beginning, middle, nor end. This piece of confusion began at seven o'clock, and lasted till eleven. Several pistols were fired to rouse the attention of the audience. There were magicians, devils, constables, fine ladies, robbers, princes, ambassadors, and troops of
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of wooden horses. The audience talked louder than the actors. The ladies turn their backs to the stage, which has an impertinent, ill-bred appearance. There was dancing, and no respite between the acts. It seemed to me, the actors might have continued killing each other, till not a man remained alive to speak the epilogue; but I suppose the piece ended from their being, through fatigue, disabled to proceed, or the play might have lasted till now.

We have passed a couple of fine days most agreeably, in seeing the villa-palaces and gardens, though they disappointed our expectations in many respects; for were the possessors English, neatness, order, propriety, and consistency would unite their aid to dress Nature. Instead of which, we find water, trees, and ground, as if arranged by the Holy Tribunal. The first confined in ill-shaped basons, or spirted out of leaden pipes, without any kind of meaning, or end proposed, but that of procuring an ill-natured amusement for the company and gardener, by spoiling the clothes, and wetting such people as servants, &c. who dare not shew any resentment. The trees are cut, clipped, and tortured into fans, bells inverted, umbrellas, &c. and the ground torn up to make a sort of hanging-gardens and parterres *a l'Angloise*. However, there is one garden

den which has escaped the general fate; it belongs to a Doria who usually resides at Rome (I think his additional name is Pamfili). These gardens are, more properly speaking, orchards of orange and lemon trees, as large as old apple-trees, and are loaded with fruit whose branches bend beneath their golden burden. There is a sort of cottage situated upon the summit of a rising ground, and embosomed in a thicket of the above trees, where strangers are permitted to dine. The people who belong to its owner provided us a dinner, consisting chiefly of fish and fruit, with tolerable wine, at no very immoderate price. The garden slopes suddenly down to the road; at the end is an iron pallisade painted green, and immediately on the other side of the road you have the sea, which appears to the greatest advantage, there being no surf. The sun was setting, and shone with such refulgent beams upon the orange-trees, pomegranates, and myrtle in blossom, that I could have fancied myself in the garden of the Hesperides; nothing was wanting to augment the deception, except the dragon, whose presence I would rather supply by the force of imagination.

Behind the villa is a rising ground, well planted with ilex, or ever-green oak; it is ill kept, and much neglected, but admits of being made extremely beautiful. The pipes and conveyances of water, to

produce *jets d'eau*, &c. have cost a great deal of money, and are seldom in order. There is near this forest of ilexes a pretence to a piece of water, with a wretched morsel of rock-work in the midst, distinguished by the appellation of *un Isole*. This piece of machinery is lined with pipes, a man concealed from sight soon convinces the too curious visiter that there may still remain a *Ligurian* in the territory of Genoa; for after he has taken the trouble to ascend a painful kind of steep wood-walk, and seated himself under the protecting shade of some of these venerable ilexes, unsuspecting of the treacherous entertainment the man of the island has prepared for him; all on a sudden, the ilexes, from every branch, pour down an abundant shower, the bank he sits on answer the descending rains with repeated efforts, till a general engagement of squirts concludes the amusement.—In a small inclosure of this wood, we perceived a wild boar, sow and pigs, who, ramping on the wall, expected bread from us, they having been in some measure tamed. We could not see the villa; the servants said it was in so bad a condition within, that they could not possibly shew it, assuring us there was neither picture, statue, nor any thing worth looking at.

As to the other villas, those of Durazza, Spinola, and another whose owner's name I forget,

I forget, their plans are so well calculated for the great heats, that they are at present bleak, raw, and windy; no fires, no window or bed curtains; the rooms all washed with water colour (painted in *fresco*); the floors bricked. The outsides of these palaces are the most beautiful part, seen at a proper distance; the marble glistening in the sea, and the architecture (frequently) strikingly noble in the elevations, give a great idea of the wealth and noble manners of the modern Genoese. But, alas! where is that consistency the want of which you and I used to complain of in the Luxembourg, the Louvre, Versailles, &c. it is not to be found at Genoa. We are agreed, that we have seen a sufficient number of villas, to entitle us to trust to our imaginations for the beauties of those we have not seen.

I pass this evening at home by the side of a great wood fire, for it rains hard, and the sea-breeze is very cold. On looking here and there over this letter, I find I have omitted to make mention of the Armory. The greatest curiosity it contains is, in my opinion, certain armour which some heroines made use of, in a Crusade to the Holy Land, in the year 1301, and the Pontificate of Boniface VIII. In the archives, are said, to be deposited three letters of his Holiness's concerning these Genoese ladies. This armour is nicely

contrived for women, yet there are some ridiculous peculiarities belonging to it. Amongst other singular warlike matters, a wooden cannon, and a sword with a pistol in it, seemed to me the most extraordinary.

The famous Emerald Vase, supposed such by many travellers, the Genoese themselves do not pretend to be any thing more than a composition, which for a considerable time had imposed upon the vulgar, but was, at present, become too gross a deception to elude even their eyes, though exposed to view through the medium of superstition and bigotry.

Do you wish to form an idea of what sort of animal a Doge is? He consists in appearance of shades of crimson; his robes are crimson velvet, stockings, shoes, &c. all red; a square cap on his head, which is also of a crimson colour, with a tuft of flame-coloured silk in the middle. We met him on foot, his chair following, and with only two attendants, one of which talked to him; there was nothing fierce nor terrific in his face. If you are curious to know about the electing of Doges; how many there have been, and who, and how numerous have been the illustrious persons Genoa has produced, I refer you to Lalande; who will give you ample satisfaction in regard to these particulars, and shall content myself with mentioning only two illustrious men, Christopher Columbus, and

and Andrea Doria; I leave you to moralize upon the different genius of these two plants from the same soil.—As I dare say you will not give yourself the trouble to read Lalande's remarks on the manufactures of Genoa, I inform you in as few words as possible, that the reputation this superb city has acquired for the beauty of her velvets and damasks is not unmerited. If Candide was to see them, he might venture to pronounce them the best of all possible velvets; yet I like those of Lyons better for men's clothes. Their artificial flowers are admirable. I think their gold filagree perfect, and executed in an exceeding good taste; I have purchased some of the best of their productions in this workmanship. You know how great an admirer I am of the purity and other qualities of this metal, though no votary of Plutus. Harlequin and I agree well enough in opinion (see *L'embaras des richesses*). Their territory produces scarcely any thing; yet they have plenty of whatever they can want from all quarters of the world. I cannot omit mentioning to you one singular branch of Genoese commerce; for such it is, since thereby the state is a gainer; this is dried mushrooms, of which they export such quantities, that it is computed Spain alone returns them yearly for this article the sum of fifty thousand livres. We were curious to taste them, and our host

had the complaisance to send to our table an ample dish of these funguses, well soaked and stewed in oil. This *buona roba*, as he styled it, was too much for me; however, I determined to taste it, which was all I could do. The Republic will never be a gainer by me in this branch of trade, though self-compelled to render them both principal and interest.

I should not omit mentioning that the ramparts extending all round the port, form a most agreeable walk, commencing at the convent called St. Antonio's, and ending at the *Fanal*, or Light-house. The height of this tower is 364 Genoese palms. From the rampart you see all the suburbs and the heights above the *bourg Bisagno*, which *bourg* consists of a great number of houses, palaces, and gardens, and they being upon very unequal ground, produce a singular, though beautiful effect. From hence is seen also the hill d'Albaño, and all the forts for the defence of the town.

M—— is gone out, he has left his *portefeuille* behind, and I have seized the opportunity of copying some of its contents. You may be sure I shall give you a most faithful copy, nor presume to add or diminish. Addison insinuates, page 7, that the people of Genoa appear poor; on the contrary, they seem rich and industrious: the state indeed is poor, though its particulars are rich. The public charities of the

the individuals of Genoa surpass perhaps those of any other country in Europe of its extent and revenue, witness the vast number of churches and convents founded and endowed by particular citizens, the great hospital by voluntary contribution, the Albergo, the Port Frene, the house for three hundred girls by one subject, the church and bridge of Carignan by another, a foundation for the maintenance of two hundred and forty nuns of the order of St. Theresa by the Brignoli family, who are obliged to attend the Foundling Hospital and the Albergo. Marcellinus Durazzo's little college for twelve poor boys of noble parentage: this building joins on to his own palace: they are found in every thing at his sole expence, and have proper masters to qualify them for different professions according to their several abilities and inclinations. The Genoese nobility are great œconomists; and may be worth generally from 1200 *l. per annum*, to 3, 4, and 5000 pounds Sterling; though few of them have a revenue equal to the latter, excepting the families of Durazzo and Doria. They very seldom give entertainments, or even have their friends to eat with them. I had it from good authority, that few of the Genoese nobility spend more in the ordinary expences of their household than one thousand pounds Sterling *per annum*: thus must they be always rich while they

restrain their wants within such reasonable bounds. They have an œconomical manner of lodging the whole family in one palace; for example, in that of Durazzo, the three sons with their wives, children, servants, &c. together with the father's family, all occupy different apartments under the same roof. As the nobles always wear black, their dress is not expensive to them. They are not much addicted to play, nor to field-sports, nor are there many coaches kept here. The present families inhabit the palaces as their grandfathers and great-grandfathers left them; and until the velvet and damask will no longer stick together, they have no notion of new furnishing. The ancestors of the nobles enriched themselves chiefly by commerce. They in general love the French, and hate the Piedmontese; a very few of the principal families seem attached to the English, but the greater number dislike them. The people pretend a partiality to that nation; perhaps they have their views; as but few of them are disinterested. If the Genoese (at least the nobles) were to choose a master, they would undoubtedly prefer France. I believe it was in the fifteenth century that they offered themselves to that crown, and caused money to be struck with the arms of France on one side, and those of the republic on the other; what

what a happy conjunction! But this coin is no longer to be procured. I heard that Lord Fortrose is possessed of one piece nearly of the value of twenty sols.

Addison asserts their only antiquity to be a Roman rostrum; though there is besides a most valuable Roman inscription *, and an antique

* EXEMPLVM ÆNEÆ TABVLÆ GENVÆ.

Q. Mutius, L. F. Rufus de controversiis inter Genuteis, et Veituriis in re presente cognouerunt; et coram inter eos controuersias coposciuerunt; et qua lege agrum possiderent, et qua fineis fierent, dixerunt; eos fineis facere, terminosque statui iusserunt: ubi ea facta essent Romam coram venire iusserunt. Rome coram sententiam ex senati consulto dixerunt Eidib. Decemb. L. Cecilio, L. F. Cos. qua ager priuatus castelli Veituriis est, quem agrum eos vendere heredemque sequi licet, is ager vectigal neq. fiat. Langatium fineis agri priuati ab riuo infimo qui oritur ab fonte in Manicello ad flouium Edem; ibi terminus stat. Inde flouio fuso vrsus in flouium Lemurina. Inde flouio Lemurifursum usque ad riuom Gomberane. Inde riuo Gomberanea fursus vsque ad conualem ceptiemam, ibi termini duo stant circum viam postumiam. Ex eis terminis recta regione in riuo Vindupate. Ex riuo Vindupate in flouium Neuageam. Inde dorsum flouio Neuagea in flouium Procoberam. Inde flouio Procobera deorsum usque ad riuum Vinetascam infumum: ibei terminus stat. Inde fursus riuo recto Vinelasca: ibei terminus stat idest, propter viam postumiam. Inde alter trans viam postumiam terminus stat. Ex eo termino quei stat trans viam postumiam recta reggione in fontem in Manicetum. Inde deorsum riuo quei oritur ab fonte in manicello ad terminum quei stat ad flouium Edem agri publici quod Langenses possident: hisce finis videntur esse, vbi confluent Edus et Procobera; ibei terminus stat. Inde Ede flouio fursufursum in montem Lemurino infumo: ibei terminus stat. Inde fursus vrsus iugo recto monte Lemurino: ibei terminus stat. Inde fursus iugo recto Lemurino: ibei terminus stat in monte Procequo. Inde fursus iugo

antique bust of Vitellius, worth its weight in gold, in the *palazzo* of Durazzo. He did not take notice of the piece of cannon at the arsenal,

recto in montem Lemurinum summum ibei terminus stat. Inde sursum iugo recto in Castellum qui vocitatur Alianus, ibei terminus stat. Inde sursum iugo recto in montem Louentionem; ibei terminus stat. Inde sursum iugo recto in montem Appeninum, quei vocatur Boplo; ibei terminus stat. Inde Appeninum iugo recto in montem Tutedonem; ibei terminus stat. Inde deorsum iugo recto in flouium Voraglascam montem Berigienam infumo; ibei terminus est. Inde sursum iugo recto in montem Prenicum; ibi terminus stat. Inde deorsum iugo recto in flouium Tutelascam; ibi terminus stat. Inde sursum iugo recto Blustiemelo in montem Claxelum; ibi terminus stat. Inde deorsum in fontem Lebriemetum; ibi terminus stat. Inde recto riuo Eniseca in flouium Procoberam; ibi terminus stat. Inde deorsum in flouium Procoberam ubi confluunt floue Edus, et Procibera; ibei terminus stat. Quem agrum poplicum indicamus esse: eum agrum Castelanos, Langenses, Veituros possidere fruique videtur oportere: pro eo agro vectigal Langenses Veituris in poplicum Genuam dent in annos singulos VIC. N. CCCC. Sei Langenses eam pecuniam non dabunt neque satisficient arbitrato Genuatium, quod per Genuenses mora non fiat quo setius eam pecuniam accipiant, tum quod in eo agro natum erit frumenti partem vicensumam vini partem sextam Langenses in poplicum Genuam dare debent in annos singulos. Qui intra eos sineis agrum posedit, Genuas aut Viturius, quei eorum posedit K. Sextil. L. Caicilio. Q. Mutio Cos. eos ita possidere colereque liceat, eus quei possidebunt vectigal Langensibus proportionem dent: itant ceteri Langenses quei eorum in eo agro agrum possidebunt fruenturque. Preterea in eo agro ni quis possideto nisi de maiore parte Langensium Veiturium sententia: dum ne alium intromittat nisi Genuatem aut Veiturium colendi causa. Qui eorum de maiore parte Langensium Veiturium sententia ita non peribit: is eum agrum nei habeto neiu frumino. Qui ager compascuos erit: in eo agro quominus pecuascere Genuates Veiturosque liceat, itant ei in cetero agro Genuati compascuo ne quis prohibeto quominus ex eo agro ligna materiamque sumant vtanturque. Vecti-

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arsenal, which is supposed to be one of the earliest invention. The chamber for the powder and ball is of bronze for about fifteen inches; from thence to the mouth it is lined with the same metal about a quarter of an inch thick, cased in wood, painted on the outside, and forming exactly the appearance of a twelve pounder: I pierced the wood with a spear which I found in the arsenal, to prove it. This curious cannon, as also the Roman inscription, have passed unnoticed by Keyfler and Lalande. I think Addison makes a striking mistake where he says, "It would be wise and political in the Genoese to prevent their subjects from purchasing and holding lands."

gal anni primi K. Ianuaris secundis veturij Langenses in poplicum Genuam dare debent. Quod ante K. Ianuaris primas Langenses fructi sunt eruntque vestigal inuitei dare nei debent. Prata que fuerunt proxima senficeci L. Cecilio-Q. Mutio Cos. in agro poplico quem Vituries Langenses possident: et quem Odiates, et quem Destunines et quem Cauaturines et quem Mentonines possident: ea prata inuitis Langensibus et Odiatibus, et Destuninibus Cauaturines, et Mentunines quem quisque eorum agrum possidebit inuiteis eis nei quis licet: neive pascat: neive fruatur. Sei Langenses aut Odiates aut Destunines aut Cauaturines aut Mentonines manent in eo agro alia prata immitere, defendere, ficare, id vti facere liceat, dum ne ampliorem modum pratorum habeant quam proxima estate habuerunt, fructique sunt Vituries. Qui controuersias Genuensium ob iniurias iudicati aut damnati sunt, sei quis in vinculeis obeas res est; eos omneis soluei mittei liberarique Genuenses videtur oportere ante eidus sextilis primas. Si quei de ea re iniquam videbitur esse, ad nos adeant primo quoque die. Et omnibus controuerseis bono publ. L. Leg. Moco. Mericanio Meticoni. F. Plancus Peliani Pelioni. F.

lands in foreign dominions." *Vid. p. 9.* However high such estates may be taxed, none of that taxation goes out of the Genoese republic; and whatever comes in from the *pais etrangeres* is certainly so much clear gain to this little state. How should a small strip of country, in itself wretched and barren, with but indifferent harbours, and a bigotted fanatical people find in their own miserably territory, that wealth and prosperity so visible in every quarter of this great city, did they not manure this farm with the produce of others!

Their possessions out of the territory of Genoa are (I have it from the best authorities) nearly equal to the whole income of that state; and all is spent in the town. As to their being the more likely to give themselves up to Spain or Naples by reason of such tenures, that is unnatural: weak in themselves, and unwarlike, they cannot resist any one power; but their safety has hitherto depended, and must always depend upon the interests others have, in their continuing a free state: their inquisition would too much increase the consequence and influence of any neighbouring power. Besides; what bribe can Spain, Naples, or even France offer to the Genoese nobility as an equivalent for their liberty? Can they out of their own houses, see any thing desirable in the palaces of Kings? Rich in their frugality, in the possession of honours,
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of power, and consideration, can a noble Genoese envy the prime minister or favourite of any crowned head in Europe?

They import corn from Naples, Sicily, and take no inconsiderable quantity from Lombardy.

The mole of Genoa is much exposed to a bombardment: five or six ships of the line could sail full into the harbour, notwithstanding the cross wall and the bastions, which might probably have no very inconsiderable effect upon them. It is believed, that had Ad——— I M——— been serious in 1746, the town must have been laid in ashes; but perhaps his orders were to the contrary, as he permitted provisions and reinforcements of troops to pass into the harbour unmolested. The only shell from his fleet that came near the town fell upon a rock, which I saw, not far from the bridge of Carignan, and does not appear to have been thrown to do execution. For a political criticism upon this subject quite in the spirit of a Frenchman, *vid. Lalande, vol. viii. p. 467.*

The Republic had six galleys in Addison's time; they have now four only, which are mounted by levying a tax on each person for permission to eat butter, eggs, and cream in Lent." Thus far I have copied; I think I have already mentioned this tax in my letter: I am turning over the *portefeuille* to find some more particulars that I have

have not already taken notice of, to prevent repetitions. Here follows something of the police, &c. The *Sbirri* at Genoa, are pretty much like our constables; they are also the executors of all arrests, the collectors of taxes, and guards of the ports. They are abhorred by the people, protected strongly by the Great, and what is called here the Prince, by which is meant the government. The officers of justice appear in as infamous a light as the *boureaux* in France. They always marry amongst each other: the meanest wretch of Genoa would deem it a disgrace to marry the daughter or sister of a *Sbirri*; of course a *Sbirri* never marries any woman but the daughter or sister of another *Sbirri*, as no other woman will accept of him. They can have no society but with those of their own fraternity; as it is ignominious for their neighbours to associate with them. It frequently happens that the females of these *Sbirri* are remarkably handsome; their beauty procures them the particular attention and protection of the Nobles; scarcely one of whom has not a favourite mistress amongst them. These men run great risks in the execution of their office: there are at least ten or twelve of them killed every year by the populace, in the execution of their duty. Sixty livres is the allowance for each arrest. At the approach of night they walk the streets in small.

small bands or parties, in order to prevent assassinations, which are not uncommon here. It is absolutely against the law for any person to carry a *stiletto* concealed about him; therefore when the *Sbirri* meet with a suspicious person, they surround him immediately, stroke him down the sides and hips, to discover whether or not he has a *stiletto* about him. If they find one, he is hurried away to prison, and there detained for six months; for a first offence, in case the offender bears a good character in the town, he is fined in the sum of sixty livres, costs and expences; when not intitled to this favour, he is either sent to the galleys for life, or for a considerable term of years. Notwithstanding this ordinance of government, there is not a Genoese who does not possess a *stiletto*, and contrive, at all hazards, to carry it about him. This deadly instrument makes its way at one stroke, through the ribs, the spine of the back, or the shoulder blade; so well is the steel tempered. The most dreadful accidents frequently happen in the streets; for on receiving the slightest provocation, the *stilletos* make their appearance; they assail each other with great ferocity, and no unconcerned spectator ever interposes, fearing a momentary resentment of either combatant may prove fatal to him; and even though one should fall, yet nobody present ever thinks of pursuing or stopping the murderer: *a colpo di coltello* is looked upon

upon here, as a black eye or a bloody nose in England. Another reason why the spectators of a fray do not interpose is, that the family of the guilty person are implacable towards an informer; and never fail to requite his officiousness. sooner or later, with a *colpo di coltello*. The manner in which the guilty assassin secures himself is by going immediately on board a foreign vessel in the harbour, where he remains in safety till the accident is forgot; but in case of prosecution, and the procurement of an order for seizing him, then a year or two of absence, with five or six hundred livres properly applied, rarely fails of insuring his pardon and permission to return in safety. If the wound is but slight, the assassin never thinks even of going on shipboard, but walks off to the nearest church, where, in the portico, or on the steps, he is in safety; but if the wound proves mortal, the church no longer offers him an asylum. The churches are also very convenient for all pilferers, who are there in security from the *Sbirri*; but in the case of highway robbers, house-breakers, and assassins, an order is procured by the Doge from the Archbishop, who never refuses it, authorising the civil power to act by these refugees as they see proper. These observations of M—— bring to my mind the only time I have seen the *Sbirri* in employment. The steps of the *Annunciata* are covered by vagabonds,

bonds, sturdy boys, and wenches; these sally out at night to pick pockets, at which handicraft they are dextrous enough, and in the day time sell their stolen goods to Jew-pedlars who pass by. The other day a lubberly boy, about sixteen years old, was so silly as to confide in a young damsel his sweetheart, who was no other than a common street-walker. She brought her knitting and kept him company all day on the steps, excepting when she left him to fetch him victuals; at night they strolled about the streets together, filching what they could lay their hands on; this lasted a few days, and I constantly observed them from my window, till at last the *Sbirri* prevailed upon the damsel to persuade him there was no danger in venturing abroad a little by day-light. He was prevailed upon, but had not got twenty paces from the church before a small party of sailors in appearance surrounded him, and took him away with them; these sailors were in fact *Sbirri*, who thus disguised themselves to entrap this young culprit, and conducted him immediately on board a galley. The *Sbirri* are to be paid sixty livres for the two years he is to remain on board, his crime not being sufficiently great to demand more severity. Our *Ciceroni* mentioned a remarkable anecdote in relation to our host, as follows: that when young, he was exceedingly addicted to all sorts of debauchery,

chery, and in a fit of choler stabbed a man to death; he sheltered himself in his father's house, not doubting to find an asylum more secure and more agreeable than he could expect at Cadiz, had he sailed thither, as his countrymen do in like circumstances: but, to his great disappointment, his father gave him up to justice, with the reserve of sparing his life, and consenting to a ten years imprisonment. This was granted. The time being almost expired, and his mother perceiving her last hour approaching, requested to see her son before she should expire; her request was complied with, and he is said to have profited much by her dying admonitions. However, this report is not clear of contradiction; but as far as our knowledge of him reaches, we must allow him to have behaved honestly enough. At first I was obliged to dispute his prices, as they appeared exorbitant, he abated something in consequence; but had I known what I now know, I should not have ventured to have put him in a passion, I assure you. It is singular, that the wretched old penitent, who I have already mentioned to you (the step-licker), is cousin-german to this our host.

The Republic seems, upon the whole, to be more severe towards thieves than murderers; perhaps they consider the loss of goods as a greater inconvenience to society than

than the loss of lives. This is something like the state œconomy of France; the greater the number who die in consequence of the present dearth you mention, the more bread will remain for the living. It is remarkable, that for these four months past the Genoese have maintained so pacific a disposition, that no body has died of a *colpo di coltello*; may this breathing time have a long continuance!

France is much indebted to the Genoese, but they will not easily be persuaded to give her farther credit, after the late reduction in 1770.

The Prince of Condè, upon his own account, is at this time negotiating a loan here, for two millions of livres at four and a half *per cent.* payable half-yearly, and likely to succeed. He secures them by a mortgage upon *Chantilli*. The Genoese send their money into England, Holland, France, Spain, Germany, &c. not having opportunities of employing it in their own confined territory.

Keyser says, p. 128, that the number of servants are limited at Genoa. This is true in some respects; a Noble is not allowed to appear with more than two chairmen, one *valet de chambre*, and one footman. His wife may have the same allowance, with an additional footman. His steward, butler, cook, and their rabble of underlings, do not come within this sumptuary law.

law. In short, no one Genoese has a servant the less for this law, and few, if any, can afford to keep the number permitted them.

Almost every article of life comes within the *gabelle* at Genoa: corn, wine, oil, coffee, salt, butcher's meat, &c. all pay exorbitantly; each ox which comes from Piedmont pays 150 Piedmontese livres *entrée*, though worth, in the whole, no more than 300 or 320; and this is paid upon entering the territories of the Republic. All masters of wine-houses must take their wine from the Prince, as also their bread and oil, under severe fines, imprisonments, and even the galleys. The *gabelle* of Coffee pays 150,000 livres yearly for the exclusive permission. A thing almost incredible, unless it is considered that no publican nor coffee-house can sell a dish of coffee that is not procured from the only house where it is made in great caldrons, containing several gallons each, out of which they send it by pints and quarts; but each individual (publicans as above excepted) may manufacture it for himself. All fish is taxed by the magistrate to one third of its value, the moment of its appearance in the market.

The Nobility of Genoa have no immunities as to receiving provisions of any sort duty-free, as in France, &c. whence many of them pass much of their time at
their

their country-palaces. They remain out of town the months of August, &c. to December. Keyfler asserts, p. 129. that the new Nobility have a particular walk on the left side of the exchange, and the old on the right. The fact is, the old Nobility have a room in a house about fifty yards from the exchange, where they only, sit in the summer, and where the new nobility cannot enter, who can only have their chairs placed in front of the exchange. There is no distinct walk for them within the exchange or bank, as Keyfler mentions.

The College of Jesuits contains at present about forty members, and one half of that number are composed of noble Genoese, which seems an abundant security for the continuance of this society. They educate about four hundred children, but none of the first nobility, except two families, have at this time Jesuit preceptors.

The Genoese, from their commerce with other nations, are very quick of apprehension, guessing at what you would say, however ill you may express yourself. Nor do they think a stranger ridiculous for not speaking their language fluently, much less conclude him a fool, as the French do; rashly confounding words and ideas, and supposing the want or misapplication of the former to proceed from a defect or confusion in the latter. In dealing with a Genoese,

noese, the bargain is soon concluded; for they seldom ask more than they mean to take, and are a people of few words.

Here I must quit the *portefeuille* * * * but have still something more to say before I leave Genoa. Having as yet taken no notice of their natural history, before I begin upon this new subject, I must not omit to mention their chairs, and the reverberating lamps for lighting the streets. The chairs are extremely well made; they are lined with velvet, and finely varnished on the outside. The common hackney-chairs are perfectly neat and clean, and the chairmen as good as those in London. Their reverberating lamps hang in the middle of the streets, and by means of a high polish within, and the suspension of the box that contains the oil in a particular manner, the light proceeding from them is not only extremely brilliant, but seems perpetually increasing or augmenting its rays from within. They have altogether a beautiful effect.

Marble is very well sculptured at Genoa. The finest marbles found in this country are the alabaster of Sestri, the red and green of Polcevera, and the white marble of Carrara.

The slate called lavagna is extremely common here; it is brought from a very large quarry about twenty-five miles from Genoa;

Genoa; and put to a variety of uses, as tables, shelves, &c. cold and disagreeable both to the touch and view; rooms are paved with it, but it never appears clean. I observed as we descended the *buchetta*, where the ground had been cut away for the road, several strata, chiefly consisting of various sorts of schistus, intermixed with quartz, here and there rocks of marble veined with red, and a great deal of slate-like substance of a brownish cast, with shining silvery particles: and at about six miles from Genoa, on that side called *St. Pietro D'Arena*, a black magnetic sand, which is found in plenty after storms on the sea-beach.

I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that you have, in these long letters, such particulars as appeared to me most worthy of notice in this Republic. We are about to leave Genoa immediately. I shall write to you from *Piacenza* (Plaisance). My letter is such a volume, that I am obliged to dispose of it in parts, under three or four covers. I have not the least intention to make an apology to *you* for its tediousness. On the contrary, I think you should be very much obliged to me for the fatigue I have had (though perhaps to little purpose) writing so fully and circumstantially in obedience to your commands; for I assure you I have lived here in a very hurrying manner. News is just brought us of an
English

English shallop being arrived in the port ; but she is too far off as yet to know who she brings. No passengers on board ; but here is a felucca with two English from Antibes. Mr. M—— and his governor. Adieu. From, &c.

M—— has wrote to his banker at Florence, to send all letters addressed to us to Bologna, as we shall make some little stay there ; and you may judge how impatient we both are to hear from you.

L E T T E R XIX.

Plaisance, (Piacenza) Nov. 16th, 1770.

AFTER a most disagreeable journey, here are we at Piacenza. We left Genoa the 14th after dinner, and lay at Novi, where we were very ill served ; the evening was raw and cold, and the chimneys smoked to such a degree, that the effect to me was a violent cold and sore throat. Our beds were wretched, the apartment extremely dirty ; and our supper consisted of three dishes of what they call roast-meat, that is, lumps of meat fried in stinking oil, with some wretched *bors d'oeuvres* of sallads, hard eggs and chopped anchovies, all anointed with the same oil. After passing a sleepless night, we chearfully quitted Novi at about eight o'clock yesterday morning. The day was fine and bright, which was extremely lucky ;

ky; for had it rained, we should have suffered much more than we did from the badness of the road. From Novi to Tortona and from thence to Voghera, is one continued slough of quaking clay and marle, through which we waded, the carriage sinking into the mud up to the naves of the fore wheels. At Voghera they gave us bad post-horses. We had all the difficulty imaginable to make half the post with them; probably they had never been in harness before. The postilions, who are a cruel race in every country, did not spare the persuasive eloquence of the whip, to make these beasts go forward; which they determined not to do, if to be avoided: sometimes they plunged in the slough, then ran furiously for a little way, kicking on all sides, and floundering; to increase their ungovernable disposition, there was a wild colt amongst them, which I suppose the post-master at Voghera chose we should have the honour of breaking in. We were at last obliged to get out and halt at a wretched public-house in the road, which our courier hinted to us had a bad reputation for safety. However, we perceived nothing that had any appearance of that nature. Here we waited above half an hour, our postilions assuring us they every moment expected some very good post-horses, who were returning to Voghera, that they could answer for. Our pa-

tience at length being exhausted, we entered our carriage, and with great difficulty got on one mile further to a small village: after waiting there above an hour, three post-horses only arrived; which were the excellent beasts our postilions had promised us; so we were at last obliged to mix some of the steadiest of our wild beasts with these new arrivals. During the hour we waited at this village, M— inquired whether there was not a governor or commandant in the neighbourhood; they told him there was a commandant who lived not a great way from the village; M— immediately walked to him, and finding him at home, demanded redress for the treatment he had received from the postmaster at Voghera, for not having fulfilled his engagement as to the furnishing him with proper and able horses, and also the having been the occasion of a great loss of time and much fatigue, &c. The commandant behaved with great politeness and civility, but informed him he had no power over the postmaster at Voghera; assuring him, however, that he would write to the governor of that town, and have the postmaster punished. (This part of the country belongs to the King of Sardinia). In short, it appeared that the power of the commandant was bounded to the care of the customs. Finding there was no redress to be had, we once more set forward, and with much

much difficulty arrived at a wretched place called Bron, where we were obliged to lie, though no more than four posts from Piacenza. Upon our arrival at Bron, M—— expected to find there a *Podesta*, (which personage in Italy, I think, answers to the judicial officer called *Monsieur le Magistra*, you must remember in *Annette* and *Lubin*, and who I believe is the torment of every *bourg* in France) to whom he might apply for justice against our rogues of postilions, who had the conscience to charge us to the utmost that could be expected, had we been perfectly well used, and demanded most unreasonably for their trouble, as if they had merited a double reward for their insolence, laziness, and the time they had made us lose. The *podesta*, who it seems has been formerly a sergeant, could not be found; we were then necessitated to comply with the *tariffa*, or regulation of the posts*, supposing the agreement to be kept up to, but not a farthing extraordinary to the postilions for their trouble. Bron is the boundary between the dominions of the King of Sardinia and those of the Infant Duke of Parma. This morning we passed the river Serivia, the water being low, it was not in the least dangerous. The river

M 2

* The posts in the Genoese territories [and the King of Sardinia's] are very dear; without reckoning any other expences on the road, the bare posting for thirty miles cost five guineas.

is by no means beautiful ; great part of its bed lies bare, and a vast number of small streams (which compose the river) branch out various ways, so that the effect produced is extremely disagreeable ; heaps of stone, like rubbish, lie scattered about unequally, and the whole appears a desert waste, without trees, grass, or even the smallest verdure upon its banks. Our inn is bad, our eatables worse ; a dish of fish which had been dressed *au bleu* some time ago, to prevent stinking, but which had not succeeded, was served in a sauce of fetid oil burnt ; a small lump of coarse veal sauced in the same manner, by way of *fricando* ; a pigeon which had very much the air of a crow, and by its flying attitude in the dish, led me to think that by some accident it had been shot when flying over the kitchen, and falling down the chimney into the fire, *cuoco* had industriously raked it out of the ashes, finding it well singed, and served it up to the *forrestieri*. This morning upon calling for our bill, we found the host thought himself a *gallant uomo* *, in not charging more than seventeen French livres for our supper, and that of M——'s *valet de chambre* ; for we do not consist of more than three upon the road. In a letter I wrote you from Turin, which chiefly contained

* A phrase that means an honourable, just, and honest man.

contained domestic affairs, I ought to have told you I had determined to suffer the lighter inconvenience of two; preferring that of being without a woman servant on the road, to the being troubled with a chamber maid to convey from one place to another, subject to her ill-humour and impertinence, and, may be, to not a few reproaches, for having persuaded her (though at a very great expence) to quit her dear country and friends. You recollect my *Parisian*, &c. therefore I resolved to take a maid in every town we mean to pass any time in, and to discharge her at the moment of our departure. Hitherto it has succeeded to my wishes; and I assure you I can dress myself for my journey less awkwardly, and almost as soon, as when I had a maid with me. But I must return to our host. I disputed his bill, but could only get three livres ten sols struck off. The first post we made this morning was almost the whole way through corn-fields and vineyards, the road being impassable: it was one continued swallow. We were very sorry to do so much mischief to the corn-fields and vines, but the postilions did not seem to have the least consideration: they acted as the postmaster at Bron had ordered them, and I think broke down and spoiled more fences and vines than was necessary. We passed another river to-day, the famous Trebia; it was neither dangerous nor deep.

The weather is very disagreeable here : all this day we have travelled through a thick fog, but just clear enough to find our way. When we reached the town, its appearance was by no means inviting, nor did it improve upon a nearer acquaintance. We drove through a considerable part of it, in order to reach the inn, the best here (sign of St. Mark). The town seems like an assemblage of wretched villages. The houses look like barns, bleak, and ready to fall to ruin ; the windows few, narrow, and barred, and the doors as large as those of barns in England. I cannot imagine how this town acquired the appellation of *Piacenza* ; for it is the most unpleasant, raw, foggy, nasty place imaginable. We do not intend to remain here longer than to-morrow, having fixed our little journey to Parma for Monday : therefore adieu ; for I must go see what is remarkable at *Piacenza*, which I shall impart to you most faithfully. I have just concluded the bargain with our host for our dinners and suppers whilst we stay : he demanded forty pauls a-head for each repast, besides our fires ; but I have worn him down to twenty-four. What an odious country, where if you do not make the agreement beforehand, you are at the mercy of the inn-keeper, who charges unconscionably ; and if you complain to a magistrate, instead of redress, you will probably be benefited

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in future by following the advice the man of law will lavish upon you, and all *gratis*; "Never to trust an inn-keeper again, but to make your bargain before-hand."

We have been to see the famous Equestrian statues of bronze, placed in the market place, fronting the town house; they represent two Dukes of the Farnese family. Alexander Farnese, third Duke of Plaisance; and the other, Ranutio, his son, who succeeded his father. These statues were erected at public expence, and are the work of one John Bologna (this artist was born at Douay in Flanders, and was the scholar of Michael Angelo). Although the French bestow the most extravagant praises on all the statues of this master, and are in raptures when they speak of Henry the Fourth's on *Pont-neuf* at Paris, which is far from being void of faults; nor are these, I assure you. Lalande, like the rest of his countrymen, commends them much more than they deserve. There are some striking faults in the anatomy of both; the horses bellies are too big, they seem like mares in foal; that of Henry IV. is liable to the same objection: too great a distance is observable between the eyes and ears of each; (this is so apparent, that it must strike the eyes of a common farrier): consequently the eyes are most unnaturally near the nostrils. They have an abundance of tail and mane, particularly Alex-

ander's horse, the best of the two, more than any living horses ever had ; the near leg of Ranutio's, which he is about to put to the ground, appears lame and hurt by the timorous manner in which it seems to descend ; yet the attitudes of the horses altogether are good. The Dukes are clothed in Greek drapery ; a kind of mantle hangs over their shoulders, which flows gracefully behind, as if agitated by the wind. The whole of the drapery is treated in a large manner ; perhaps it is too airy and fluttering, if that be a fault. Their persons are short, and their muscles too strongly marked. The pedestals are ridiculously small, and the genii, or children that decorate them, though in a good taste, are too much twisted and twined : those at the base are in a cold manner, and detached more than necessary from the pedestal. The bas reliefs do not appear to have been the work of the same master ; there is a hardness in the design, and, by a very bad contrivance of the artist, the groups in front are quite separated from those which form the ground ; and being sculptured flat and thin, leave a void between them and the others ; this offends the eye when viewed from one side, and also produces too dark a shadow on the bas relief. There is a Latin inscription on each pedestal ; M— translates them thus for me ; one, that of Alexander, imports, That he had conquer-

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ed the Flemings, and had spread the renown of Piacenza to the remotest quarters of the world; &c. therefore the town, to shew their gratitude, erected this monument to its invincible sovereign. The other pedestals reports Ranutio to be the guardian of justice, the friend of equity, the establisher of tranquility, the inventor and encourager of foreign artists, an increaser of population, and an embellisher of his country, &c.

To-morrow we devote to seeing the churches, pictures, &c.

We have just dined, and to give you an idea of what our host calls an excellent dinner, I present you with a bill of fare; (for I am sure you like to know what we eat, as well as what we see, that you may seem to live and accompany us in all our actions) a soup composed of bad butter, water, and a small quantity of whole rice; some boiled lettuce, sausages seasoned with carraway seeds and currants, a lean pigeon boiled, and a fresh killed hen roasted in the frying-pan. As we have dined extremely late, I have ordered grapes and Parmesan cheese for supper; not choosing to have a second edition of the same fare, at least not before to-morrow. Would you believe that the *Piacenzas* who have the cheese of the Parmesan and of Lodi (and of a better kind than what is brought to England) give the

preference to the cheese of Gruyere, which you and I detest for its fetid odour, &c.

The weather here is raw and cold, with the accompaniment of a rainy fog. Wood is extremely dear, so our kind host dines the *voiturins*, postilions, and such sort of poor people, in an open shed like a Dutch barn. Hearing a great noise, like quarrelling, under the window, I inquired what the matter was, when it appeared that a poor *voiturin* called for two fascines of wood, at a paul each (the same we pay) to make a fire, and a gill of wine instead of supper, choosing rather to be warmed than fed. Sunday evening.

After passing a very bad night in wretched beds, we set out this morning to see the Cathedral, &c. This church, called here *il duomo*, is an old one in a bad Gothic taste. There is a picture over the altar, by Camillo Procaccino, brother to the Giulio Cesare Procaccino who painted the famous *Cena* in the church of the *Annunciata* at Genoa; though brothers by nature, they are not so by art; for Camillo is not equal to Giulio, yet were they both taught in the school of the *Carracis*. The *Chanoine* who shewed us the pictures, said, the subject of this was the Virgin sick in bed. On each side of the sanctuary is a picture: the subject of that on the left, is the carrying her body to interment; in that to the right are several persons busily employed gathering up

up linen, and other relicks that had touched her body. These two are by Louigi Carracci. As to the first, that by Camillo Procaccino is in bad conservation; those on each side of it bear the distinguishing marks of a great master. The figures appear Colossal, the picture being placed too low: they are executed in a great manner for the design and the folds of the drapery, but one must pass over the want of precision in the colouring and certain neglects in the proportions, keeping, &c. Over these pictures, and by way of frieze, are two more (wide) ones, by Luigi Carracci; each represents a Prophet extremely foreshortened, and so spread out that they are quite extravagant; like one's face seen in a spoon the broad way. The central part of the vaulted roof over these pictures is painted in fresco by the same hand, and represents an assemblage of angels, foreshortened on a blue ground, intended, as I suppose, for the sky. The cupola is painted in fresco by Guercino in compartments forming various pictures; eight in the center represent prophets and angels; under these, as in a frieze, more angels; lower still are sybils, and some subjects taken from the New-Testament. The out-lines of all these figures are too strong and hard, the colouring so forcible, and the shadows so distinct, that they retain no softness at all. The colouring upon the whole is too much of a lead-colour

colour: the flying figures appear heavy. In a chapel to the left of the Nef is a picture by Lanfranco *; the subject a Hermit holding a Death's-head, and a glory of little angels above him; the drapery is tolerable; the hands natural; the colour clear and good; and the angels heads particularly well drawn. A Picture, the author unknown, representing a St. Alexis dead, a bishop reading a letter, the Saint's wife deploring his death on her knees, leaning on his coffin, his mother wringing her hands, and his old father seems transfixed by the violence of his grief and affliction. The *Chanoine* told us the piece was taken from the real history of this Saint: that he was born at Rome, and married there; but having a sudden call to a religious, austere, and chaste life, the very day of his marriage, he quitted his wife and family, and set out upon a pilgrimage; after wandering about seventeen years, during which time he suffered all sorts of mortifications and hardships, he returned home almost naked, and in extreme poverty, to his father's house; where, not making himself known, the servants suffered him to take shelter

* Lanfranco was born in this town; he was a page in the family of Scotti (a noble house of Piacenza,) and has distinguished himself in the art of painting. Two of his pictures are remarkably famous; the subject of one of them is the Rape of Helen; of the other, the sacking of Troy.

shelter upon a staircase; there an illness seizing him, (the effects of the hardships he had undergone) soon terminated his wretched life. When dead, a letter was found in his hand, which no force could wrest from him, till, at the approach of a holy bishop, the hand opened spontaneously, and I need not add the letter was read. This is the moment the painter has taken; the letter was to inform his family who he was, &c. The *Chanoine* perceiving by his countenance what passed in M——'s mind, fetched an old book from a shelf just by, intitled the Lives of the Saints, and turned to that of St. Alexis, which agreed, as far as he read it, with the above relation. After such a proof who can doubt? This picture has great merit; the St. appears evidently to have died from extreme want and sickness. It has the strength and expression of *Espagniolette*. In the same church is an old Monument to the memory of Philippus Sega Bonon, Cardinal of Piacenza, with a Latin inscription, in which is noticed his having left an annual fund for some yearly offices to be performed for the repose of himself and his wife. [The *Chanoine* supposed he was a widower when he entered into holy orders.] There is another monument raised to the memory of one Barmus, Bishop of Piacenza, who died 1731, aged 82; his Latin inscription imports that he had been bishop of that town forty-four years;

years; during which time he had never quarrelled, either with the Holy See or with his Prince. His nephew caused this monument to be, &c. to perpetuate his memory.

The Church of St. Agostino, the Architecture by Vignola, decorated with a Doric order. There are five nefs; double arches sustained by columns, separated by arcades, and as many small cupolas or domes as arcades in the side-isses. It is a beautiful building. The convent belonging to this church consists of two large courts built round. In the late war the King of Sardinia turned these fathers out of their convent, and converted the church and building round one of the courts, into an hospital for his troops, and the other square into a magazine for forage; but twenty-five Monks at present inhabit this vast building, though it would afford ample accommodations for four hundred. They are extremely rich, and are reputed to live in luxury. Being at dinner while we were viewing their church, M^r offered a considerable bribe to our conductor, to let us have a peep at them through a door or window privately; but he could not be prevailed upon.

In the Sacristy is a Crucifixion on Mount Calvary, sculptured in wood: composed of about an hundred and twenty figures; some old, some young, some on foot, some

on

on horseback. It is the work of a German, about two hundred years since. The two crucified thieves have a priest standing by each of their crosses. It is surprisingly well carved. Great variety of character and expression in the figures, both the near and those in the perspective of Mount Calvary. They say it consists of only three pieces of wood, and though we carefully examined it as far as its height allowed, we could not perceive any joining.

The Church called *La Madonna de la Campagna* is remarkable for its painting. In a small chapel near the entrance is a picture by Parmegiano; it is not in good conservation, yet what remains perfect is very fine. The subject is a Saint who lays his hands upon the books of the Old and New Testament. The drawing is in a great style; but the colours are faint, and too much inclining to a general red tint. In the same church are about twenty small pictures by Pordenone, the subjects taken from the New Testament, but not extraordinarily well done. The fresco-painting, of which there is a great quantity in this church, is attributed to Paul Veronese, tho' without sufficient merit in my opinion to be the production of this master.

In the Church of St. Jean strangers are shewn two statues of children who adorn the tomb of Lucretia, daughter to Philip Alziati,

Alziati, a noble Genoese. They pretend at Piacenza that these statues are examples of perfection in sculpture; we thought them indifferent and ill composed, particularly the legs, which bear no true proportion to the hips*. Lalande is mistaken, in saying it was from this church the King of Poland had the Raphael; for it was from that of St. Sextus that it was purchased for him, in the year 1754, for twelve thousand sequins; which money the good Benedictins appropriated to the paying off some debts, and buying lands, to the increase of their revenue. The copy, though very well done, draws thither but few strangers; so they lose many perquisites now, the original had procured them whilst in their possession; but they should be content with having made so substantial an exchange. It represents a Virgin with an Infant Jesus in her arms; at her feet, on one side, is a Saint kneeling; on the other side the like, with a *chappe* and a *thiarra* at his feet. Lower down, and at the edge of the picture, are two angels. The Virgin's attitude is simple and noble, finely draped, as are the other

* We observed a wooden crucifix fastened to the pulpit, in such a manner as that the preacher might turn it about at pleasure on all sides; a practice much in use amongst all the preaching Monks in Italy; but in general they take them from their bosoms and holding them up to the eyes of the audience, exhort them, &c. to their duty.

other figures; the air of the heads is admirable, and the faces fine. His hands, who appears to be a Pope, are remarkably well done; his face has all the appearance of being a portrait. The Infant Jesus and the Angels want those graces that belong to beautiful children. The clouds are grey, clear, soft, and light, exactly like real clouds in a fine summer's day. The ground behind the Virgin is too white, which prevents her figure from appearing as detached from the picture as she would otherwise do.

The Ducal Palace, designed by Vignola, but not above half completed, is of brick. The modern part (and that not finished) was built by Margaret of Austria: it appears as intended to form a square; the architecture is simple, and in a good stile: the grand apartment on the *rez de chaussée* consists of five rooms *en suite*, including a bed-chamber: this apartment is decorated with ingenuity, and in a fine taste. Children modelled in stucco embellish the alcove in the bed-chamber, and are deservedly and universally admired, the work of Algardi. The ornaments of the apartment on the first floor are so crowded as to appear heavy; but the brilliancy of the gilding is remarkable: it was gilt with gold of sequins, which is esteemed the purest by the Italians. It has never been touched, refreshed, nor cleaned, except common

common dusting, since the time of Margaret of Austria, yet appears as fresh as if finished but yesterday, though this palace stands in a damp situation, is almost constantly enveloped with a fog which rises from the Po, and has not been inhabited since the year 1737, except for about six weeks, by the King of Sardinia, in the late war, when he obliged the inhabitants of the town to furnish it for him. All its original furniture, with a large collection of pictures, were transported by order of the Infant Don Carlos to Naples in 1737, when he quitted Parma and Placentia to take possession of that kingdom.

The theatre is built on to the palace, is well constructed and convenient; but there are no other edifices, either public or private, excepting those I have mentioned, worthy the notice of a traveller. Much good company is said to reside here during the summer season, and a vast number of coaches are kept in this town. The great street is their *carso*, where they take the air in the evenings; here is also a *casino*, where the *noblesse* assemble to converse and to play.

Keyfler asserts that Placentia contains twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, Lalande says ten thousand only.—Here are forty convents; therefore allowing but fifty persons to a convent, including the servants, sweepers, &c. &c. they will amount

amount to two thousand, which taken from ten, leaves eight thousand, so that if Lalande's calculation of its present population be accurate, one fifth of its inhabitants are of or belonging to the church. But great must have been the depopulation of this city in forty years, between Keyfler's day and Lalande's calculation in 1768.

The town is ill built, seems thinly peopled, and M—— says is incapable of maintaining any siege, (the direct contrary to what Lalande has asserted, p. 426,) and that a great part of it neither now has, nor ever had, any fortification, that is to say, from the back of the palace and its garden to the Po.

As to the climate, it has all the appearance of being very disagreeable. They themselves own, that from the latter end of Autumn to the commencement of Summer, they are full one half of the day involved in a close fog which rises from the Po.

The spot on which the battle of Trebia was fought by Hannibal is about three leagues from hence; I do not mean the very identical spot, for that cannot be ascertained. M—— would have postponed our departure in order to have visited this ground, but he was assured there are no kind of vestiges remaining that might tend to elucidate the Roman Historians; and it is remarkable that no remains of antiquity

antiquity exist in that neighbourhood, nor has there ever been found, either in digging or ploughing the ground, antique weapon, offensive or defensive, appertaining to Rome or Carthage, though many English have at different times offered considerable sums to the peasants for procuring them any such, but always without success.

Piacenza has given birth to some famous men; one of the most remarkable is the Cardinal Alberoni, who governed Spain for many years in quality of prime minister: he was born 1664 in a wretched cottage, situated in a suburb of the town: his father was a gardener, but so poor as to earn his bread by working by the day in little gardens belonging to the citizens; however, in process of time, Alberoni contrived so to push his fortunes by his ingenuity as to procure himself a small cure, which was to him, at that time, the utmost pinnacle of human felicity. When the wars of Italy broke out, a certain French poet who was in the *suite* of the Duke de Vendome, had received some little services from the poor *curè*, and wished to make him some slight return, for which purpose he procured him the honour of seeing and saluting that general: the duke, who was a man of strong penetration, no sooner saw Alberoni than he became prejudiced in his favour; he conversed

versed with him, and the *cure* did not fail to display his *Protege's* parts to the best of his capacity. The first business that was intrusted to him he acquitted himself of with alacrity; this was the discovering to the general where the peasants concealed their stores of provisions: and proved his first step towards those great dignities he afterwards attained. He so attached himself to the person of the Duke de Vendome, that he was permitted to follow him first into France, and then into Spain, where he made a rapid progress by insinuating himself into the good graces of Madame des Ursins, who, at that time, might be said to govern that monarchy. After the death of the Duke de Vendome, Alberoni, by various intrigues (which would take me too much time to particularize) contrived to turn the favours and confidences of Madame des Ursins to good account. He negotiated the second marriage of Philip V. with the Princess of Parma, having made Madame des Ursins his dupe, and caused her to be sent away from the court. I shall give you the particulars of this affair, as they are curious. Alberoni, who was sufficiently in the confidence of Madam des Ursins to be acquainted with her earnest desire, that whatever Princess Philip should marry, might be one of a ductile character, without much genius, void of ambition, and totally

totally incapable of taking a part in the affairs of state, gave her to understand, he had found just such a one in the Princess of Parma. Madame des Ursins was charmed with the choice he had made, and he set out for Parma to hasten the marriage by every possible means. There is no doubt of his insinuating at the court of Parma how active an agent he had been in the negociation of this treaty, but notwithstanding all his diligence and art, Madame des Ursins became acquainted with the real character of the Princess, which was precisely the reverse in every point to the picture the Cardinal had given of her; in consequence of this intelligence, a courier arrived the eve of the day on which the marriage was to be ratified, with an order to suspend that treaty for the present; but the Cardinal, who was sufficiently clear-sighted to suspect the cause of this procedure, menaced the courier with certain death if he discovered his arrival by any means till the next day. Madame des Ursins had omitted to charge the courier not to go first to the Cardinal's, from which oversight, his Eminence found means to profit doubly; for the next day the marriage being ratified and the papers signed, the Cardinal acquainted the Princess how he had detained the messenger, sacrificed and betrayed Madame des Ursins to her, and so effectually persuaded her

her of the obligations she owed him, that upon her arrival in Spain, the first favour she asked of the King was the banishment of Madame des Ursins. No sooner had she quitted the court, than the Cardinal attained that greatness he so much desired; and became such a favourite of the Queen, as to be admitted into the most secret councils of state, honoured with the purple, and declared prime minister of Spain. At length, he by his own faults procured his disgrace; for, being of a boundless ambition and of a daring spirit, not to be intimidated by danger or disappointment, several foreign powers combined to put a final period to his arrogance; and with much difficulty, Philip found himself in the end constrained to disgrace and banish him. After his fall he styled himself Cardinal of Ravenna, and returned back to Piacenza; where so much ashamed was he of his birth, as never to have assisted, or even acknowledged any of his relations during his life, nor at his death. He kept a slender house and equipage, lived chiefly with the jesuits, assumed no arms, did no public or private charities, and was totally useless both to the town and the people, unless we deem the establishment of thirty-six missionaries a public benefit. He bequeathed all his wealth, which was considerable, to various societies of missionaries, of which there are many in Italy.

Being

Being universally disliked by his townsmen, he died unregretted. When his body was carried from the town, about a mile and a half, to the establishment above-mentioned, where he was interred, not a creature followed his funeral, so literally did he quit the world without leaving a friend behind him. He was considerably past eighty years old when he died. At our meeting, I shall be able to give you more anecdotes of this Cardinal, and also my authority for the above : but it is now late, and I must soon conclude my letter to prepare for our departure to Parma.

The remains of the antient town of Velleia are eight leagues distance from hence, and the season particularly bad for this journey, which we shall therefore defer for the present.

Wishing to procure a few of those curious fossils, said to be peculiar to this country, called *dentales* ; I sent a *laquais* upon that commission : with orders not to return without them : he entered just now with a paper well folded in his hand, which he presented me with seeming satisfaction in his face ; but judge of my disappointment, when upon opening it, the expected *dentales* were converted into *Diablotin's* chocolate drops. He told me without the least feeling, that these were much wholsomer for me than the *dentales*. Think of the head

or

of this *laquai de place* of Piacenza ; it was too late to find fault.

Need I inform you, who are so well versed in the Roman story, that Placentia was early a Roman colony of no small consideration in that Empire ; is it not therefore surprising, that there should not be found in its neighbourhood the smallest vestige of antiquity of any sort ? Adieu. You shall hear from me the very first opportunity. We go to-morrow to Parma. I am, &c.

LETTER XX.

Parma, Nov. 19, 1770.

WE arrived here yesterday, and have had a pleasant journey ; the roads were good and the weather fine. The antique Emilian way, which was constructed under the consulate of Lepidus and Caius Flaminius, commenced at Piacenza, and reached from thence to Rimini, passing by Parma, Modena, and Bologna : there are still some traces of it to be seen, but in a very ruinous condition. The whole of the country between Piacenza and Parma is a dead flat ; the soil exceedingly rich ; the ground well cultivated, and planted with straight rows of elms, at about twelve or fourteen yards asunder ; these form the most delightful vistas imaginable, and, what adds greatly to their beautiful appearance is, that the vines planted at the feet of the elms are

conducted from tree to tree, forming the most graceful festoons. The ilex and the mulberry-tree are frequently planted for the support of the vine, as the elms are, and make a most agreeable variety: yet we cannot avoid lamenting the want of taste in the peasants, who frequently pollard the ilexes and elms, to prevent, as we supposed, their casting too broad a shadow. Between these rows of trees the corn flourishes in the utmost luxuriance, except where the ground is devoted to water meadows.—

The horizon is very distant, and is bounded by Appenines covered with snow. When we came to our last post, we clearly perceived our nearer approach to these mountains, by the keenness of the air from their snowy tops.

This country is by no means desert: several small villages and country houses appear at a distance. At twelve miles from Piacenza we passed through a bourg called Fiorenzuola, agreeably situated; a little farther, and along-side the Emilian way, is an abbey of Monks, which makes a considerable appearance from the road: the building seems to be of great extent. About twelve miles from Fiorenzuola we passed through another bourg, called San-Domino. Five miles more brought us to the river Taro, which is sometimes very dangerous to pass: we forded two of its branches, but the stream of the third was
so

so rapid, and the water so deep, we were obliged to cross over it in a bark: we remained in our carriage, and by means of a raft were drove by our postillion into the bark. There is something unpleasant enough in this ceremony; for the bark has not more room in it than is absolutely necessary; consequently when the horses have made a strong effort to pull the loaded carriage over the raft into the bark, they are suddenly checked; the leaders, by the time the hind-wheels have just passed over the edge, are standing with their fore-feet on the opposite rim of the boat, which is the reason the carriage is stopped so suddenly; for otherwise the leading pair of horses might very easily tumble into the river: they cannot be taken off; for most of these barks are too small to admit them by the side of the carriage. However, we passed this branch without the least accident: several men waded into the water, and supported the boat on the lower side, to prevent its going down with the current, or upsetting, on account of its great burden and the rapidity of the stream.

What renders this river dangerous at certain times, is, the being swelled with heavy rains, which forming impetuous torrents, force their way through a light soil, and overflowing the banks of the river, form an unequal bed, which is very difficult to ford, from the uncertainty of the bot-

tom. This is the case with many rivers in Italy, as we have been well assured ; and to comprehend how true it is, that the Italian rivers suddenly change their bed, one may perceive clearly the vestiges (now dry) of beds of rivers, which, by their appearance, shew the force of the body of water that has formed, and excavated vast pits and precipices, together with a great quantity of stones and sand, which the water has brought down with it, and thrown up into a kind of ridges. This change of the course of rivers frequently happens in one night, as the people of the country affirm ; a river fordable over night, has, by the next morning been so increased from the addition of mountain-torrents, as to render it impassable ; and shortly after, has shifted its place, leaving its old course in heaps of rubbish and deep hollows.

The Taro rises in the middle of the *Val di Taro*, which gives name to the river.

The country of each side still wears the same face ; the same beautiful plantations and festoons of vines continue till one arrives at Parma. The peasants appear gay and not poor ; the women are very prettily dressed, wearing small straw hats ornamented with knots of ribbon of various colours, with a bunch of flowers over all, or a large black feather ; and sometimes covering the crown of the hat with a morsel of fine fur,
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which produces a singular effect. By this manner of dressing, they have a fine air of the head; and being generally well made and handsome, or rather of sensible and agreeable countenances, their appearance is very different from any peasants I have ever seen.

The town of Parma is situated in a plain; the river divides it in two parts, which communicate by three bridges. It is fortified, and is considerably large, the streets broad and regular, particularly one which is used as a *corso*. As to the antiquity of this town, perhaps you know better than I do, that it owes its origin to the Etruscans, was conquered by the Cisalpine Gauls; fell afterwards under the power of the Romans, who, in the year 569 of Rome, sent M. *Emilius Lepidus*, T. *Ebati* Carus, L. *Quintius Crispinus*, (triumvirs) to conduct a colony of two thousand Roman citizens hither and to Modena. I just mention thus much to refresh your memory, as you may not have the history of the Romans by you.

This town was the birth place of *Cassius*, Brutus's friend; it gave birth also to *Corregio*, who is said to have died here of vexation.

We are tolerably lodged, and I think very reasonably; our host furnishes us with two meals a day and our firing for thirty-two paols: he at first asked a full third

more, but I have reasoned him down to the above price, and we eat much better than usual. Our cheese and cream are both admirable; so you may be sure I am not at a loss for a good repast. We always provide our own breakfasts, and frequently our wines; as in general those of the inns are the worst that can be had.

The Infanta is in labour, and the people run backwards and forwards about the palace, appearing much interested in her welfare. The cannon are drawn out of the citadel, and the matches ready to proclaim her happy delivery, which is every moment expected. All sorts of vagabonds are in motion, and preparing illuminations, &c. ballad singers, mountebanks, musicians, rope-dancers, all have taken the alarm.

Adieu for the present. We have dedicated this evening to the writing letters to our friends at Turin, &c. * * * * *

I have been quite ungrateful, in never acknowledging the extreme convenience three articles you gave me at parting have been of to me upon the journey; the little valise for the inside of the carriage is admirably contrived: the eider down pillow has mitigated frequently the sufferings arising from bad beds, and the housewife and pin-cushion uniting their aid in one, have repaired many a sudden rent and tear in my drapery, as well as some little matters
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in the inside of our carriage, which had given way, as spring curtains, straps, &c.

L E T T E R X X I.

Parma, Nov. 20th, at Night.

I SIT down to tell you, in the first place, that I am extremely weary ; and in the next, that the Infanta is brought to bed ; and thirdly and lastly, that I have met with a grievous disappointment in the famous picture of Corregio ; but you must dispense with hearing any more at present upon that subject, till I come to it in order ; so I begin with the churches.

The Cathedral (*Il Duomo*) is a spacious church, remarkable for its Cupola, painted by Corregio, though it is now so much spoiled, that it requires a great deal of faith, and a strong imagination, to believe it the remains of a *chef d'œuvre* of so great a master. This cupola was the cause of his death. His towns-men paid him in bad money : their ingratitude is said to have affected him so strongly, that he died shortly after of vexation. The subject of the painting is an Assumption of the Virgin, and was esteemed one of the most perfect and most beautiful of his performances.

The Church of St. John is shewn to strangers on account of the Cupola, that also being painted by Corregio ; but it is

so much defaced, and so ill-lighted, that little can be made of it: it has been also repaired by another painter, at the desire of the Monks, to whose convent this church belongs. In the fifth chapel to the right is a descent from the cross, and a Martyrdom of St. Placid, both by Corregio. The first is the best, but they are both incorrectly designed; their colouring is their principal merit, and that is not sufficiently glowing.

There are several arches painted in fresco at the entrance of the chapels, by Parmegiano, which have great merit. In the refectory of the convent is a very indifferent picture, by the same master; but it is (in a manner) framed by two colonades of the Doric order, which form a beautiful morsel of perspective; this deception is by the hand of Corregio.

In the Church of St. Sepulchre is another picture of his, representing a little Jesus, a Madonna, and a St. Joseph gathering palms. The three faces are very fine, but the whole is faulty in the drawing, and the colouring weak. This picture is called the *Madonna della Scodella*, on account of the porringer she holds in one of her hands. In the back ground is an Ass, and an angel taking care of him. The subject means, doubtless, to represent a repose of the flight into Egypt.

The *Madonna della Stecatta* is the finest church

church at Parma. It is built in the form of a cross; each end is circular. It is the ducal church; many of the Princes of the Farnese family have been interred in it. Also the Installation of the Knights of the Order of St. George is here performed, with all the religious ceremonies peculiar to that institution. There is a painting in fresco over the altar, by Michael Angelo of Sienna; it represents the crowning the Virgin by God the Father and Jesus Christ; but it is so blackened, as to make it difficult to form any judgment of its merit. Three Sibyls over the organ, with Moses, Adam, and Eve below the arcade, are executed in *claire obscure* by Parmegiano. He had painted several other pictures for this church, which he totally defaced in a violent passion, having lost considerably at play: thus revenged upon his own works, he fled to Casal Maggiore, where he died in want. The Parmesans regret a picture of this master, known by the name of the *Madonna del Collo longo*, which was removed from hence to Florence, and from Florence to Vienna. His works are at present rare, and held in high estimation by the *connoisseurs*. At the bottom of the choir, behind the great altar, [called the *cul-du-four* in French] is a large picture, by Proccacino of Milan; its subject the marriage of the Virgin Mary with St. Joseph. The colouring is warm; the *clair*
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obscure,

obscure, with regard to the heads, is correct and well thrown, but has not been the least attended to in respect of the folds of the drapery. The Virgin's countenance expresses dignity blended with modesty. St. Joseph appears like the most discontented and the most mortified of mankind. On one side of this picture is a flight into Egypt, which pleased me much for its landscape, and the effect of the high wind, which blows about the drapery and hair of the angels that conduct the ass; I could almost fancy I felt myself colder from its vicinity to me. The landscape represents a wild and romantic country: a stork and wild duck fly screaming over a marsh, in the fore-ground of the picture, extremely well done. The Virgin is beautiful, and sits in an easy, natural attitude upon the ass. Behind the high altar, and opposite to the Marriage of St. Joseph, is a picture, by an unknown master. It represents Christ bound to the pillar; yet is not a Flagellation. There are Roman soldiers who seem to have just fastened the cords. A stranger, struck with the merit of this piece, offered the convent of Chanoines to cover it with *Louis d'ors*; but they refused to part with it at that price. In my opinion the flesh is over pale, and the figure looks more like a dead than a living man: the hair and beard are too red; nor can I imagine why all the Italian painters represent

sent our Saviour as red-haired. I do not believe they can find Scripture-authority for this custom. The characters of the foldiers, as Romans, are not decisive.

We have seen no more churches; these are the most famous for their paintings; nor had we time to visit others.

I do not question your being extremely impatient to hear why I was so disappointed in the famous picture of Corregio, in favour of which the whole world of *virtuosi* can scarce find words to express the enthusiasm of their feelings, when they touch upon its merits. Notwithstanding my prejudices in its favour were strong, yet I must confess, though I expose myself to the censure of the first *connoisseurs*, that I do not like this picture; and now I will proceed to give you its description as well as the reasons of my disapprobation. It is a very large picture, higher than wide: about the middle of the canvass the Virgin is seated with the Infant Jesus on her knees; a little to the right, and forward, Mary Magdalen, in a kneeling posture, holds the foot of the little Jesus in one of her hands, and is supposed to incline her head to kiss it; the other hand hangs down: to the left, and on the fore-ground, appears St. Jerome; his back turned to the spectators, but by looking over his shoulder he discovers his profile: between him
and

and the Virgin; and farther back, is an angel who sings out of a book: behind Mary Magdalen is another angel, or young man, who seems to drink out of a vase. The character of the Virgin's face is such as you often see in the lowest rank of people or peasants; an unmeaning breadth, *l'air d'hibou, le visage plâte, &c.* She appears extremely tanned, like a *Vendangeuse*. The colouring is coarse, and the shadowing of a dirty brown. The infant is one of the homeliest children I ever saw, that was not deformed. The face short, the mouth wide, and the lips turn outwards. The more one considers the countenance, the more it seems to be in contorsions. The anatomy is false, the attitude ungraceful, to say the least. The Magdalen has the face of an idiot; and not of a handsome one. The little Jesus has hold of her by the hair; but his figure and face are turned from her. Her hair is too short and straight, not curling in natural ringlets, but heavy and greasy. Her attitude is so unnatural and strained, that it is not possible for her, in her present inclination of body, to apply her lips to the foot of the Infant; possibly she might her ear, for she is in the moment of raising his foot towards her head: her arm and hand, that hang down, are ill made; her fingers long, lank, and lean, like those of a crooked woman; her arm thin, skinny,
and

and flat ; her elbow sharp, and seems as if it would wear a hole through the drapery ; her toes are long, swelled, and red ; her dress disorderly ; the folds of her drapery confusedly drawn ; that of the Virgin is as bad. As to St. Jerome, he has the air of a miserable old beggar-man. The singing angel opens a mouth like that of a jondory ; and the young person behind the Magdalen has the same mouth and lips with the other personages ; the latter he projects in an extraordinary degree towards the vase. In the back-ground appear some remains of a ruined theatre, with cottages ; they stick to the back of the angel's head, so ill is the keeping preserved. There is also a kind of withered faggot, which is meant for a tree. Vexed at finding this picture every way so disagreeable and disappointing, I could not avoid criticising it a little before the Ciceroni ; who exclaimed at my finding fault (though he could not deny that he perceived some absurdities) with the work of *il divino, il grand Corregio*.

The Theatre of Parma, erected in the time of Ranutio the First, is esteemed one of the most magnificent buildings at Parma. Vignola was the architect. The plan is a demi-oval. That part that fronts the stage rises in steps, (*gradins* in French) after the antique models, intended for the spectators to sit on. They rise about as high

high as the second row of boxes at the Italian Theatre at Paris. These steps are so narrow, that they seem dangerous to sit upon; and rise at the same time perpendicularly, that I apprehend few English ladies have nerves sufficiently strong to venture to place themselves upon them, could this theatre be transported to London. These are crowned by a gallery, ornamented and divided in front by columns, equally distant, supporting arches. Higher up, and above all, is a gallery for the common people. Lalande makes a capital mistake, in asserting that this Theatre will contain above twelve thousand persons; it appears barely large enough to admit four thousand. The ornaments make a beggarly appearance; the pillars, friezes, cornices, &c. are all of wood, and wretchedly painted: the figures of the genii, intended to hold large wax-tapers to light the Theatre, are poorly executed in plaster: the other statues, higher up, are of the same materials, and equally meritorious; and the two Equestrian statues, placed at each end of the proscenium, are miserable performances. The height and breadth of this Theatre considered, I am at a loss to imagine how it is possible to light it. The ceiling appeared to be a parcel of old brown planks ill joined together, and much damaged by smoke and damps. There is no orchestra; but the
place

place where it should be is occupied by a long leaden trough, reaching the whole breadth of the Proscenium; from which are pipes or shoots so contrived as to enable them to fill the trough with water, intended for the representation of a *naumachia* or sea-fight. I imagine this trough was to have served the double purpose of an orchestra and artificial sea: but when it so happened that a *naumachia* was to be represented, what became of the poor musicians? they surely were not to remain in the trough; that would be a symphony *al fresco* indeed. As we could get no intelligence concerning this point, we contented ourselves with viewing the vessels intended for the sea-fight; which are behind the half-scenes; they are small, and move upon wheels. The stage slopes more than any I have seen; it is of a rapid descent, and so ill floored (I suppose from oeconomical considerations) that you cannot easily walk over it without stumbling. The effect of the voice from the stage is very surprising; every word, though spoke as low as possible, is heard distinctly at the farthest extremity of the house, which is the pit-door of entrance, fronting the stage, at the distance of 106 yards. But the voice does not sound agreeably; it seems to the distant auditor as if proceeding from a tomb: the speaker on the stage, as he pronounces, perceives a certain vibration

bration in the air, as if the words at utterance became condensed, and rolled forwards towards the audience. Perhaps the emptiness of the Theatre may in some degree occasion these effects: but it has not yet been discovered to what power this extension of the voice is owing; it is therefore supposed to be something accidental in the architecture: many builders and others have carefully examined its construction, but to no purpose; a cause having never yet been assigned for this effect. The scenery and decorations are in a wretched state, and do not appear to have ever been magnificent or ingenious.

Upon the whole, you are struck at entering by a want of proportion: the building appears too high for its breadth; the *gradins* supporting the gallery shock the eye, and you feel as if under ground in a vast, deep and dark mine.

There has been no representation here since the Emperor passed through Parma: at that time an opera was performed on purpose for him in this Theatre: it is never made use of but on particular occasions.

This town affords another Theatre for operas serious and comic, and for the *comédie*. The grand or serious opera during the months of May and June; from that time till Christmas, the French *comédie*; and from Christmas to the end of the carnival,

nival, buffoon or comic operas. The Infant defrays most part of the expence for theatrical representations.

Here is also a *Cusino*, or Assembly-room; for the nobility. The Infant provides the cards and lights, and two of his gentlemen do the honours. He sometimes honours the *Cassino* with his presence, and plays. The company meet generally three times a week during the cessation of theatrical amusements. This is a very oeconomical, as well as agreeable scheme in a country where the *Noblesse* are not accustomed to have assemblies at their own houses, and where the expence would be very inconvenient to them.

We have seen another church belonging to a female convent; it is called St. Paolo, and was founded by a Princess Volgonda, niece to Cunigonda, widow of Bernard King of Italy. Volgonda was a nun in this convent, and died in the year 899. In the third chapel to the right is a very good picture by Agostino Carracci, representing a Virgin, a St. Margaret, St. Nicholas, and St. John. The picture over the great altar is by Raphael: the subject is Jesus Christ in Glory, with St. Paul and St. Catherine; but this picture has been unfortunately retouched by some presumptuous wretch of a painter, who has done his utmost to spoil it, and has so far succeeded,

ceeded, as that scarce a trace remains of the work of that prince of painters.

The Palace is large, and seems to consist of several buildings joined together. The architecture irregular, and the front unworthy of observation. The court of this palace, which leads to the apartments, is in a fine style of architecture.

The vast collection made by the Farnese family, of bronzes, pictures, medals, and a library of books, is removed to *Capo di Monte*, a palace belonging to the King of Naples.

The apartments are hung with crimson velvet embroidered with gold, as also with some fine pieces of tapestry from Flanders, and from the Gobelins at Paris.

There is a gallery appropriated to the medals, designs, &c. that have gained the prize in the Academy of painting and sculpture of Parma.

The Infant encourages this Academy as much as possible, and I make no doubt that in a few years the students of Parma will distinguish themselves in these arts. Here are several of the prize-drawings for six or seven years past. Those for buildings, and all that represent architecture, do honour to their authors; they are principally done in Indian ink, and amongst them are some drawings by one George Dance, an Englishman, that I think are equal, if not superior, to the other students,

dents, for accuracy, neatness, and ingenuity. A design of his, which gained the prize-medal, represents a gallery for a palace, with all its proper architectural ornaments and furniture: statues in niches, pedestals, fountains, pictures, &c. many of which he had made choice of to ornament his gallery, from drawings now at Rome, from whence this design was sent. He has disposed of these neat sketches with great judgment, and in excellent taste.

Against the wall in the same room is fixed a piece of coarse painting in fresco, its shape irregular, having been defaced in taking it from amongst the ruins of Velleia. It is curious, and seems to represent a garden ornamented in the Chinese taste; terrasses surmounted with ballustrades, and flower pots upon them, with gravel walks, are plainly to be distinguished. There is also a plan of Velleia, that is, what it appears to have been, as near as they could judge, after the late excavations, which have been discontinued ever since the year 1764: the present Infant and *Monsieur* Tillot, his minister, not choosing the farther expence of carrying on that work.

They shew strangers two tables of bronze found at Velleia; not unworthy the inspection of the curious. One contains, in a small character, but extremely legible, the names of the principal places belonging

ing to the country of the Vellei. There are several villages in the neighbourhood that have scarcely, if at all, changed their appellations since that time, making allowance for the different accenting and pronunciation.

The other table contains the Roman laws, as commanded by the Emperor Trajan to be enforced throughout the Cisalpine Gaul. Here is also a piece of antique mosaic of Velleia. It is composed of black and white marble in small square bits, and cemented strongly together: it seems a rude representation of the Sun. I think I have omitted nothing worth mentioning in the *virtù* style.

We have heard a piece of news to-day which gave us great pleasure. The Inquisition is totally put an end to here: the grand Inquisitor being lately dead, their prisons are shut up, and no Monks are in future to be received into the Dominican order; therefore when those that still remain extinguish, that wicked society will exist no more in this country.

The present Royal Family of Parma are much beloved: the Infanta is esteemed one of the most amiable Princesses in the world; she is lively, active, and of great courage; she is very fond of the chace, as well as an admirable marks-woman, and will pursue the game frequently on foot, when the frozen snow lies on the ground: there are few
of

of her ladies who are sufficiently keen to accompany her. She is extremely humane and generous: for her *menu-plaisirs* her allowance is a thousand sequins a month, and I was credibly informed that she gives the greater part of it away. She encourages, and frequently excuses the soldiery from punishment, where it is possible to extenuate their faults; and as she is not difficult of access, petitions reach her incessantly, with which she endeavours to comply. As she is a German, (being sister to the present Emperor) you may suppose she has many applications from the distressed of her own country, though *Monsieur* Tillot does all he can to prevent their penetrating the palace; yet they frequently succeed, and scarce ever fail of getting at the speech of the Infanta, who never disappoints their expectations. This tendency towards her country people does not charm *Monsieur* Tillot, who doats upon the French, and who governs with unlimited sway this little court. The Infanta is a perfect mistress of music, has a charming voice, embroiders much in the tambour, and reads a good deal. She is tall and fair; never wears rouge or fard. The Infant is of a mild, indolent, unambitious disposition, totally devoted to his minister Tillot: all favours are obtained through him. His strong prejudices are to the French, their manners, politeness, &c. he dislikes the Parmesans,

Parmesans, and detests the Germans. He has lately imposed a new tax, which the people receive with great disgust; it is to the amount of an English shilling, to be paid half yearly, for every hearth, or place upon which a fire is kindled: not excepting those temporary machines in the streets for the roasting of chesnuts.

The Infant and Infanta give strongly into devotion; they hear mass twice every day, and are rigid observers of the tenets of the church. The court is brilliant and gay. The principal families are those of Rossi, Pallavicini, San Vitale, Mellilupi, &c. The two ladies of the court particularly distinguished for their beauty are the Countess Garimberti and the Marchioness Malaspina * * * * * The Countess of San Vitale is said to receive and entertain the most company, particularly strangers, by whom she is much esteemed for her politeness and address. What I have said above I give you as from good authority, not from experience, for our very short stay in this town does not permit the availing ourselves of the amusement and dissipation our letters of recommendation might have procured us, from the society they would have opened to us. We have not presented one of them, being determined to keep our word with you, in regard to the time allotted to our tour through Italy. We shall hasten on to Bologna,

logna, Florence, &c. that what time we can spare may be divided between Rome and Naples.

I believe I forgot to mention a singular picture in the church of *St. Micheli*. It represents St Michael and the Virgin weighing souls in a pair of scales. There is an old one weighed against a young; the old soul sinks down so low, that it falls into hell, whilst the young is so light that it kicks the beam (one would think the late Mrs. B. held the balance). This airy soul has long wings, somewhat like a bat, with a very thin body, a bald head, and long weak arms and legs. I suppose the painter's idea must have been that souls have no hair, by his giving this one a bald pate; and no bones, as one of his arms bends like that of a rag-doll; by which an angel seizing him, pulls him away into Paradise.

The fashion of Cicesbeios is not banished the polite societies of Parma; for the sole object of contracting marriage here, as in France, is that of interest. Young ladies at Parma are educated in convents, and brought out to be married when their parents have provided them a husband. The choosing for themselves is unheard of, and would be esteemed the most enormous licentiousness. Wherefore the state deemed here the most happy, is that of a young rich widow. We shall find upon reflection,

tion, that these and many other matters, however shocking or unnatural they may appear to us, must ever be the unavoidable consequences of all arbitrary and despotic governments, whether in Italy or elsewhere. Adieu. I shall write next from Modena, I believe.

L E T T E R XXII.

WE have not yet quitted Parma, owing to a most agreeable accident, I assure you. Fortune has thrown in our way a few excellent pictures. M—— has not let slip this opportunity to make the purchase, though most unexpected, as well as the manner we came by them. Here are the subjects and the painter's names * * * * *

The genteel and honourable conduct of the gentleman from whom he has bought them, will appear strongly in the following anecdotes of him and his family, and the reasons for his disposing of them. * * *
* * * * *

Sincerity, frankness, and honourability are not confined to any country; and I think one very considerable benefit arising from seeing other countries besides our own, is the eradication (by the testimony of one's own senses) of many prejudices and little-nesses of thinking, which insensibly have taken so deep a root in our minds, as to
render

render it almost impossible to judge in an impartial and liberal manner of our fellow-creatures who happen to live at a great distance from us, and whom we imagine must differ from us in every respect, in proportion to the number of leagues that separate us from them.

We have ourselves been assisting, as you may suppose, at the packing our pictures. They are to set out with all possible expedition, and by the best means of conveyance, from hence to Bologna, thence to Florence and to Leghorn, from whence they will sail by the first opportunity for London. The little delay the pictures have caused, I determined to employ in writing to you again from this place, lest you should be uneasy at not hearing from us from Modena as soon as you might have expected. In my last I mentioned to you with some surprise the downfall of the Inquisition. I now wonder the Parmesians could bear priestly oppression so long as they have done; for this town, no longer since than the year 1744, was a scene of such riot and assassination as nothing but priests could have promoted. The commencement of this disturbance was the late Pope's impolitically, as well as vainly, contending with Don Philip for the possession of Parma, which hastened the destruction of several orders of Monks, and the abolition of their convents. At that period

the Priests carried about with them pocket-pistols; the Bourgeoise went always armed, and the populace were never without *filletos*: not a week passed unmarked by one, and sometimes more assassinations. The *filletto* and pistols made their appearance upon the most trifling disputes; it was dangerous to walk the streets at night; robberies were frequent; Holy Church opened her kind protecting bosom to all ranks of villains; the church-porches were their sure asylum. The *devots* charitably esteemed it one of their first duties to supply the refuged robbers and murderers with provisions; they even frequently aided their escape, or procured their pardon. The streets were infested with disorderly women, and every sort of crime was practised in the most licentious manner. At present the churches afford no longer an asylum, more than those of Turin. Assassinations and robberies are now very rare; not above three or four have been committed in the course of the last year. They are not always punished with death, unless it can be proved the provocation had been of a considerable standing; in that case pardon seldom follows; but if a man is killed through an act of sudden passion, the galleys or a long imprisonment is generally the punishment. They discourage as much as possible, both here and at Placentia, all women of the profession of street-

street-walkers; an Inn-keeper being punishable for suffering them to lodge in his house. The governor of Placentia is extremely vigilant in regard to them, and as soon as they are discovered, has them driven out of the town.

The Police here and at Placentia (and we are told at Reggio and Modena also) strictly observes those who come in or go out of these towns: they not only take your name in writing, but also whence you come and where you are going; make a short description of your person, and in so accurate a manner, that you are knowable from it. They are so clever at this, that the shortest time is sufficient for their purpose. When you arrive at the gates, the *Commis* thrust their heads in at the window of the carriage, and looking in the faces of the travellers, with the greatest eagerness and penetration, make immediate entries of them, in their pocket-books. Each person pays a toll of half a *Paul*; even poor strangers who travel on foot are subject to the same. The *Commis* of the gates having taken the names, descriptions, and number of persons, not excepting the servants, enter them at a *bureau* or office for that purpose. The inn-keeper also takes the names down, and sends them to the same *bureau*, where if the entry made at the gate does not tally with that sent from the inn, a bustle immediately

mediately ensues, and an examination into the mistake. These precautions are also repeated upon leaving the town, and the entries immediately sent to the governor for his inspection, &c.

We are told that an English gentleman, by way of fun, tired of repeating his own name so often, chose to vary it, by saying he was called Polinchenello; this gave such an alarm to the Police, that he was pursued, taken, and imprisoned (I think) at St. Marino, where he remained till one of our English residents, being apprised of his *mauvaise plaisanterie*, cleared up the matter, and procured his enlargement. I recollect an odd adventure which happened at Piacenza not long ago; a Venetian Count, of the name of Carera, carried off the daughter of an inn-keeper, of what place I cannot inform you; suffice it, that he gave in his name at one of the gates of Piacenza, and lodged at St. Mark's, where we did. The chief waiter, or *Cameriere*, being his countryman, for a small bounty, omitted (purposely) the sending his name, to the *bureau* at night; a rigid inquiry was immediately set on foot by the officers of the Police. The next day by eleven o'clock it was discovered at what inn this stranger lodged; the inn-keeper had sentence passed upon him (agreeable to the law in such cases) to suffer the punishment called the *cord*, and three months imprisonment, although

though they had no suspicion of the elopement of the girl with the Count; consequently there was no search as yet made for them. The waiter, to screen his master, confessed it was entirely his fault, and that the not sending the stranger's name to the *bureau* was owing to mere accident, he having been in so great a hurry the whole of the preceding day, that he had quite forgot it. They accepted his excuse upon this condition, that if within the next three years the smallest omission or neglect should happen of this nature, he should be sent to the galleys for life; and even upon the slightest complaint lodged against him by the Police, no further indulgence was to be shewn him. He spoke so well in his own behalf, that they did not even give him the *cord*; and was sentenced only to three months imprisonment. However, government had compassion on him, and released him from his confinement at the end of twenty-four hours.

There is a road now making from Parma in a direct line to Genoa; it will be finished in a year or two; the cause assigned for this communication is the benefit of trade; but it is suspected that the real motive is to open a free passage for the French and Spaniards, without their being obliged to traverse the Sardinian dominions: it is also believed that some foreign power defrays the principal part of the expence. Adieu.

We touch upon the moment of our departure for Modena.

P. S. I forgot to mention the prices of job-coaches here, which is very reasonable, six livres ten sols of France, and thirty sols each *laquai de louage*.

L E T T E R XXIII.

Modena, November 25th.

AFTER a very agreeable little journey from Parma, we arrived here in perfect health yesterday: the roads are good the whole way; they are still part of the *Via Emilia*. We passed through Reggio, which is half way between Parma and Modena, equidistant from both (fifteen miles); having crossed two rivers, one in a bark, the other by fording. One of these, called the Secchia, is between Reggio and Modena, and is frequently rendered impassable by the rains; so that all communication between these towns is cut off till the waters subside; but this inconvenience seldom continues for more than three or four days. The other river is called the Rubiera, just on the other side of an old fortified town called by the same name, three leagues only from Reggio. Between Parma and Reggio lies Guastalla, about four leagues to the left, where the famous battle was fought in 1734, in which the French were victorious. To the right is situated

situated an old fortress called Conosa, seven leagues from Parma. This castle belonged to the Countess Matilda, and is celebrated for the absolution bestowed by Gregory VII. upon the Emperor Henry IV. who was ordered to repair to this castle to receive it. Keyssler says, he was obliged to stand during very severe cold weather three whole days in the court-yard, dressed in a penitential garment, barefooted, without meat or drink, and implore his pardon with tears, before the Pope could be prevailed upon to receive him into the bosom of the Church. This famous Matilda and old Pope Gregory were great friends; we must suppose that nothing more than a *belle passion* subsisted between them.

Between Reggio and Modena we passed within a league of the bourg Corregio, where the great painter of that name was born.

Reggio appears to be pretty large; the street we drove through extends the whole length of the town; it is wide, tolerably built and paved, with arcades on each side, and shops under them; but the town has a naked, dreary appearance; and the people seem much poorer than those of Parma. There is very little to be seen at Reggio: in the cathedral is a large picture by Annibal Caracci, the drawing is fine, the colouring has been good; but it is placed in a bad light, and is much blackened by

damps; it represents the Virgin and the Infant Jesus in the clouds, with kneeling saints.

In the church of the *Madonna della Giarra* is a fine picture by Guercino, the subject a crucifixion; at the foot of the cross is the Madona in an agony of grief supported by two women, one appears to be Mary Magdalen; at her side stands a bishop; the head of an angel from a cloud close to one side of the cross, is greatly and deservedly admired. Our Saviour is just expiring on the cross; the head is admirably well done, as is the face and the muscles of the body. It is to be regretted that this picture is in so deplorable a condition. There are other pictures in this church worth one's attention, though not in a great style.

Modena is situated agreeably upon a plain, well built, ornamented with fountains and porticoes, under which you may walk very conveniently the whole length of the streets: the *Strada Maistra* is the best built. There are two large hospitals, one for the soldiers, another for the *Bourgeoise*, and an *Albergo* for beggars. The Duke of Modena commonly resides at Milan; but is here at present, and distinguishes the English so far beyond all other foreigners, that they are permitted to see the palace at any hour they choose, without any previous notice, and quite undressed; even boots are not objected to: this is an exclusive

five privilege : I wish he was of as amiable a character in other respects as he is polite.

We are tolerably lodged, well served, and very reasonably ; four paols a head only for each repast, the eatables good, and well dressed ; one paol a day for each fire, and no charge for our beds or rooms.

The Ducal Palace is by much the finest edifice here ; it stands alone in a great piazza, and in the best quarter of the town. The architecture is both majestic and elegant ; the architect was Avanzini. The court is vast, and surrounded by colonades, which have a fine effect. The great staircase is in a noble style of architecture, and makes a striking appearance.

The Grand Apartment commences by a large saloon, (in the middle of the front) which conducts to six large rooms, and to a cabinet entirely lined with looking-glasses, beautifully gilt and ornamented.

The saloon is striking at first entrance ; but you soon perceive the tribunes which surround the top to be too low, and the consoles that support them out of proportion, massive, and heavy : the other decorations are sudden, and not linked together with that graceful dependance that might easily have been given them. This saloon would appear to greater advantage was it preceded by an antichamber. The ceiling is painted in oils, by Mark Antonio Frances-

chini : it is not ill done, though the colours are much too feeble.

In the canopy room is a Martyrdom of a St. Peter, a Dominican Monk, by Antonio Cosetti of Modena, a tolerable picture. A Judith, by Guercino : she is too masculine, and appears like a stout male Israelite in woman's clothes. This painting, however, has merit for a boldness of design and good colouring ; but always too much of the lilac.

An Adoration of the Shepherds, said to be by Corregio. The Virgin is uncommonly handsome. On the ceiling of this room are painted four medallions by Tintoret : the colouring good, but the drawing incorrect. In the bed-chamber is a fine picture of the Samaritan, by Jacopo Bassano. The hypercritics of Italy find fault with this painter, for representing all his personages as peasants ; yet they cannot deny his having been a most accurate disciple of Nature ; and the vigorous warmth of his colouring must ever be held in the highest estimation by impartial judges. His pictures are scarce, and bear a very high price.

A Marriage of St. Catherine, in Guercino's last manner, when he endeavoured to copy Guido. It is too grey and weak as to the colouring, and is altogether a cold and uninteresting piece.

A Santa Veronicha, by Famillitore. A Madona holding by the hand a dead Christ ;

Christ; her head is finely designed, the face beautiful, and the character pathetic. They say it is by Guido, but no *connoisseur* can be of this opinion.

A Roman Charity, by Andrea Sacchi. This is the most charming picture on the subject I ever saw. The daughter has a beautiful softness of feature, peculiar to this painter; her amiable mind and disposition are strongly marked in the expression of her countenance; her old father is rather too fat, and looks doating.

In the other apartments the principal pictures are the following: a fine picture by Jacopo Bassano, representing our Saviour in the Mount of Olives: a Prodigal Son, by Lionello Spada, here in high estimation. I do not think it equal to that upon the same subject at Turin.

Three pictures, by Giulio Romano, representing the passing a bridge, a battle, and a triumph. The composition is too confused, and the colouring disagreeable.

The Woman taken in Adultery, a capital picture by Tiziano. She is half-naked, extremely beautiful, the expression admirable. A variety of character marks the different persons present, that can never be too much commended.

A Virgin, by the same excellent master, with the Infant Jesus and St. Paul. This is a very fine picture in every respect, excepting

cepting the figure of St. Paul, by no means equal to the rest.

A St. Roch in Prison, and an Angel bringing him a crown. This is a very large picture; the drawing is correct and elegant, the colouring too grey, and in some places greenish : it is by Guido.

A Martyrdom of St Peter, by Guercino. Become almost black, which has very much spoiled, and destroyed in many places the demi-tints.

The four Elements; good pictures, all of them by Carracci.

A St. Sebastian, by Michael Angelo di Carravagio : a charming little picture : an old woman is endeavouring to extract the arrows. There is no contemplating this picture without feeling the strongest emotions of pity.

A fine piece representing St. Francesco, whose ardour, piety, and fervency of devotion is carried, if possible, beyond nature : but the two little angels who appear to him, are ignoble in character ; and their hair is of a foxey red. This picture is by Guido Rheni.

A Cupid and Psyche : an admired picture. I think the Cupid is too much of the make and character of a young girl. This is by Guercino, as is a sacrifice of Isaac, which has more merit (in my opinion) than any picture I have seen by that author. Isaac is bound upon a pile of faggots ;
Abraham's

Abraham's arm is already lifted up to sacrifice his innocent victim : the angel appears as if at that moment, and addresses Abraham, whose countenance expresses at once surprise, a doubtful anxiety whether the angel is to be depended on, hope, and a firmness of faith that can much easier be conceived than described. Isaac shews in his countenance quite a different species of surprise ; his face turned towards the angel, is recovering from the paleness the near approach of death had spread over it ; his eyes are so strained towards the heavenly messenger, that the eye lids appear red. There is a strong conviction in his countenance of the reality of his approaching deliverance, and a beautiful innocent smile about the mouth makes you anxious for the conclusion of the miracle. The angel is finely done ; benevolence, dignity, grace, and ardour, befitting a messenger from Heaven, are strongly marked in his countenance and person. The lamb in the thicket does not appear as if suddenly caught ; it has a lifeless look, as though it had been there a considerable time, but had escaped the observation of Abraham. Upon the whole, this is indeed an interesting picture ; the colouring is warm, the grouping skilful, and the character and drawing excellent.

Here is a prodigious fine copy of that picture, called *il Notte di Corregio*. The original

original was sold with several other glorious pictures for a great sum of money to the King of Poland. What must the original be, when the copy is so admirable ! which is said, however, to resemble it wonderfully. It surprises me very much to see how different the characters are in this picture from that famous one of his at Parma, which I described to you. The subject is a Nativity ; and the extraordinary beauty of this picture proceeds from the *clair obscure* : there are two different lights introduced, by means of which the personages are visible ; namely, the light proceeding from the body of the child, and the moon-light. These two are preserved distinct, and produces a most wonderful effect. The child's body is so luminous, that the superficies is nearly transparent, and the rays of light emitted by it, are verified in the effect they produce upon the surrounding objects. They are not rays distinct and separate, like those round the face of a sun that indicates an insurance-office ; nor linear, like those proceeding from the man in the almanack ; but of a dazzling brightness : by their light you see clearly the face, neck, and hands of the Virgin (the rest of the person being in strong shadow) the faces of the *Pastors* who crowd round the child, and particularly one woman, who holds her hand before her face, lest her eye should be so dazzled as to prevent her from beholding the Infant.

This

This is a beautiful natural action, and is most ingeniously introduced. The straw on which the child is laid appears gilt, from the light of his body shining on it. The moon lights up the back ground of the picture, which represents a landscape. Every object is distinct, as in a bright moonlight night ; and there cannot be two lights in nature more different than those that appear in the same picture. The Virgin and the child are of the most perfect beauty. There is a great variety of character in the different persons present, yet that uniformity common to all herdsmen and peasants. In short, this copy is so admirable that I was quite sorry to be obliged to lose sight of it so soon. But I never shall forget it. The Duke of Modena, for whom Corregio did the original picture, gave him only six hundred livres of France for it ; a great sum in those days ; but at present what ought it to cost ! There is a singular picture in the *Salle d'Audience* ; it represents a very handsome woman, seemingly in an agony of fear, holding in one hand a bowl of poison ; a man in armour standing close by her, shews an uplifted dagger, the point towards her throat : there are two women attendants behind, whose faces and attitudes express a joyous complacency and self-satisfaction. A large wild boar peeps out his head from under the garments of the woman who holds the bowl.

The

The Gallery contains several curious antiques, and a fine collection of drawings, consisting of near six thousand designs and sketches of Corregio, Guido and Tiziano, Sarto, Parmagianino, Giulio Romano, Tintoret, the Carracci, Vignola, Franceschini, &c. and a great number of fine engravings, besides many natural and artificial curiosities. Amongst the antiques is a beautiful Egyptian Canopus, eight inches high and four in breadth : a busto of Adrian and his wife Sabina, in bronze, large as the life : a woman's hand in white alabaster, much admired ; it appears to be of Greek sculpture, but not to have belonged to a statue : an Andromeda in white marble, about three feet high ; she is fastened to a rock, leaning on her left side ; there is a noble expression of silent grief in her attitude and face ; the limbs are delicate, and the workmanship extremely well executed : A Hercules about a foot high, drawing Cacus by the foot from a cavern ; these two figures are out of one block ; the cavern and one of the oxen he had stolen are of another block ; they are fine, and of Greek sculpture : two heads in one piece ; unfinished, but not void of merit : A busto of Francis the First, by Bernini ; partly in armour ; his mantle is so finely sculptured, that it seems to float in the air. There are a fine series of medals, but I am not a sufficient judge of their merits to pronounce upon them ; it
is

is a curious study, of which I know very little.

Amongst the Cameos, the following appear to be the most worthy of observation : an agate with five figures in relief, all of different colours ; one of these figures is suckling a child ; to one side is the god Termes, before him an altar with the sacred fire burning thereon : another agate of two colours represents Iole *coiffed* with the lion's skin : a cameo in agate of three colours, with two figures ; one, of a man sitting ; he holds a sceptre in one hand, and has his other arm round the shoulders of a woman, who is standing with a lyre in her left hand, and something like a short stick in the other ; near the man lies a mask ; the woman's figure is supposed to be meant for the muse Terpsichore : another cameo, of two colours, represents the busto of Cleopatra. The above gems appeared to us the most valuable in the collection.

The Library contains about thirty thousand volumes ; the book cases are very neat though of no better wood than walnut-tree. They are surrounded by an iron balustrade gilt. Here are six columns, which seem to sustain the vaulted ceiling ; they are so well painted, as to cause a deception when seen from a proper point of view ; also several antient editions of books in the infancy of printing. In another room are many curious Manuscripts ; it is said, to the
number

number of fifteen hundred. They shewed us the following ; a Greek Testament of the eighth *century* ; the Miscellanea of Theodore ; a Greek manuscript of the fifteenth *century* ; a Dante of the 14th, with miniature paintings, wretchedly done, on the top of each page, descriptive of the story there set forth ; a Bible in two volumes, and a breviary of the fifteenth *century*, with miniature paintings, very tolerable ; an Herbalist of the fourteenth *century*, wrote in French, with the plants in miniature ; a Cosmography of Ptolemy's in Latin, with miniature maps, by one Nicholas Aahn a German, done in the fourteenth *century*. They shew us others also ; the subjects and titles I have forgot, but M—— says I have mentioned (as he recollects) the most curious. Almost all shewers of libraries, pictures, &c. talk so much, and mix so many impertinent remarks of their own, in every country I have yet seen, that instead of helping strangers, they confound and perplex them. I opened a translation from the Greek Testament, by Theodore Beza. According to this copy, printed at Edinburgh by Andrew Hart, 1610 ; the beginning of St. John's Gospel runs thus ; In the beginning was that Word, and that Word was with God, and that word was God ; the same was in the beginning with God.

You see there is some little variation from our common translation. I have

I have now done with the Palace, and shall proceed to the Churches. The Cathedral is built in a bad Gothic taste. The great altar is raised so high as to admit of a Church, partly subterraneous, under it. This is dedicated to St. Geminiano, and his body is conserved there.

You find a capital picture by Guido Reni in the first chapel on the right hand. The subject is called by the Monks who shew it, a *Nunc dimittis*. The Virgin is on her knees before the Infant Jesus, who is held in the arms of Simeon. The Virgin makes as ignoble a figure as that of a common parish-girl of a charity-school. Cochin and I vary extremely in regard to the Virgin; he commends her figure for a noble simplicity, in which she appears to me to be totally deficient. However, we agree as to the other parts of the picture, particularly in respect to the children who are playing with the offering, the turtle-doves. Nothing can be more natural than this little group. The colouring is too much upon the ash-colour, and produces a cold effect; though the drapery is elegant, and the drawing precise. The steeple of this church is called the *guirlandina*, and is esteemed the highest in all Italy: it is entirely of marble. They preserve in it, with the greatest care, an old bucket hooped with iron, which the Modenese in the battle of Zapolino carried off as a proof

proof of their victory over the Bolognese, and pursued them into their town; however, they met there with such opposition as obliged them to retreat; but with the consolation of carrying off this bucket in triumph. These wars of Modena and Bologna are the subject of a mock heroic poem of Tasso's, called *La Secchia rapita*; in which he licentiously misrepresents and misplaces facts, in order to give a larger scope to his satire and wit.

La Chiesa Nova is not yet finished; the decorations are elegant, of the Corinthian order; but as it is not divided into ayles, and is to be highly ornamented with modern architecture, it will have the appearance, when finished, of a ball-room, rather than of a temple.

There are two Theatres at Modena, one is very well built and decorated. Here are *gradins*, which rise in an amphitheatrical manner, and pillars above; the pillars separate some of the boxes, and sustain others higher up. The *proscenium*, the *tribunes*, or boxes over the stage, and the stage-doors, are ornamented in a good taste. The other Theatre is very indifferent in all respects.

The Troops of Modena make a good appearance; they are well-dressed, and parade about with a strong band of music, consisting of drums, fifes, hautboys, and French-horns. The Duke of Modena is
said

said to have eight thousand men in constant array, and that upon occasion he can bring twenty thousand into the field.

The most illustrious families are the houses of Rangoni and Montecuculy. There are no remains of the families of those petty tyrants who governed Modena before the house of Este were chosen for their sovereigns.

The Modenese seem a gay, cheerful people; have much genius for pantomime shows, and what is called pleasure, or rather dissipation. They are esteemed gallant, and the ladies and other females much inclined to coquetry. The *Noblesse* imitate the French in their dress. The *Bourgeoise* wear universally the *zendado*, a piece of black silk with which they cover their heads; and which crossing before, is finally tied behind round their waists.

Modena is abundantly supplied with the finest water imaginable; there are Fountains in almost all the houses. The town indeed seems to be situated upon a vast reservoir; as, wherever they dig, they never fail to find a pure spring; this peculiarity extends as far as seven miles east of the town. On the north side they do not find water farther than to the distance of four miles. In the making wells, after digging about the depth of twenty-three feet, they find the remains of ancient buildings, lower down a firm earth, and

at

at the depth of forty-five feet, a black and a whitish soil, intermixed with branches of trees, together with troubled and foul water, like that of a marsh. This muddy water is kept out by means of a circular wall of brick, which is founded upon the next stratum; namely, a bed of about eighteen feet thick, composed of chalk, in which are found sea-productions, as shells, &c. Under this chalk begins another stratum of a marshy bed, composed of leaves, branches, and rushes: when the well is dug to the depth of eighty-five feet, they come to another bed of chalk like the first, then another stratum of marshy ground, which is succeeded by another of chalk, and that again by a marsh. Having continued to dig on to one hundred and three feet deep, they come to the last bed, which consists of gravel, round pebbles, sea-shells, and large trunks of trees; under this is found the pure reservoir of water, which has always proved to them an inexhaustible source; it springs up clear, and in great abundance, by the means of holes made by a borer through the last stratum above-mentioned.

They are also supplied by other water, from hills situated at about three leagues distance from the town, which forms little canals that run through the streets. There is a spring at a place called Bagnonero near Modena, which produces on its surface that
oily

oily bituminous substance called *oleum saxi*, or *petroleum*.

The adjacent country presents you with plains, fertile in corn and wine, mulberry-trees, and elms in rows, with vines conducted in festoons from tree to tree, as I mentioned before in the road from Plaisance and Parma hither.

Amongst the illustrious Men Modena has given birth to, Tasso is one of the most remarkable. The architect Vignola was born in a village of the same name, four leagues from hence; as was the famous Muratori, who has wrote several voluminous works in Latin and Italian, consisting, amongst other subjects, of a History of the Antiquities of Italy, and a General History of Italy, &c. It seems there is a French translation of part of his works.

It is to be presumed that the Dukes of Parma and Modena live up to the utmost of their income, otherwise they would probably save money to defray the expence of building bridges over the dangerous rivers, which render travelling through their territories inconvenient, and often impassable to their own subjects, and particularly so to travellers, by whom they profit considerably. It would not be difficult to restrain and conduct the rivers so as to keep them within their banks; by which means they might gain a considerable extent of land, now rendered totally useless by the impracticability

ticability of its cultivation. Besides, there are many other particulars respecting this city and territory, upon which public money might be most laudably expended.

We leave this place to morrow, to pursue our journey to Bologna, from whence you shall hear from me with the very first opportunity. This letter has been the work of two evenings only, so excuse the inaccuracies, &c. Adieu; it is late, I am very sleepy, and can say no more, than that I am always, &c.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Bologna, Nov. 28, 1770.

WE left Modena yesterday, and reached this city last night. The roads are good the whole way. At about two miles from Modena, we crossed the river Panaro in a bark. This river divides the Dutchy of Modena from the ecclesiastical State. About a mile farther, and to the left, is situated the Fort Urbano, a citadel built in the beginning of the seventeenth century, by order of Pope Urban the Eighth: there are always some troops in garrison here. Samogoggia is just half-way between Modena and Bologna; it is a considerable village, and has the appearance of a town. Before you arrive at Samogoggia, there is a long stone bridge to pass,

pass, which joins together two branches of the river Reno; this, like other rivers already mentioned, has, by changing its bed, branched itself out, and is impassable after great rains. It takes its source in the Appenine, at the foot of which Bologna is built.

We are extremely well lodged at the Pellegriano, and well served. The provisions are excellent in every respect, and extraordinarily well dressed. Our host provides us much more than we can eat and drink, dinner and supper, for eleven livres and a half (French) by the day; our firing, lodging and wine included. Our dinner to-day consisted of a white soup, with vermicelli and fine Parmesan cheese rasped over the surface, half a Bologna hog's head admirably dried and dressed, superior to any hog meat I ever tasted in England; *une friture tres recherchée*, a dish of *boullie*, a *poularde*, one of the finest I ever saw; it rivalled those of *Git*; a fore-quarter of lamb roasted, a *fricando* with small *navées*, spinage dressed the French way, colliflower, fricasseed truffles dressed with butter and anchovy, a dish of *mortadello*: for dessert, the finest white grapes imaginable, white Bury-pears, the best chesnuts and walnuts, being of an uncommon size and sweetness. The wine is exceedingly good here, so is the water, which I think a most material object in the article of luxury. I have given

you this detail of our dinner, to shew you the great difference in respect of eating between one part of Italy and another. Our dinner we mutually agreed was too abundant for two persons only to sit down to; as some of the dishes went way untouched, our host was shocked, fearing we did not like them: I sent for him, and told him we were perfectly satisfied with what he had provided; but desired he would for the future give us only a soup, an *entrée*, and something roasted, with a plate or two of garden-stuff, and a dessert, and to vary the dishes as he saw proper. He was so amazed at our want of appetite, or moderation, that he concluded our request might proceed from some vow of abstinence made in order to bribe Heaven to prosper our journey. Such bargains are frequently struck in these countries between particulars and certain favourite Saints. The votive pictures with which every church is adorned, proves the universality of the commerce. But to return to our host, who really behaved in a most genteel and disinterested manner; for finding us resolved to eat no more than we could eat, he proposed a diminution of the price (I had informed him we chose to have a lighter supper, proportioned to our dinner) and that if he would find bread, butter, and cream for our breakfast, I did not desire to take from what we had agreed to give. He seemed much

much surprised, said he should get too much by my proposal, and insisted on providing us, into the bargain, with coffee or chocolate, as we should choose. The behaviour of this man gave us a favourable impression of the Bolognese

We have seen nothing of the town to-day ; for I have been employed with hiring *valets de place*, seeing chamber-maids, choosing one, unpacking, and inquiring about coaches and chairs. A job-coach and coach-man costs thirteen paolos, or six livres ten sols a day, French ; a chair eight paolos. We propose staying ten days here. I believe our letters of recommendation to this town, will prove extremely convenient, and agreeable in their consequences. We propose sending them to-morrow to their respective addresses. I expect letters from you every moment.—Here they are.

We both sincerely rejoice that you and — are in good health. * * * * *
I shall not send this letter to the post till to-morrow.

I have just resigned my head to the operation of ornamenting its outside by a very good hair-dresser, who lives near this house, and is known by the name of *Etienne* ; he torments me to recommend him to my country-women, who may happen to pass through Bologna. Alas, this Frenchman thinks I must know every individual in his Britannick Majesty's dominions ; for upon

telling him, that if he performed well, I would endeavour to recommend him to my acquaintance, he did not seem thoroughly satisfied. What a diminutive speck ignorant foreigners suppose England to be! *Etienne* dresses extremely well, is a very humble, well-behaved man, and reasonable in his price.

We have had the pleasure of finding here the two English gentlemen we met at Turin and Genoa. It is a very agreeable circumstance, that we may always flatter ourselves with seeing some English acquaintance in every considerable town of Italy.

Nov. 29th, past 12 o'clock at night.

I could not send this letter to-day, as I intended * * * * *

Having dispatched our letters of recommendation this morning about eleven o'clock, we received the most obliging answers; and have already met with civilities, that I think are unprecedented even in French politeness and urbanity.

We had scarcely dined when a sort of confused noise at our inn-gate announced something extraordinary. This proceeded from the arrival of his Eminence the Cardinal Legate, who did us the honour to come in person to make us a visit, in consequence of our letter of recommendation from the Cardinal of Choiseul. Our host was in great perturbation on his arrival, as he

he is Viceroy * here, and vested by the Pope with despotic authority; the senate enjoying but few privileges, and little or no power. * * * * *

What to do with his equeries, pages, and foot-guards we did not know (his little body of 30 light horse drew up in the street before the house). Our kind host, who understood our looks upon this occasion, opened the doors of the adjacent apartments for them.

His Eminence is a very polite old gentleman; he bears hard upon his grand climacterick, is hale and strong, good humoured and lively; he has done us the honour to invite us in the most friendly manner to dine with him, and to his box at the opera. He had not been above five minutes with us before the Countess of O——i was announced. She is a fine woman, speaks French, as does the C——l very well. * * * * *

The Senator Aldrovandi and his lady arrived soon after, and made us the most obliging offers of their equipages during our stay, and proposed coming at a fixed hour every morning to conduct us to the palaces and churches, and every evening to the *corso*, opera, and the assemblies at private houses, which they say are very agreeable.

* This Prince is of the illustrious house of Branchin Forti of Sicily, who have intermarried with the Colonas, &c. &c.

agreeable. We accepted their kind offers, except in regard to the equipage, as there was no possibility of refusing them; for they said, they insisted *on serving* us while we should stay in this town. This expression means, that strangers recommended are to make use of the persons they are recommended to, in regard to themselves and every thing belonging to them; and I understood that what I had been told at Turin was very just, namely, that if a stranger happens to have many letters of recommendation, he ought to sink all above one, or at most two, to the same town; otherwise he is not near so well served, as when this method is observed; for it is almost impossible to divide one's time properly amongst several families, though they should happen to be well together; but if, unfortunately, the recommendatory letters chance to be addressed to families that are at variance, the reception of the strangers serves only to make the breach wider, and may oblige the latter *d'entrer en matiere*, which probably may be productive of disagreeable consequences to all parties. Thus we have suppressed some of ours, and I am sure we shall not regret our having so done. The family to whose guidance a stranger resigns himself, introduces him in the most kind manner into the society of all their acquaintances as we have experienced this evening;

evening; for at the departure of the Cardinal Legate and the other company above-mentioned, the senator and his lady called upon us about seven o'clock, to accompany them to the opera, where after having first gone into his Eminence's box, and made him a visit of about a quarter of an hour, they introduced us into the boxes, and to the acquaintance of some of the principal families here.

The Sub-legate and the sister of the Countess Orfi * * * * * the *Barbazza*, the *Zambecari*, the two sisters, *Marchese's Maruli* and *Laniani*, one remarkable for her beauty, the other for her wit; the latter speaks French well, and has attained the air and manner of a genteel Frenchwoman; the family of B—, and others whose names I cannot recollect. After we had made all our visits in their boxes, we sat the remainder of the evening in that of A—i.

The boxes in this theatre resemble rooms, and are wider backward than forward: you will easily imagine how this is contrived from the circular form of the theatre. They are all furnished according to the taste of their owners; Madam Aldrovandi's is hung with a beautiful pale blue and silver silk, and lighted up with wax, as they all are, in silver sconces. This lady is lately married; she is extremely amiable; her husband is a sensible,

ble, grave man ; both as polite and agreeable as possible.—The Cardinal's box is much larger than the others, and is placed in the center of the second range, or tier of boxes ; it is lined with crimson velvet, beautifully ornamented. I was charmed with the theatrical performance, but shall reserve my observations thereupon for their proper place, when I come to speak of the theatre in its order. During the opera, refreshments are brought into the boxes ; consisting of iced and preserved fruits, biscuits, lemonade, orgeat, &c. After the opera was over, we were conveyed home in the same manner as we came ; with a list of invitations that it will be impossible for us to comply with in the small space of ten days, we were therefore obliged to refuse several on that account ; alledging the many fine pictures and curiosities Bologna abounded with, and the impossibility of inspecting them, were we to avail ourselves of all their civilities.

Good night ; melody, dance, and song have so taken possession of my head, that I shall certainly dream of nothing but operas.

I am as ever, yours, &c.



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

